WRITERS AND WRITINGS OF TEXAS

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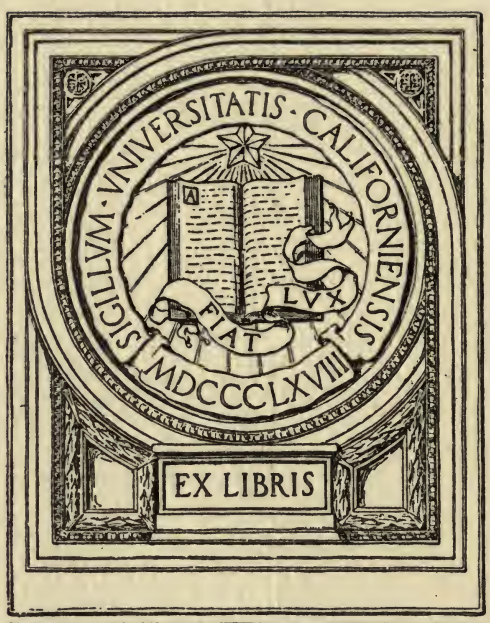
By

DAVIS FOUTE EAGLETON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WRITERS AND WRITINGS OF TEXAS

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

DAVIS FOUTE EAGLETON, M.A.,

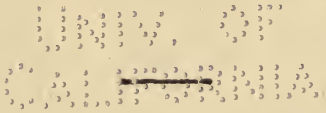
Professor of English in Austin College

AUTHOR OF

The South and Its Literary Product; Sidney Lanier, His Character and Work; Progress of Literary Effort in the Lone Star State; &c.

But count as the angels count, friend, and see
What is the treasure I bring to thee!

—*Mollie Moore.*



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1913

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BY

DAVIS FOUTE EAGLETON, M.A.

To the Enthusiastic
Interest and Co-operation of
the Literature Classes of
Austin College,
Is Due, in a Large Measure,
the Completion of this Endeavor
to Disseminate and Perpetuate
the Authorship of Texas

298662

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FOREWORD

A book is an answer to a demand: it may be more: it may be the cause of a demand. The most useful media of distribution are *circuits;* the atmosphere, blood, thought,—altruism, then egotism. In time, one comes back to his own. Have the people of Texas not begun an introspective process: completing the circuit?

We have a large body of "home,"—yes, and "homely" writings,—why not investigate and enjoy them? True, we have not, in our literature, reached the philosophic, the psychologic, the critical,—the crucial—period. But that spirit is born late in life and matures slowly. The age of unselfish enjoyment comes first. Why should the beauty, the youthful verve of our literature be ignored in our sloth and apathy, when there is so much to enjoy?

This Manual makes no claim of a critical character,—simply a collection, a foundation, a collation on the part of an enthusiastic sympathizer of some good work, not all, that the genius of Texas has produced. It argues nothing that some were born in other states; that some did not tarry long with us; that all have not studied the art of versification. If they breathed the divine afflatus in our midst, as they breathed the fresh prairie and forest and gulf and mountain breezes of our great expanse, they are ours,—ours to love, to enjoy, to encourage.

The endeavor has been to combine in the selections information and enjoyment; to prepare a book that may be used as a textbook for the school room, a reference work for the student, a genial companion of the idle hour. It is thoroughly Texan and Texas. There is no claim to exhaustiveness: it could easily have been expanded to twice its proportions.

The securing of information has been a chief difficulty. Since 1885 there seems to have been little effort to collect in compact form the literary output of the state. The need is great: and while words of sympathy and encouragement have been abundant and delightful, they have not come altogether as a matter of surprise. Such a work is needed, and there seems to be a general realization of the fact.

Especial mention should be made of the interest manifested by the literature classes of Austin College. Indeed, here is the hopeful sign: if the youth of our schools and colleges have an active, abiding interest in the literary growth of their State,—particularly of the home localities,—the interest will soon become general, and our writers no longer have cause to mourn in secret over the apathy and indifference of their own people.

Many errors of dates, localities, spelling of names, etc., have doubtless crept in. In the many authorities consulted, differences have been found that could not be reconciled. In such cases the editor has used his best judgment. Any corrections or emendations will be thankfully and thoughtfully received and corrections made as opportunity may offer. Lack of space has prevented even the insertion of explanatory notes, but histories and other reference works are at the present day easy of access.

This work should be but the beginning of a widespread, as well as of a critical, study of the literary genius and thought of Texas,—Texas, so rapidly passing to the forefront in political and commercial leadership, why not in authorship and criticism? In hoc signo, vincemus!

No copyrighted article has knowingly been used without first securing the proper permission and giving proper credit. But in a work of this kind, oversights are possible, even probable. In such cases the editor disclaims any intentional dereliction and shall be glad to render due credit.

To mention all who have given assistance in the collection of this material were not easy. Everybody seems to have "had a mind to the work." Chief in active interest, however,

must be mentioned Miss Katie Daffan of Austin, Mr. John P. Sjolander of Cedar Bayou, Mrs. Kate Alma Orgain, now deceased; Mr. Larry Chittenden of Anson, and Professor H. L. Piner of Denison.

The editor's only regret is that the publishers would not allow more space for the proper recognition of other excellent writers whose works were received too late for insertion.

DAVIS FOUTE EAGLETON.

SHERMAN, TEXAS,
March 1, 1913.

INTRODUCTORY POEM

TEXAS

There are groves of green willows where echoes have spoken,
And waters of brightness from rude rocks are flung;
Where solitude reigns, and the solitude is broken
At morning and night by the mocking bird's song.

There are woods where the pine tree its proud head upheaveth
To meet the warm kiss of the life-giving sun;
While through its dark branches the soft south wind grieveth
In mystical music o'er days that are gone.

There are prairies outspreading a miniature ocean
Of emerald billows all brilliant with bloom;
Where the wing of each zephyr that lendeth a motion,
In passing is bathed with the richest perfume.

The rocks piled on high like the castles of story,
By fast flowing rivers all frowning and grand;
While the live-oak, outreaching, gigantic and hoary,
With moss-bannered branches o'ershadows the land.

There are graves of the heroes whose deeds are immortal,
And rival Theryopylæ's history old;
In the Alamo death opened glory's grand portal
And nations applaud when its story is told!

There are fair smiling cities in valleys embosomed,
Where clear streamlets wander from pure flowing springs;
When tropical verdure in beauty hath blossomed,
And tropical birds plume their glittering wings.

There are riches untold in the heart of the mountains
And plains where wild horse and buffalo dwell;
And health is the free gift of her mineral fountains;
She hath caves where the honey bee buildeth his cell.

But with treasures of mountain and valley and forest,
She boasts of others more precious by far,
Of all God has given, the noblest, the rarest,—
The hearts of the people who love the Lone Star!

—*Mrs. Mary Saunders.*

SURVEY OF THE FIELD

The beginning of Texas literature is unique in that there was no infantile period. The nation sprang, full panoplied, as it were, a Minerva from the aching head of a Jupiter. Lured by the reports of adventure and danger, many a young man with intellectual training sought his fortune in this land of the Lone Star. Houston brought with him his Iliad, James Bowie his aristocracy, David Crockett his experience in Congress, Stephen Austin his administrative statesmanship, Mrs. Ray, Mrs. Holley, Mrs. Long, and their confrères, added practical business ability, sympathetic companionship, and the thrilling powers of the raconteur.

The origin of the name "Texas" has been a subject of much controversy. The Spanish "teja" means "roof-tile," from which it is not difficult to argue the civilized idea of "house-dwellers," with the more permanent suggestion of "home-makers." This accords with the sense of the word "tecas," a word of the aborigines, meaning "friends." Another theorist claims that the word is Celtiberian, or Celtic, signifying "paradise," the delight of the Carankawa hunter of buffaloes. This Celtic word means "plain," and may have reference to the level character of the surface. It is quite certain, however, that whatever may

have been the origin of the name, or its etymological signification, it was directly appropriated from a tribe of Indians found between the Neches and the Trinity rivers by the name of "Tehas Indians."

The first settlers, under empresarios, were chiefly men of adventure. Many came, some found homes, others did not remain. Statecraft first engaged their attention and rapidly converted them into citizens. Equally at home in camp or in council chambers, those early patriots laid the foundation deep and strong, imbedding it in the ground rock of morality and education.

T. J. Pilgrim, who came to Texas as teacher in 1828, thus wrote: "I would here correct one erroneous impression in regard to the character of the early settlers of Texas. . . . There were in the early history of Texas more college bred men in proportion to the population than now; and as much intelligence, enterprise, good common sense, and moral and religious culture among the females as among the ladies of the present day. Many had moved in the higher circles of our large cities and some had filled stations of honor and respectability."

Letters, narratives, and state papers comprise the body of writings prior to the period of the republic. The peculiar relations to Mexico called for the ablest diplomacy. The provisional congresses of the early thirties furnish a body of political literature that has not been excelled in strength or volume.

In the constitution of Coahuila and Texas, adopted in 1827, appears this provision for schools: "In all

the towns of the State a suitable number of primary schools shall be established, wherein shall be taught reading, writing, arithmetic, the catechism of the Christian religion, a brief and simple explanation of this constitution and that of the Republic, the rights and duties of men in society, and whatever else may conduce to the better education of youth."

Anson Jones, as late as 1839, declared that the lack of schools kept thousands of immigrants from Texas. The first effort for public schools seems to have been made this year, when each county was given three leagues of land. The next year another league was added, and fifty leagues set aside for the university. In 1876 the Agricultural and Mechanical College began operations, and seven years later the University was opened. However, many private academies had already sprung up in different parts of the State; and several colleges, as Austin College, Baylor and Southwestern, were doing excellent work prior to the civil war.

Newspapers were established at an early day. It is not known when the *Constitutional Advocate* was established, but it is a matter of record that it was suspended in July, 1833, on account of the death of the editor and proprietor, D. W. Anthony. The leaders of the Constitutional party, realizing the need of a newspaper organ in their midst, established the *Telegraph* at San Felipe in 1835, with Joseph Baker, Gail Borden, and Thomas H. Borden in charge. *The Texas Republican* newspaper was started at Brazoria in 1836. The *Austin Record* assisted in the same

campaign. The *Daily Bulletin* was flourishing in Austin in 1841 with S. Whiting as editor. Other early newspapers were the *Houston Telegraph,* the *State Journal,* the *State Gazette,* the *Texas New Yorker,* etc. So rapidly did the newspaper idea spread over the State that, by the close of the century, 842 papers were reported in existence, 641 being weekly, —showing how extensive was the reading habit in the rural districts. The *Texas Siftings,* the *Texas Almanac and Register,* were important agencies in promoting the spirit of reading and the desire for culture.

Histories have appeared in abundance. Mrs. Holley's narrative letters in 1824, Edwards' History in 1836, Kennedy's History in two volumes in 1841, Gouge's Fiscal History in 1852, and Yoakum's History in two volumes in 1855, are some of the works that appeared before the civil war. Baker's *Texas Scrap Book* contains much historical data. H. H. Bancroft gives two volumes to the North Mexican States and Texas. C. W. Raines' *Bibliography* and *Year Books* contain valuable information. Thrall, Brown and Wootten have written comprehensive and reliable histories of the more recent years. Lubbock's *Six Decades in Texas* is valuable from an autobiographical standpoint. There are others also.

Mrs. Mollie Moore Davis' *Under Six Flags,* Littlejohn's *Texas History Stories,* Bolton and Barker's source book, *With the Makers of Texas,* Miss Daffan's *Texas Hero Stories,* are all charming and instructive for the young.

The literature of Texas has always been a reflection

of the life of the people. It is in a sense indigenous to the soil. Cosmopolitan to the fullest extent, this is a land of inspiration. A stranger visits it for health, curiosity, or fortune. He proceeds at once to write about it. Augusta Evans, Amelia Barr, Capt. Mayne Reid, Sidney Lanier, Opie Read, Octave Thanet, Harry Flash, and others, caught the infection and wrote beautiful songs or narrated thrilling stories before they left for their long return trip homeward toward the rising sun. It has all been inspired by Texas, has been written about Texas, and properly belongs in the body of Texas literature.

Being cosmopolitan, the country has produced no schools, or groups of authors. They have been as free and as fresh as the zephyr breezes of the boundless prairies, and equally as spontaneous. Mr. C. W. Raines in his *Bibliography of Texas* claims to have discovered six hundred writers either living within the bounds of the State or writing about it. A minimum percentage of this number, of ordinary ability, would make a good showing for any State.

The literature of Texas may be classified, according to very irregular lines of social life, into the times of the pioneer, the times of the citizen, and the times of the scholar: in other words, into a period of exploration and settlement to 1836; a formative or constructive period to 1869; and an industrial and cultural period to the present.

The first of these was the age of the filibuster and of turbulent riot. Conditions soon crystalized sentiment on one side or the other of the question of state rights

or local self-government. The early leaders of thought and action were not to the manner born, but it was a sane and healthy foundation that they laid. When they spoke, it was to be obeyed; and when they wrote, they expressed their convictions in plain and unequivocal English. Very little endeavor after the picturesque in speech or the poetic fire of the imagination occurs in the earlier writings. It is the English of a Burke, or Pitt, or Adams, or Patrick Henry. And there was no misunderstanding.

The second era determined, to a great extent, the literary expression. The leaders of thought and action were uniformly men of scholarly attainments, and their state papers, epistolary correspondence, and speeches are voluminous. It was a practical and busy period. There were no idlers after 1836, very few before. But with independence an accomplished fact, their course was plain: it was a constructive time in deed and formula. Southern by location and preponderance of citizenship, the State found it an easy matter to align itself on the political issues that were throwing the East into convulsions. The position, once taken, became a decisive principle. This is a fact apparent in all Texas writing. From the beginning positivism was pronounced, whether it manifested itself in swinging a horsethief to a limb, in sending a protest to an apathetic Mexican government, or in demanding the resignation of a leader. The same characteristics are distinguishable in the literary efforts of the period.

It is further, a time of utilitarianism. Everything

has to be done: nothing had been done. Political, social, educational, religious life had to be reconstructed. Fortunately, by this time there was a native citizenship, and they understood matters. Order soon arose from chaos and confusion. Valuable thoughts were given permanent record. Men builded, as did their predecessors, that posterity might enjoy. The comparison is very striking between this period of Texas history and the corresponding constitutional period of the United States government.

Two groups of writers are conspicuous at this time, the incomer and the native born. It was a time of transition in all phases of life; and the writings made due record. The statesman was still occupied with problems and issues pertaining to his mission. Perplexing were the conditions of the Republic in its transition to a State, in embryo, in secession, in reconstruction. Never had Greece or Rome or England graver need of judgment, foresight, self-control. And the leaders of Texas did not fail. The orator, the journalist, the publicist, were all busy.

But the other group is not less important. The annalist, the raconteur, the novelist, the poet,—some came from congested centres of the East; some born into a literary heritage. Now and then was it as the voice of one heard in the distance,—but all portrayed or sang the varied life of the great southwest, the land of the Lone Star! Two striking features are noticeable: their love of the natural beauty about them; and their intense, passionate affection and loyalty for the land of their birth or adoption. This period exhibits a

strong and interesting body of imaginative writers; of whom the annalists and publicists are for the most part men, and the poets and story writers are more generally women.

The third division, from 1870 to the present, is characterized by political easement and social unrest. There are no seriously disturbing contradictions or paradoxes. The State is of the body of the Solid South and is passing into leadership. This is the age of the magazine and the daily newspaper, the shop and the factory, the sky-scraper and the wholesale business establishment, the college and the university. A sane, healthy spirit of Christianity has directed the development of the State from its inception, missionaries having entered this territory as early as 1830. The development of this side of the people's life has kept pace with the growth in political, industrial, and educational lines. In the later days, this spirit manifests itself in the erection of magnificent houses of worship, in vigorous missionary campaigns, and in the promulgation of a great body of religious literature, both prose and verse. In whatever direction the inquirer may turn, he discovers a people engaged with grave issues on large projections. The great lesson for the people of the present is self-control and self-regulation in their time of unexampled prosperity and progressiveness.

The literature partakes of the spirit of the people. Organizations, political, educational, ecclesiastical, industrial, have their official documents, technical treatises, and organs of publicity. School curricula have been extended, foreign capital invited, the public weal

protected. The passing wonder is that, amidst all this mad rush for money, land, preferment, ascendency, the literary spirit should still be alive! But an investigation is surprising in its results. The story writer, the essayist, the poet, the playwright, are carrying the literary field by storm. England, France, and Canada, besides New England and the Great West, are bearing enthusiastic testimony to the worth and interest of the literary output of Texas in this present time.

A spirit of conservative criticism is needful, and will arise in the fulness of the need. The critic is in the nature of things a late product. The freshness, joy, and insouciance of the body of Texas literature is most delightful. The restrictions, prunings, and corrections, of the discerning, censorious critic must also be welcomed. And this master, too, is in the land awaiting his call. As the season wanes, fruitage ripens and mellows. Literature is in its finality, a mirror of life; and Texas people and Texas literature are safe so long as they echo the sentiment so well voiced by Judd Mortimer Lewis:

> "'Tis not one man or class of men
> That makes this nation great;
> But the pure women in the homes,
> The children at the gate!"

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

(Goliad, Dec. 20, 1836.)

This document appeared in the *State Gazette,* 1852. Its first appearance seems to have been in the *Texas Republican,* published at Victoria, and dated January 13, 1836. It was signed by ninety-one persons, and certified by the secretary, Ira Ingram, Town of Goliad, December 22, 1836.

"Solemnly impressed with a sense of the crisis to which recent and remote events have conducted the affairs of this country, the undersigned prefer this method of laying before their fellow citizens a brief retrospect of the light in which they regard both the present and the past, and of frankly declaring *for themselves* the policy and uncompromising course which they have resolved to pursue for the future.

"They have seen the enthusiasm and heroic toils of an army bartered for a capitulation humiliating in itself and repugnant in the extreme to the pride and honor of the most lenient, and no sooner framed than evaded or insultingly violated.

"They have seen their camp thronged but too frequently with those who were more anxious to be served by than to serve their country—with men more desirous of command than capable of commanding.

"They have seen the energies, the prowess and the achievements of a band worthy to have stood by Washington and receive command, and worthy to participate in the inheritance of the sons of such a father, frittered, dissipated, and

evaporated away for the want of that energy, union and desion in Council, which, though it must emanate from the many, can only be exercised efficiently when concentrated in a single arm.

"They have seen the busy aspirants for office running from the field to the council hall, and from this back to the camp seeking emolument and not service, and swarming like hungry flies around the body politic.

"They have seen the deliberations of the council and the volition of the camp distracted and paralyzed by the interference of an influence antipatriotic in itself, and too interwoven with the paralyzing of the past to permit the hope of relief from its incorporation with that which alone can avert the evils of the present crisis, and place the affairs of the country beyond the reach of an immediate reaction.

"They have witnessed these evils with bitter regrets, with swollen hearts, and indignant bosoms.

"A revulsion is at hand. An army recently powerless and literally imprisoned is now emancipated. From a comparatively harmless, passive, and inactive attitude, they have been transferred to one pre-eminently commanding, active and imposing. The North and East of Mexico will now become the stronghold of centralism. Thence it can sally in whatever direction its arch-deviser may prefer to employ its weapons. The counter revolution in the interior once smothered, the whole fury of the contest will be poured on Texas. She is principally populated with North Americans. To expel these from its territory, and parcel it out among the instruments of its wrath, will combine the motive and the means for consummating the scheme of the President Dictator. Already we are denounced, proscribed, outlawed and exiled from the country. Our lands peaceably and lawfully acquired, are solemnly pronounced the proper subject of indiscriminate forfeiture, and our estates of confiscation. The laws and guarantees under which we entered the country as colonists, tempted the unbroken silence, sought the dangers of the wilderness, braved the prowling Indian, erect-

ed our numerous improvements, and opened and subdued the earth to cultivation, are either abrogated or repealed, and now trampled under the hoofs of the usurper's cavalry.

"Why, then, should we longer contend for charters, which we are again and again told in the annals of the past, were never intended for *our* benefit? Even a willingness on our part to defend them, has provoked the calamities of an exterminating warfare. Why contend for the shadow, when the substance courts our acceptance? The price of each is the same. War—exterminating war—is waged; and we have either to fight or flee. * * *

"The foregoing, we are fully aware, is a blunt and, in some respects, a humiliating, but faithful picture. However we may wish or however much we may be interested, or feel disposed to deceive our enemy, let us carefuly guard against deceiving *ourselves.* We are in more danger from this—from his insinuating, secret, silent and unseen *influence* in our councils, both on the field and in the cabinet, and from the use of his silver and gold, than from his numbers, his organization, or the concentration of his power in a single arm. The gold of Phillip purchased what his arms could not subdue—the liberties of Greece. *Our* enemy, too, holds this weapon. Look well to this, people of Texas, in the exercise of suffrage. Look to it, Counsellors, your appointments to office. Integrity is a precious jewel!

"Men of Texas! Nothing short of independence can place us on solid ground. This step will. This step, too, will entitle us to confidence, and will procure us credit abroad. Without it every aid we receive must emanate from the enthusiasm of the moment, and with the moment will be liable to pass away or die forever. Unless we stake this step no foreign power can respect or even know us. None will hazard a rupture with Mexico, important as she is, or incur censure from other powers for interference with the internal affairs of a friendly state to aid us in any way whatever. Our letters of marque and reprisal must float at the mercy of every nation on the ocean. And, whatever courtesy or kin-

dred feeling may do, or forbear to do, in aid of our struggle, prosecuted on the present basis, it would be idle and worse and worse than childlike to flatter ourselves with the hope of any permanent benefit from this branch of the service, without frankly declaring to the world *as a people*, our independence of military Mexico. Let us, then, take the tyrant and his hirelings at his word. *They* will not know *us* but as enemies. Let us, then know them hereafter, as other independent states know each other as 'enemies in war; in peace, friends.' Therefore

"1. Be it resolved, That the former province and department of Texas is, and of right ought to be, a free, sovereign and independent state.

"2. That as such it has, and of right ought to have, all the powers, faculties, attributes, and immunities of other independent nations.

"3. That we who set hereunto our names, pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor, to sustain this declaration—relying with entire confidence upon the co-operation of our fellow citizens, and the approving smiles of the God of the living, to aid and conduct us victoriously through the struggle, to the enjoyment of peace, union, and good government; and invoking his malediction if we should either equivocate, or in any manner whatever, prove ourselves unworthy of the high destiny at which we aim.

"Done in the town of Goliad, on Sunday, the 20th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1835."

WRITERS AND WRITINGS OF TEXAS

STEPHEN FULLER AUSTIN

Stephen Fuller Austin, the great Empresario and "Father of Texas," was born in Austinville, Virginia, in 1793. Educated in Transylvania University, Kentucky, he followed his father, Moses Austin, to Missouri, and later undertook to complete his father's scheme of establishing a colony in Texas. His course was beset with difficulties. "His long and perilous pilgrimages to Mexico in the interest of his people; his exertions to obtain for them the fulfillment of the pledges made to him; his unwarrantable detention and imprisonment in Mexico; his unwillingness to counsel his people to take up arms against that government, while a vestige of hope for peace remained; his firm and decided voice, speaking words of encouragement and hope during the dark hours of the war; his laborious travels in the United States to obtain needed succor for his struggling countrymen—all these afford ample material for a volume of absorbing interest."

His colony, with San Felipe as the capital, was located between the Brazos and the Colorado rivers, and grants of land were given for a small price to his

settlers for permanent homes. He died at Columbia, Brazoria County, December 25, 1836.

The following is an extract from a speech delivered by him in Louisville, Kentucky:

"It is with the most unfeigned and heartfelt gratitude that I appear before this enlightened audience, to thank the citizens of Louisville, as I do in the name of the people of Texas, for the kind and generous sympathy they have manifested in favor of the cause of that struggling country; and to make a plain statement of the facts explanatory of the contest in which Texas is engaged with the Mexican Government.

"The public has been informed, through the medium of the newspapers, that war exists between the people of Texas and the present government of Mexico. There are, however, many circumstances connected with this contest, its origin, its principles and objects which, perhaps, are not so generally known, and are indispensable to a full and proper elucidation of this subject.

"When a people consider themselves compelled by circumstances or by oppression, to appeal to arms and resort to their natural rights, they necessarily submit their cause to the great tribunal of public opinion. The people of Texas, confident in the justice of their cause, fearlessly and cheerfully appeal to this tribunal. In doing this, the first step is to show, as I trust I shall be able to do by a succinct statement of facts, that our cause is just, and is the cause of light and liberty:—the same holy cause for which our forefathers fought and bled:—the same that has an advocate in the bosom of every freeman no matter in what country or by what people it may be contended for.

"But a few years back Texas was a wilderness, the home of the uncivilized and wandering Comanche and other tribes of Indians, who waged a constant and ruinous warfare against the Spanish settlements. These settlements were at that time limited to the small towns of Bexar (commonly

called San Antonio) and Goliad, situated on the Western limits. The incursions of the Indians extended also beyond the Rio Bravo del Norte, and desolated that part of the country.

"In order to restrain these savages and to bring them into subjection, the government opened Texas for settlement. Foreign immigrants were invited and called to that country. American enterprise accepted this invitation and promptly responded to this call. The first colony of foreigners or Americans ever settled in Texas was by myself. It was commenced in 1821, under a permission to my father, Moses Austin, from the Spanish government previous to the independence of Mexico, and has succeeded by surmounting those difficulties and dangers incident to all new and wilderness countries infested with hostile Indians. These difficulties were many and at times appalling, and can only be appreciated by the hardy pioneers of this western country, who have passed through similar scenes.

"The question here naturally occurs, what inducements, what prospects, what hopes could have stimulated us, the pioneers and settlers of Texas, to remove from the midst of civilized society, to expatriate ourselves from this land of liberty, from this our native country, endeared to us as it was, and still is, and ever will be, by the ties of nativity, the reminiscences of childhood and youth and local attachments of friendship and kindred? Can it for a moment be supposed that we severed all these ties—the ties of nature and of education, and went to Texas to grapple with the wilderness and with savage foes, merely from a spirit of wild and visionary adventure, without guarantees of protection for our persons and property and political rights? No, it cannot be believed. No American, no Englishman, no one of any nation who has a knowledge of the United States, or of the prominent characteristics of the Anglo-Saxon race to which we belong—a race that in all ages and in all countries wherever it has appeared has been marked for a tenacious and jealous watchfulness of its liberties, and for a

cautious and calculating view of the probable events of the future—no one who has a knowledge of this race can or will believe that we removed to Texas without such guarantees as freeborn and enterprising men naturally expect and require.

"The fact is, we *had* such guarantees; for, in the first place, the government bound itself to protect us, by the mere act of admitting us as citizens, on the general and long established principle, even in the dark ages, that *protection* and *allegiance* are reciprocal—a principle which in this enlightened age has been extended much farther; for its received interpretation now is, that the object of the government is the security, well being and happiness of the governed, and that allegiance ceases whenever it is clear, evident and palpable, that this object is in no respect effected.

"But, besides this general guarantee, we had others of a special, definite and positive character—the colonization laws of 1823, '24, and '25, inviting emigrants generally to that country, especially guaranteed protection for person and property, and the right of citizenship.

* * * * * *

"I pass to an examination of the resources of Texas. We consider them sufficient to effect and sustain our independence. We have one of the finest countries in the world, a soil surpassed by none for agriculture and pasturage, not even by the fairest portions of Kentucky—a climate that may be compared to Italy; within the cotton or sugar region, intersected by navigable rivers and bounded by the Gulf of Mexico, on which there are several fine bays and harbors suitable for all the purposes of commerce—a population of about seventy thousand, which is rapidly increasing and is composed of men of very reputable education and property, enterprising, bold and energetic, devotedly attached to liberty and their country, inured to the exercise of arms, and at all times ready to use them, and defend their homes inch by inch if necessary. The exportation of cotton is large. Cattle, sheep and hogs are very abundant and cheap.

The revenue from importations and direct taxes will be considerable, and rapidly increasing; the vacant lands are very extensive and valuable, and may be safely relied upon as a great source of revenue and of bounty to emigrants.

"The credit of Texas is good, as is shown by the extensive loans already negotiated. The country and army are generally well supplied with arms and ammunition, and the organized force in February last in the field exceeded two thousand and is rapidly increasing. But, besides these resources, we have one which ought not, and certainly will not fail us—*it is our cause*—the cause of light and liberty, of religious toleration and pure religion. To suppose that such a cause will fail, when defended by Anglo-Saxon blood, by Americans, and on the limits and at the very door of this free and philanthropic and magnanimous nation, would be calumny against republicanism and freedom, against a noble race, and against the philanthropic principles of the people of the United States. I therefore repeat that we consider our resources sufficient to effect our independence against the Mexicans, who are disorganized and enfeebled by revolutions, and almost destitute of funds or credit.

"Another interesting question which naturally occurs to everyone is, what great advantages are to result to philanthropy and religion, or to the people of these United States from the emancipation of Texas? To this we reply, that ours is most truly and emphatically the cause of liberty, which is the cause of philanthropy, of religion, of mankind; for in its train follow freedom of conscience, pure morality, enterprise, the arts and sciences, all that is dear to the noble minded and free, all that renders life previous. On the principle the Greeks and the Poles, and all others who have struggled for liberty, have received the sympathies or aid of the people of the United States; on this principle the liberal party in priest-ridden Spain, is now receiving the aid of freeborn and high-minded Englishmen, on this same principle Texas expects to receive the sympathies and aid of their brethren, the people of the United States, and of the freemen

of all nations. But the Greeks and the Poles are not parallel cases with ours—they are not the sons and daughters of Anglo-Americans. We are. We look to this happy land as to a fond mother from whose bosom we have imbibed those great principles of liberty, which are now nerving us, although comparatively weak in numbers and resources, to contend against the whole Mexican nation in defence of our rights.

"The emancipation of self-government over a rich and neighboring country, and open a vast field there for enterprise, wealth and happiness, and for those who wish to escape from the frozen blasts of a northern climate, by removing to a more congenial one. It will promote and accelerate the march of the present age, for it will open a door through which a bright and constant stream of light and intelligence will flow from this great northern fountain over the benighted regions of Mexico.

"That nation of our continent will be regenerated; freedom of conscience and rational liberty will take root in that distant, and, by nature, much favored land, where for ages past the banner of the inquisition, of intolerance, and of despotism has paralyzed, and sickened and deadened every effort in favor of civil and religious liberty.

"But apart from these great principles of philanthropy, and narrowing the question down to the contracted limits of cold and prudent political calculation, a view may be taken of it which doubtless has not escaped the penetration of the sagacious and cautious politicians of the United States. It is the great importance of *Americanizing* Texas, by filling it with a population from this country, who will harmonize in language, in political education, in common origin, in every thing, with their neighbor to the east and north. By this means Texas will become a great outwork on the west, to protect the outlet of this western world, the mouths of the Mississippi, as Alabama and Florida are on the east, and to keep far away from the southwestern frontier—the weakest and most vulnerable in the nation—all enemies who might

make Texas a door for invasion, or use it as a theatre from which mistaken philanthropists and wild fanatics might attempt a system of intervention in the domestic concerns of the South, which might lead to a servile war, or at least jeopardize the tranquillity of Louisiana and the neighboring states.

"This view of the subject is an important one, so much so that a bare allusion to it is sufficient to direct the mind to the various interests and results, immediate and remote, which are involved.

"To conclude, I have shown that our cause is just and righteous, that it is the great cause of mankind, and as such, merits the approbation and the moral support of this magnanimous and free people. That our object is independence, as a new republic, or as a state of these United States; that our resources are sufficient to sustain the cause we are defending; that the results will be the promotion of the great cause of liberty, of philanthropy, of religion, and the protection of a great and important interest to the people of the United States.

"With these claims to the approbation and moral support of the free of all nations, the people of Texas have taken up arms in self defense, and they submit their cause to the judgment of an impartial world, and to the protection of a just and omnipotent God."

SAM HOUSTON

The state papers, proclamations and speeches of General Sam Houston are characterized by a dignified ease of expression, carefulness of diction, astuteness of reasoning, and directness of presentation, that suggest to the mind the masterful English of a Pitt or Burke.

Born in Virginia in 1793, he came with his widowed

mother and family to Tennessee in 1806. After a chequered career, he was elected Governor of the state in 1827. The same year he abruptly resigned his position and went west to take up his life with the Indians.

The struggle for political independence in Texas attracted him greatly, and in 1832 he cast in his lot with the heroic patriots, finally triumphing on the battlefield of San Jacinto, April 21, 1836. Later, as President of the Republic, Governor of the State, and Senator to the United States Congress, he served his adopted State fearlessly and faithfully. He died at Huntsville in 1863.

The following selections indicate his versatility of style and his ease of expression.

INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

(The first Congress of the Republic was organized October 3, 1836. After the incidental preliminaries, the President *ad interim* vacated his position, October 22, and General Sam Houston, the President-elect, was duly inaugurated, the Speaker of the House administering to him the oath of office.)

MR. SPEAKER AND GENTLEMEN:

Deeply impressed with a sense of the responsibility devolving on me, I cannot, in justice to myself, express the emotion of my heart, or restrain the feelings which my sense of obligation to my fellow citizens has inspired—their suffrage was gratuitously bestowed. Preferred to others, not unlikely superior in merit to myself, called to the most important station among mankind by the voice of a free people, it is utterly impossible not to feel impressed with the deepest sensations of delicacy in my present position before the world. It is not here alone, but our present attitude before all nations, has rendered my position, and that of my country, one of peculiar interest.

A spot of earth, almost, to the geography of the age, destitute of all available resources, few in numbers, we remonstrated against oppression; and, when invaded by a numerous host, we dared to proclaim our independence and to strike for freedom on the breast of the oppressor. As yet our course is onward. We are only in the outset of the campaign of liberty. Futurity has locked up the destiny which awaits our people. Who can contemplate with apathy a situation so imposing in the moral and spiritual world?

The relations among ourselves are peculiarly delicate and important; for, no matter what zeal or fidelity I may possess in the discharge of my official duties, if I do not obtain coöperation and an honest support from the coördinate departments of the government, wreck and ruin must be the inevitable consequences of my administration. If then, in the discharge of my duty, my competency should fail in the attainment of the great objects in view, it would become your sacred duty to correct my errors and sustain me by your superior wisdom. This much I anticipate—this much I demand.

I am perfectly aware of the difficulties that surround me, and the convulsive throes through which our country must pass. I have never been emulous of the civic wreath—when merited, it crowns a happy destiny. A country situated like ours is environed with difficulties, its administration is fraught with perplexities. Had it been my destiny, I would infinitely have preferred the toils, privations and perils of a soldier to the duties of my present station. Nothing but zeal, stimulated by the holy spirit of patriotism, and guided by philosophy and reason, can give that impetus to our energies necessary to surmount the difficulties that obstruct our political progress. By the aid of your intelligence, I trust all the impediments to our advancement will be removed: that all wounds in the body politic will be healed, and the constitution of the Republic derive strength and vigor equal to any emergency. I shall confidently anticipate the consolidation of constitutional liberty. In the attainment of this ob-

ject, we must regard our relative situation to other countries.

A subject of no small importance is the situation of an extensive frontier, bordered by Indians and open to their depredations. Treaties of peace and amity, and the maintenance of good faith with the Indians, seem to me to be the most rational means for winning their friendship. Let us abstain from aggression, establish commerce with the different tribes, supply their useful and necessary wants, maintain even-handed justice with them, and natural reason will teach them the utility of our friendship.

Admonished by the past, we cannot in justice, disregard our national enemies. Vigilance will apprise us of their approach, a disciplined and valiant army will insure their discomfiture. Without discrimination and system, how unavailing would all the resources of an old and overflowing treasury prove to us! It would be as unprofitable to us in our present situation as the rich diamond locked in the bosom of the adamant. We cannot hope that the bosom of our peaceful prairies will soon be visited by the healing breezes of peace. We may again look for the day when their verdure will be converted into dyes of crimson. We must keep all our energies alive, our army organized, disciplined, and increased to our present emergencies. With these preparations we can meet and vanquish despotic thousands. This is the attitude we must at present regard as our own. We are battling for human liberty; reason and firmness must characterize our acts.

The course our enemies have pursued has been opposed to every principle of civilized warfare—bad faith, inhumanity, and devastation marked their path of invasion. We were a little band, contending for liberty; they were thousands, well appointed, munitioned, and provisioned, seeking to rivet chains upon us, or to extirpate us from the earth. Their cruelties have incurred the universal denunciation of Christendom. They will not pass from their nation during the present generation. The contrast of our conduct is manifest: we

were hunted down as the felon wolf, our little band driven from fastness to fastness, exasperated to the last extreme, while the blood of our kindred and our friends, invoking the vengeance of an avenging God, was smoking to high Heaven, we met our enemy and vanquished them. They fell in battle, or suppliantly kneeled and were spared. We offered up our vengeance at the shrine of humanity, while Christianity rejoiced at the act and looked with pride at the sacrifice. The civilized world contemplated, with proud emotions, conduct which reflected so much glory on the Anglo-Saxon race. The moral effect has done more towards our liberation than the defeat of the army of veterans. Where our cause has been presented to our friends in the land of our origin, they have embraced it with their warmest sympathies. They have rendered us manly and efficient aid. They have rallied to our standard. They have fought side by side with our warriors. They have bled, and their dust is mingled with the ashes of our heroes. At this moment I discern numbers around me who battled on the field of San Jacinto, and whose chivalry and valor have identified them with the glory of the country, its name, its soil, and its liberty. There sits a gentleman within my view (Hon. Wm. Christy of New Orleans) whose personal and political services have been invaluable. He was the first in the United States to respond to our cause. His purse was ever open to our necessities. His hand was extended in our aid. His presence among us, and his return to the embraces of our friends, will inspire new efforts in behalf of our cause.

A circumstance of the highest import will claim the attention of the court at Washington. In our recent election the important subject of annexation to the United States of America was submitted to the consideration of the people. They have expressed their feelings and their wishes on that momentous subject. They have, with a unanimity unparalleled, declared that they will be reunited to the great Republican family of the north. The appeal is made by a willing people. Will our friends disregard it? They have already

bestowed upon us their warmest sympathies. Their manly and generous feelings have been enlisted in our behalf. We are cheered by the hope that they will receive us to participate in their civil, political and religious rights, and hail us welcome into the great family of freemen. Our misfortunes have been their misfortunes—our sorrows, too, have been theirs, and their joy at our success has been irrepressible.

A thousand considerations press upon me: each claims my attention. But the shortness of the notice of this emergency (*four hours' notice of the inauguration*) will not enable me to do justice to those subjects, and will necessarily induce their postponement for the present.

[*Here Houston disengaged his sword.*]

It now, sir, becomes my duty to make a presentation of this sword—this emblem of my past office (*the speaker was unable to repress his feelings. After a pause of conflicting emotions more eloquent than any language, he proceeded*), I have worn it with some pretensions in defence of my country—and should the danger of my country again call for my services. I expect to resume it, and respond to that call, if needful, with my blood and my life!

POEM.

(Addressed to a little maiden.)

Remember thee? Yes, lovely girl,
While faithful memory holds its seal
Till this warm heart in dust is laid,
And this wild heart will cease to beat.
No matter where my bark is tossed,
On life's tempestuous, stormy sea—
My anchor gone, my rudder lost,
Still, cousin, I will think of thee!

TRIBUTE TO THE INDIANS.

(From a speech in the United States Senate.)

As a race they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, and their springs are dried up: their cabins are

in the dust. Their council fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying out to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the mountains and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

EULOGY ON FLACO, CHIEF OF THE LIPANS.

My Brother: My heart is sad. A dark cloud rests upon your nation. Grief has sounded in your camp. The voice of Flaco is silent. His words are not heard in council. The chief is no more. His life has fled to the Great Spirit. His eyes are closed. His heart no longer leaps at the sight of the buffalo! The voices of your camp are no longer heard to cry "Flaco has returned from the chase!" Your chiefs look down upon the earth and groan in trouble. Your warriors weep. The loud voice of grief is heard from your women and children. The song of birds is silent. The ears of your people hear no pleasant sound. Sorrow whispers in the winds. The noise of the tempest passes—it is not heard. Your hearts are heavy.

The name of Flaco brought joy to all hearts. Joy was on every face! Your people were happy. Flaco is no longer seen in the fight: his voice is no longer heard in battle; the enemy no longer make a path for his glory; his valor is no longer a guard for your people; the right arm of your nation is broken. Flaco was a friend to his white brothers. They will not forget him. They will remember the red warrior. His father will not be forgotten. We will be kind to the Lipans. Grass shall not grow in the path between us. Let

your wise men give the counsel of peace. Let your young men walk in the white path. The grey-headed men of your nation will teach wisdom. I will hold my red brothers by the hand.

Thy Brother,

WASHINGTON, *March* 28, 1843. SAM HOUSTON.

DAVID BURNET

David G. Burnet, the son of William Burnet, of Newark, N. J., was born in 1789. He received a liberal education, but not finding routine work congenial, enlisted in the contest for the independence of Spanish America.

In 1826 he was in Texas, an active participant in the events of those troublesome times. Such was the prominence that he acquired as a leader and counselor that he was chosen as a member of the San Felipe Convention of 1833, and became a decided advocate for independence. He was made the first president of the new Republic, and vice-president under his successor. He died in 1870.

EULOGY ON JOHN A. WHARTON.

(John A. Wharton, a native of Tennessee, came to Texas with his brother William in 1829. From that time to his death in 1838 he was an active participant in public affairs. Judge David G. Burnet was selected to pronounce the funeral oration, which he did December, 1838, in the following eloquent words):

"FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS: The keenest blade on the field of San Jacinto is broken!—the brave, the generous, the talented John A. Wharton is no more! His poor remains lie cold and senseless before you, wrapped in the habiliments of the grave, and awaiting your kind offices to convey them

to the charnel house appointed to all the living. A braver heart never died. A nobler soul, more deeply imbued with the pure and fervent spirit of patriotism, never passed its tenement of clay to the more genial realms of immortality. He was young in years, and, as it were, at the very threshhold of his fame; and still it is a melancholy truth to which every heart in this assembly will respond in painful accordance, that a mighty man has fallen among us. Many princes of the earth have perished in their prime, surrounded with all the gorgeous splendors of wealth and power, and their country has suffered no damage. But surely it will be engraven on the tablets of our history that Texas wept when Wharton died.

"Colonel Wharton was among the early emigrants to Texas. Young, active, enterprising and endowed with an indomitable spirit of perseverance, he was peculiarly fitted to figure conspicuously in the new, and to ordinary minds, the difficult circumstances in which Providence, and his own adventurous energies had placed him. In his early sojourn among us, when Texas was but the feeble and neglected nursling of an unkind foster parent, he devoted his time and very precious talents to the practice of the law. Zealously devoted to his profession he soon attained an eminence beyond his years, and a character for candor, integrity and exemption from the littleness of practical quirks and quibbles, that endeared him to all his liberal associates of the bar. His mind was constructed for the highest acquisitions of human knowledge; and in choosing the profession of the law, he followed the natural propensity of his great intellect; for there is no business of man that is better adapted to the almost illimitable range of genius, or to the severe exercise of judgment than that comprehensive and useful science. I have said his talents were precocious. But I intend a relative precocity; for the ripeness of his mind was just beginning to adorn his adopted country by its rich developments, when the precious fruit was nipped by the frost of death: and the majestic plant, whose fragrance had shed a sweet

savor of promised blessings on all around, was translated to a more propitious clime, where I trust in God it will flourish in immortal bloom.

"In the fall of 1835, when the alienation of feeling between Texas and Mexico was first manifested by deliberate, overt acts of aggression on the part of the central usurpers, Col. Wharton was selected by a numerous and intelligent constituency to represent the county of Brazoria in the general consultation. His active mind had been intently observant of the rapid and apparently fortuitous fluctuations that marked the political career of that distracted and unhappy republic; and in his deep forethought, acting upon feelings of unwonted sensibility, and on a spirit which the brightest hero in the romance of chivalry might have coveted, he early and warmly advocated the separation of Texas from the perverse politics, the bigoted misrule and the retrogressive destinies of Mexico. The impetuous ardor of his mind seized the first indication of a design to subvert the constitutional franchisements of his adopted country; and his gallant spirit could brook no delay in asserting her sacred and unalienated rights. He was among the first to propose the independence of Texas; and true to the frankness of his nature, he was foremost with those who nobly bared their bosoms to the storm, when that declaration which gave assurance to the world that a man child was born into the family of nations, was pronounced.

"The brief time permitted us to linger about his waste and attentuate form, is insufficient to recite the testimonials of his gallantry. It is enough to say that he was distinguished on the field of San Jacinto—for there were no recreants there. All had strung their chafed and dauntless spirits to the high resolve of Liberty or Death; and he who could make himself conspicuous on such a battlefield, was something more than a hero; a hero among heroes!—for never in the annals of war did braver hearts or stouter hands contend for liberty!

"Colonel Wharton was not only a brave man and a patriot;

he was a kind, affectionate, confiding friend. Having no guile himself, he had an instinctive aversion to a suspicion of deception in others. Frank, open, honorable, and without fear, he never entertained a thought of men or things which his lips could hesitate to utter. If he had an enemy it was the uncalculating frankness of his nature that made him so; for it is a truth to be deplored that the ingenuous are often misunderstood, and give undesigned offense when they ought to excite admiration.

"With you, gentlemen of the House of Representatives, the lamented deceased was connected by an intimate political connection. You have observed his assiduity, his untiring zeal, his singleness of heart, and his profound and accurate judgment in all the exalted duties of a legislator. To you he furnished ample evidence that his great professional attainments were only inductive to the still more enlarged capacities of his intellect, and when his mind was turned to politics, it seemed as if nature had fashioned him for a statesman. You are bereaved of a valuable and much-valued member—whose vacant seat it will be difficult to fill with equal endowments. That eloquent tongue is hushed in death, and the grave worm will shortly fatten upon it. Those lips that never quivered except under the gust of words that breathe and thoughts that burn, are closed forever, and no more shall these walls reverberate to their thrilling enunciations.

"To you, soldiers, he was endeared by many ties. You have shared with him the toils and privations of an arduous and protracted campaign. You have witnessed and have participated in his devotion to his country, and his patient endurance of fatigue and suffering in the tented field; his agonized indignation at every successive retreat before the invading foe. Many of you retain, in vivid recollection, his burning impatience for the conflict when on the great day of San Jacinto, his buoyant spirit gratulated his companions in arms on the near prospect of battle; and you have marked his gallant bearing when the shock of arms sounded on the

plain, and the war cry of 'Alamo' carried terror and dismay into the camp of the bloody homicides of Goliad. Behold your brother in arms: a cold, silent, prostrate corse! No more shall the din of war arouse his spirit to deeds of high emprise. That lifeless clay would heed it not, for the bright spirit which lately animated and adorned it has passed triumphantly beyond the narrow bourne of mortal strifes, to that blessed region where 'wars and rumors of wars' are never heard.

"To you, members of the benevolent fraternity! he was an object of peculiar regard. He exemplified in an eminent degree, all the cardinal virtues which your order proclaims and inculcates. His benevolence was not merely masonic. It was catholic: universal, and comprehended all classes of the distressed. To the poor he was kind, generous and open 'as day in melting charity.' To the weak and friendless, he was a ready refuge and defense. Of him it may be said with great propriety in the language of the poet:

> "That all the oppressed who wanted strength,
> Had his at their command.

"And to you, mourning friends, kindred of the dear deceased! oh, how precious was he! You knew his virtues: his kind and gentle benevolence which dispersed its benefaction like the dew from heaven, unheard, unseen, except in the substantial blessings on the objects of his charity. The splendor of his forensic talents, the high blazonry of his military fame, are subordinate to the mild and amiable qualities that beautified his social and domestic relations. To you he was the devoted brother in the full, free, unreserved, potential sense of the fraternal tie. But he is gone! No more will he grace your social circle; no more give the blandness of his cheerful presence to your hospitality. But despond not, I beseech you, nor weep as those who have no hope. Your friend and our friend dieth not as the fool dieth. He calmly contemplated his approaching dissolution; and in the pure spirit of Christian philosophy he avowed his forgiveness

of all his enemies, and professed a hope of receiving a full and free pardon through the meritorious intercession of the blessed Redeemer.

"While we indulge this pious confidence that a merciful God has sealed that hope with the signet of his favor, he it our deep concernment to apply this inscrutable Providence to our own hearts, and to educe from it the only advantage it confers, by taking heed to our own ways."

MIRABEAU LAMAR

Mirabeau Buonaparte Lamar was born in Louisville, Georgia, in 1798. He early turned to letters, and in 1828 established a states rights paper in Columbus. Removing to Texas in 1835, he espoused the cause of Texas independence and distinguished himself in the battle of San Jacinto. He served as Attorney-General, Secretary of State, Vice-President, and President of Texas, and was appointed United States minister to the Argentine Republic in 1857. But, declining to serve, he was appointed the next year minister to Nicaraugua and Costa Rica. Probably the crowning work of Lamar's useful life was the establishing of the public school system of Texas. As a result of his insistence, Congress set aside four leagues of land in each county for an academy, and fifty acres for two state Universities. To insure the carrying out of the scheme, Lamar had these surveys made under his own direction. He died December, 1859, and lies buried in Richmond, not far from the Brazos river.

His volume, *Verse Memorials,* was given to the public in 1857; and in the preface the author states his

purpose to be "the desire of manifesting to his friends, who have so long been the sunshine of his life, that he still holds them in grateful remembrance. . . . . That these poems—which have dropped like wild flowers along the rugged path of public duty—may prove hereafter a source of utility and pleasure to the sole offspring of a happy home. . . . . That his little daughter might acquire from these verses a better knowledge of her father's heart. . . ."

The following poems are selected as giving an insight into the man and his genius.

THE STAR AND THE CUP.

I love the bright Lone Star that gems
The banner of the brave;
I love the light that guideth men
To freedom or the grave;
But, oh, there is a fairer star,
Of pure and holy ray,
That lights to glory's higher crown,
And freedom's brighter day:—
It is the Star before whose beams
All earth should bow the knee—
The Star that rose o'er Bethlehem,
And set on Calvary.

Let others round the festive board,
The madd'ning winecup drain;
Let others count its guilty joys
And reap repentant pain;
But, oh, there is a brighter cup,
And be its raptures mine,
Whose fragrance is the breath of life—
Whose spirit is divine.

It is the Cup that Jesus filled—
He kissed its sacred brim,
And left the world to do the same,
In memory of him.

GAY SPRING.

(To Florence Duval, six years old.)

Gay Spring, with her beautiful flowers,
Is robing the valleys and hills;
Sweet music is heard in the bowers,
And laughter is sent from the rills,
Oh, let me, while kindled by these,
The feelings of childhood recall,
And frame a soft sonnet to please
The fair little Florence Duval.

The rose may be proud of its red,
The lily be proud of its white,
And sweet-scented jessamines shed
Their treasures of fragrant delight;
Yet brighter and sweeter than these,
And far more enchanting than all,
Is the beautiful pink of Belmont,
The fair little Florence Duval.

Her locks are as white as the lint,
Her eyes are as blue as the sky;
Her cheeks have a magical tint—
A rainbow which never should die.
Oh, surely there's no living thing
That dwelleth in cottage or hall,
Can vie with the Peri I sing—
The fair little Florence Duval.

But why is she resting from play,—
And why is that tear in her eye?
Alas! a bright bird on the spray
Is pouring its carols hard by;
Her spirit is drinking the song—
She weeps at the notes as they fall;
For genius and feeling belong
To fair little Florence Duval.

Oh, long may the Peri bloom on,
Still ever in gladness and love,
And blend with her genius for song,
The feelings that light us above.
That life may be lengthened and blest
And sorrows may never enthrall,
Must still be the prayer of each breast
For fair little Florence Duval.

BELLEMONT, NEAR AUSTIN.
Residence of Judge Webb.

THE DAUGHTER OF MENDOZA.

Oh, lend to me, sweet nightingale,
Your music by the fountains!
And lend to me your cadences,
Oh, river of the mountains!
That I may sing my gay brunette,
A diamond spark in coral set,
Gem for a princess' coronet—
The daughter of Mendoza.

How brilliant is the morning star!
The evening star how tender!
The light of both is in her eyes
Their softness and their splendor.
But for the lash that shades their light,
They are too dazzling for the sight;
And when she shuts them, all is night—
The daughter of Mendoza.

Oh, ever bright and beauteous one,
Bewildering and beguiling,
The lute is in thy silvery tones,
The rainbow in thy smiling.
And thine is, too, o'er hill and dell,
The bounding of the young gazelle,
The arrow's flight and ocean's swell—
Sweet daughter of Mendoza

What though, perchance, we meet no more?
What though too soon we sever?
Thy form will float like emerald light
Before my vision ever
But who can see and then forget
The glories of my gay brunette?
Thou art too bright a star to set—
Sweet daughter of Mendoza!

(Quoted in *Weber's Southern Poets.*)

MRS. MAUDE FULLER YOUNG

Mrs. Maude Young, *née* Maude Fuller, was born in Beaufort, North Carolina, in 1826, and died in Houston, Texas, April 15, 1882. When twenty years old she was married to Dr. S. O. Young, who died after one year of married life. Her biographer thus pictures her life in Houston: "Moving in queenly grace among the people, her black eyes flashing with intelligence, her voice like the strains of the æolian harp, gave solace to the sorrowing and cheer to the merry. Her hands deftly arranged the crescent of orange blossoms for the bride and wove the cross of immortelles for the casket."

Her principal works are *Stephen F. Austin, the Father of Texas; The Song of the Texas Rangers; The Botany of Texas; Cordova, a Legend of Lone Lake; The Legend of Sour Lake.* Of the last one says: "Though not in verse it is genuine poetry from beginning to end. Would that all the wild and beautiful legends of our wide field of poetic treasures—Texas—could be put in enduring form by this literary artist. This romantic Indian tradition, so beautifully rendered, and whose glorious symbolism is so happily applied to the instruction of the Southern people, will not die."

STEPHEN F. AUSTIN, THE FATHER OF TEXAS.

"How seldom, friend, a good great man inherits
Honor and wealth with all his worth and pains!
It seems a story from the world of spirits
When any man obtains that which he merits,
Or any merits that which he obtains!

—*Coleridge.*

* * * Stephen Fuller Austin was of all men who helped build our republic, *the* man whose wisdom, integrity, and true courage, and steadfastness of purpose were the cornerstone, arch and keystone of the structure—the very pledge and fulfillment of the promise of success. Yet he took no care of such things as recognition, praise, the verdict of posterity, etc.; content to build that others might inhabit, to sow that others might reap. But justice is a heavenly maiden, and though coyly she may linger, she rarely loses sight of the true hero; and today, when the fame of other Texans have, like the eucalyptus, grown into giant trees, absorbing all the rivulets and rills into their shining foliage and stately trunks, she walks the waters no longer rocked by passion, strife and invective, and pointing to the lotus says: "The name of the founder of your greatness, the life

and vitality of your true history—Stephen F. Austin—will be found inscribed on the jewel therein."

Stephen F. Austin is destined to be recognized by posterity as he was in life esteemed by his compatriots, not only as one of the wisest and purest of patriots, and most noble and unselfish of men, but he to whom Texas owes her existence today, and the foundation stone on which the glories of all her history was laid in the past. Gentle and refined as Hamilton, patriotic and incorruptible as Washington, gifted with the political prescience of Patrick Henry, calm and patient as William of Orange, he presents in his life a type of manhood that sheds honor not only upon his state, but upon the whole world.

Many have an idea of a rough, unlettered pioneer, a man fond of the excitements and dangers of a frontier life, half hunter, half soldier, going with equal ardor into a deer hunt or an Indian fight. How contrary the facts! Small in stature, delicate in physique, modest in deportment, poetical in taste, refined and cultured, ever inclining more to books and the sweet voices of nature than the rough companionship of border men. Yet with moral courage and firmness of purpose that enabled him to meet the exigencies of every hour, and to conquer circumstances, making the most adverse of them the obedient servants of his will.

Of the parentage of Stephen F. Austin, nothing need be said, as it is too well known to need repetition here; but to the philosophic mind who may agree with Herbert Spencer's theory advanced in his "History of Sociology," confirmation may be found in the long series of preparation for the "Man of Destiny" who was to work the task of planting a colony and nursing it into a stalwart nation of free and independent people. Every circumstance in his father's and in his own life moves on like the scenes in a Greek drama, over which an unseen, inscrutable, inexorable *necessity* presides. Fortune herself, sitting like the fabled Parcæ, and while seemingly marring the web, yet bringing order and beauty, strength and perpetuity, unity and design into the fabric

that eventually should become a flag of triumph to the oppressed—a gonfalcon of hope and cheer to every weary, exiled patriot heart.

Born at Austinville, Va., on the 3rd of November, 1893, he was six years old when the Spanish government conceded a league of land, including the mine—a Barton mine—to his father, Moses Austin, who immediately moved his family to the then far away upper Louisiana, now included in the state of Missouri.

This was the cradle of the infant Stephen, fitting him to become the leader of his people in the promised land. His surroundings were in every way exceptional. The leaders of the community were men of birth, education, and refinement, while the body of the people were brave, industrious pioneers, whose axes and rifles were speedily converting the wilderness into a garden, and making desert places bloom like the rose, their hostile neighbors, the Osage Indians, serving as a fine training school in all that watchfulness, self-reliance, coolness, and intrepidity which subsequent events in his life made so necessary, and of which he showed himself such a conspicuous possessor.

The years from 1804 to 1808 were spent in academic pursuits in Connecticut. Then returning to the west, he entered Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, and was proudly and fondly remembered for years afterwards by his classmates for his scholarly attainments, gentlemanly bearing, and his high character of integrity and manly independence.

At this period the great financial losses of Moses Austin, growing out of the failure of a bank where he had large deposits, compelled him (by a nice sense of honor) to surrender his vast possessions, and in his fifty-fifth year, when most men are looking about for a quiet retreat in which to pass in rest the evening of their day, and would have been bowed to the earth in inert hopelessness by such a great and unexpected blow, he, true to the old "Mayflower blood" in

his veins, rose in courage and determination commensurate with the hour.

"Aside the dust cloud rolled—
The waster seemed the builder, too,
Upspringing from the ruined old
He saw the new."

Calling his son into consultation he unfolded to him his great plan—*the colonization of Texas.*

The Gulf Coast, intersected by the Brazos and Colorado rivers—one of the Eden spots of the earth; soil rivaling that of the Nile; waters teeming with fish, molluscs, and crustacea of every kind and description; forests full of game, a sky as bright and clear as that of Hellas, with a climate as soft and salubrious as fair Italy—had been selected by Moses Austin for settlement. After a thorough exploration the son concurred in this opinion.

Governor Martinez requested Austin to prepare a plan for the distribution of the land to each settler. Austin did this, making one that was highly advantageous to the settlers, and at the same time regardful of their safety, which, in the wilderness condition of the country, required that the colony should be compact to secure safety against the Indians.

The basis of the plan was, that each head of a family was to receive six hundred and forty acres of land; for the wife, three hundred and twenty, an additional hundred and sixty for each child, and eighty for each slave. When this plan had been presented in writing, Austin was granted authority from the governor to promise each settler this quantity. He was also commissioned to exercise full authority in the local government of the colony until it should be otherwise organized.

When Austin returned to New Orleans, he made his design public through the newspapers, inviting immigration, stating the number of acres granted each settler, also that every one must pay twelve and one half cents per acre; Austin taking upon himself all the expenses of surveying and all other charges whatever in procuring titles, translating deeds, etc.

This twelve and one-half cents was designed as a fund to supply poor immigrants with needed supplies, to construct defenses against the Indians, and to defray the expenses of local government.

Without entering into a detailed history of the settlement and noticing all the difficulties, privations and dangers that were surmounted by the first immigrants, it is sufficient to say that such a detail would present examples of inflexible perseverance and fortitude on the part of these settlers which have been seldom equalled in any country or in any enterprise. (*"Laws, Orders, and Contracts for Austin's Colony."*)

The immigrants were compelled to pack seed corn from the Sabine or Bexar, and it was very scarce at the latter place. They were totally destitute of bread and salt; coffee, sugar, etc., were remembered and hoped for at some future day. There was no other dependence for subsistence but the wild game, such as buffalo, bear, deer, wild turkeys, and wild horses (mustangs). The Indians rendered it quite dangerous ranging the country for buffalo, deer were very poor, and very scarce, owing to a failure in the mast and poor venison, as is well known, is the poorest and least nutritious of all meat. *Mustang horses,* however, were abundant, and it is estimated that one hundred of them were eaten in the first two years. The Karankaway Indians were very hostile on the coast; Wacos and Tauwankanies were equally so in the interior, and committed constant depredations. Parties of Takaways, Lipans, Baedies, etc., were intermingled with the settlers; they were beggarly and insolent, and only restrained the first two years by presents, forbearance, and policy; there was not force sufficient to awe them. * * * *

This little band, like Arnold Winkleried, were ready to offer their breasts for every adverse lance. With their shining axes, they cleared the forests, cultivated the fields with their rifles on their backs, filled the echoes of the grand old woods with their lusty songs of cheer, rode to the battle with the grim determination of Cromwell's "Ironsides," and

planted the woodbine and honeysuckle around the rude cabin doors with the tender grace of women. They were *sui generis,* and stamped like a die the character of Texans forever. * * * *

General Houston was elected the first president of the republic of Texas; and with that fine sense which someone has said was the greatness of good Queen Bess—the wisdom of choosing wise counsellors—offered General Austin, whose services he knew were indispensable in the organization of the government, the post of Secretary of State. Austin, influenced by a sense of duty, which he kept always unsullied by a breath of self-love, accepted and soon after died, as he had lived, laboring for his country. * * * His remains were escorted by the President, members of the Cabinet, all officers of the government, and a host of truly sorrowing friends, to the family burying-grounds, at Peach Point, Brazoria County, where the just and good man sleeps well, leaving his memory as a precious legacy enshrined in the heart of hearts of every true Texan.

We know of no man possessing those lofty and stern attributes necessary for the honorable and successful career of a leader, the protector of justice and maintainer of right, who had such a large share of what our French friends would denominate *tendresse,* that lovingness of disposition which made Austin win the affections, as he inspired the confidence and veneration of all who approached him.

His high sense of honor, with a total abnegation of self, knit him to the hearts of his people in a way that was as beautiful as it was rare. * * * Although the domestic quality, if we so may term it, was never developed in Austin by the sweet and tender ties of wife and children in his young manhood, still he had loved ardently and sincerely, and when the deepest and best feelings of his heart, for one in every way worthy of his affections, had to be sacrificed upon the altar of honor, it bred not, as disappointments often do, asceticism and selfishness. His heart, like his own beloved prairies, after being swept by a fire, only blossomed

into fresher verdure and brighter hues. He made his colony his bride, his people his children, and wherever he went, from the stately home of the wealthy planter to the rude cabin of the hunter and trapper, he met everywhere the greeting given to one all loved and all delighted to honor. * * *

Texas was exceptional in the men that framed and formed her destiny. No colony or state ever boasted such an array of intellect, culture, noble birth, and chivalrous devotion to "freedom secured by law" among her pioneers as the land of the Lone Star. Mosely Baker, the two Whartons, Navarro, the two Jacks, Peter W. Grayson, Rusk, the two Zavallas, Pinckney, Henderson, Manchaca, John R. Baylor, E. B. Baylor, Levi Jones, Michael Menard, Sam Williams, Tom F. McKinney, Mirabeau Lamar, David Burnet, James Love, Sidney Sherman, James Morgan, Robert Calder, Judge Waller, Commodore Moore, Captain Lathrop, Edward Burleson and a host of others: men who could have been men of mark and renown, leaders in any country and in any age. Each and all were firm friends and supporters of Austin. Proud to acknowledge him as their chief, confident of the wisdom of his counsel and the perfect purity of his patriotic purpose.

However much in the ambition of their youthful hearts they vie with each other—for no one will deny that these "Cæsars were ambitious"—they gracefully recognized the pre-eminent services of Austin, and always accorded him the palm of honor and gratitude, as the one who had blessed them by "labors, cares and counsels for their good" and whose death shocked and oppressed.

> The land which loved him so
> That none could love him best.

JOHN H. REAGAN

John H. Reagan, sometimes called "The Old Roman," sometimes "The Great Commoner," was born in

Sevier County, Tennessee, in 1818, the oldest of a family of six children. Lacking early advantages, he worked his way through a good English education. Led by circumstances, or, shall we say, Providence, he came to Texas in 1839, in his twenty-eighth year, and located in Nacogdoches County, and later at Palestine. As surveyor, lawyer, soldier, and later member of Congress, he was an active participant in all the stirring issues of the day.

With the organization of the Confederate Government, he was made a member of the cabinet and proved a valued counselor. In reconstruction times he was still a leader and adviser, more honored as he grew in age. He was a close reasoner and drew his conclusions carefully.

His memoirs were issued by his wife after his death in 1857. This work was edited by Walter F. McCaleb, with an introduction by the late Dr. George P. Garrison of the University of Texas. Chapter VIII. of this work, on the Causes of the War Between the States, has attracted wide attention. The two selections following are the introduction by Dr. Garrison and an extract from one of his speeches in Congress.

INTRODUCTION TO MEMOIRS OF JOHN H. REAGAN.

(By George P. Garrison.)

The Civil War has been by no means an experience wholly evil for the South. Out of its wreck and ruin have come a clearer understanding and a deeper sense both of strength and the weakness of Southern civilization, and it thus remains an invaluable lesson to all who are concerned in its results. One of the best things, however, that have come

of it is the thoroughly tested charter of some of the leaders in council and in the field on both sides during that period of storm and stress. This is a matter of supreme social consequence; for the heroes of a people establish its standards of conduct and of aspiration. And one of the happiest results of the reconciliation of North and South and the growing sense of harmony in the true interests and ideals of the sections is that pride in the achievements of the really great men whom the war brought to the front is no longer confined to one part of the United States for some and to another for the rest, but has become an uplifting influence that pervades the entire nation.

Among those on whom the severe tests of the last half century have left the indubitable stamp of greatness is John H. Reagan. While yet living he had won a place among the foremost in the reverential regard of those who knew him; and with the lapse of time, as the perspective grows clearer and his work is better understood, he must be seen in a still more favorable light. None was more unfaltering in his adherence to principle, none more consistent in his devotion to the popular interest or more effective in its support; and, though his efforts often ended in failure, his strength and capacity for leadership are beyond question.

But some will say that his most strenuous efforts were put forth to destroy the Union, and that the people of the nation cannot therefore join in doing honor to his memory or commending his conduct to the young men and boys of America as worthy of imitation. Such an argument, however, involves an assumption concerning his motives that is at once inaccurate and unfair. He loved the Union with all the warmth of his patriotic nature, and no man was further than he from seeking its dissolution as an end in itself. He would consent to dissolve it only for the sake of what was to him a still higher ideal—the sovereignty of the States. Considering his point of view and the conditions under which his political philosophy took shape, there needs no elaborate disquisition on the constitutional law of the United States

to show the injustice of regarding his attitude as treasonable. Nor should it be forgotten that, when his theory of the nature of the Union, already weakened by natural economic and political tendencies toward centralization, went down before the strongest on the battlefield, he accepted the result in good faith and remained a loyal American citizen. To himself, this was no enforced conversion, but simply steadfastness to one of the prime articles of his old political creed. The fact which stands dominant in determining the significance of his career is that he was faithful to his convictions. No true man can be less; and herein his example commends itself to all.

John Reagan did not come of the aristocratic slaveholding class of the Old South, but was born and reared in comparative poverty. No strong bond, therefore, of material interest held him to the spot of his birth, and in early youth the search for larger opportunity carried him to Texas. What difficulties he had there to overcome, and how he achieved success in spite of them all, is clearly evident from his own narrative, which need not be anticipated here.

Suffice it to say that his environment was such as strongly to develop his native instinct of rugged self-dependence, and this became one of his most prominent characteristics. He was always ready to take upon himself the burden of others, but he sought no help in carrying his own. None ever accepted such responsibilities as fell to him with greater bravery and determination, or bore them in manlier fashion. It was no vain show of loyalty, but consistent obedience to the dictates of his heart and conscience that led him to ask, when he was captured along with President Davis, that he might share the fortunes of his fallen chief. How little of demagoguery or selfish ambition was in him is shown by his Fort Warren letter, whose distasteful advice to the people of Texas seemed at the time to have broken completely the hold of its writer upon them, and by his refusal to accept the governorship of the State by appointment of the Federal authorities during the period of Reconstruction.

Judge Reagan died without an apology for his record, and in complete willingness to be judged thereby. The impartial verdict of history may find in it mistakes, but no cowardice or conscious wrong. May his type of pure, robust, and strenuous manhood never fail among those for whom his work was done.

THE SOUTH IN RECONSTRUCTION.

(Extract from Senator Reagan's speech on the Force Bill, United States Senate, 1891.)

Mr. President, many crimes are committed in all the States of the Union. Murder is committed, arson, robbery, all the crimes in the catalogue. Interference with the elective franchise, bribery, and corruption in elections occur in every State in this Union, and if the theory of this bill is right the State should be wiped out and Congress should provide for the punishment of those offenses, and yet Congress, I suppose, would hesitate to take that last step.

If Senators could get their consent to recognize the Constitution which they talk so much about, to recognize its limitations, to obey its commands, and if in doing this they could forget that they have political and party ends to accomplish by violating the Constitution, we should be in very much safer condition than I feel the American people are to-night.

Political majorities may change, and if I do not mistake the character of the American people, bills like this if enacted into law will produce one of those changes such as was produced on a similar subject ninety years ago. The Federalists, under the leader of the extreme consolidationists, chose to enact what is known in the history of our Government as the Alien and Sedition Laws, interfering with the freedom of speech, interfering with the liberty of the citizen, and in instances denying him the right of trial by jury before whom his rights ought to be determined.

That act of attempting to overthrow our system which recognized the capacity of the people for self-government

and their sovereignty caused the burial in the tomb of the Capulets of the party which enacted it, to be no more resurrected by the name of Federalist. Though that attempt to subordinate the liberties of the people to the purposes of power, consolidation, and usurpation overthrew that party, Senators at this day refuse to accept its warning, to recognize its force, and now measures looking to the consolidation and centralization of all power in the Federal Government have gone far beyond what Hamilton, the Adamses, Knox or any Federalist of that time ever dreamed of.

Why, sir, the very atmosphere is permeated with the ideas of consolidation and of centralization to such an extent that it is hardly considered respectable to appeal to the rights of the States and the liberty of the citizen as in contrast with the powers of the Federal Government. It may go that way, Mr. President; it may grow worse, but while I am spared to live whether in public or in private life, I do not propose to abandon the great underlying principles of our Government, and hence to sacrifice the liberties of the American people and the rights of American States to promote the fortunes of any party, much less a party which has been so overwhelmingly and instinctively repudiated by the American people at a very recent day. But that warning voice seems not to be heard, and one listening to the debates in this body has his mind involuntarily turned to what Napoleon said of the Bourbons, that they never forgot and never learned anything.

* * * * * *

Mr. President, it was a hard thing, and I have thought, and I think to-night, the most surprising of all the things connected with the events of that time was that a people so circumstanced, environed by such calamities, such powers, such danger, was able to preserve organized society, to reorganize their industries, to organize their governments, and to establish liberty again upon its old basis of obedience to the constitutions and laws of the States and of the United States.

I think, sir, that no part of the human race will ever be entitled to higher honors that that portion of the white race of the Southern States which, under such circumstances, restored society and government when it was supposed to be to the political interests of the dominant party in the country to force them to abandon their principles and join a new party or submit to despotism.

Why, sir, it is well known that there was no man of any respectability in that country during those days who could not have had an office if he would have sacrificed his manhood, surrendered his honor, and been willing to accept office and emoluments instead of preserving his manhood and vindicating the great character of an American citizen. We know that. That being put upon us, violence did arise, acts of violence were committed, and no doubt acts of fraud have been committed.

But, Mr. President, what I wish to say in connection with that is that year after year, as the blacks have learned, step by step, that the white people were not their enemies, but were their friends; as they have learned to unlearn the bad lessons that carpet-baggers taught them, race conflicts have subsided, conflicts of interests have subsided, conflicts of opinion have subsided, and year by year there has been less and less violence, until in the election of last November, when members of Congress were to be elected, governors of States, members of State Legislatures, the elections were quiet and as peaceable in the Southern States as they were elsewhere; and if you would let the people there alone we need not ask other help.

* * * * * *

If they would allow us to proceed it would be but a short time until what is called the "race problem," in my opinion, would settle itself. We have a great many doctrinaires who have been propounding theories for settling the race problem. The wisest theory upon that subject is for a man to attend to his own business and let the race problem alone. Let the people who have an interdependence upon each other,

whites and blacks, cultivate that interdependence. The people there know, as well as the people elsewhere know, the necessity for obedience to law; they know there as well as elsewhere the necessity for preserving sound morals, a respect for the law, and authority of the courts and of the Constitution.

They are as anxious as people can be anywhere else that extraordinary exigencies such as never have attended the human race elsewhere—for such a problem never fell upon the human race elsewhere that I know of—should be justly solved. These exigencies caused attrition and trouble, but that is passing away year by year. Let us hope that this government may be permitted to go on as it has in the past, that its people may be allowed to exercise the right which they have for more than a hundred years enjoyed here, that they may be trusted to carry on their State governments, and that they may not be held incapable of doing so.

Mr. President, suppose we do this, suppose we strike down the rights of the States, deny the sovereignty of the people, will we not have inflicted upon the whole American people a deadly wound, and upon the Constitution an evil infinitely greater than any local disturbance between whites and blacks or other kinds of people in any other part of the country? Is that to be overlooked? Are political exigencies to induce us to commit a greater crime than has ever been committed in local communities with reference to the right of suffrage by striking down the sovereignty of the States and of the people? It seems to me that we are in danger of committing the crime of crimes.

This Government is but a hundred years old, and yet it has come to be a recognized fact that money is controlling popular elections. It is alleged that members of Congress are elected by money. It is even insisted that a President has been elected by money. However this may be, the fact that money is recognized as an agency in elections by all political parties in this country is a palpable, and it is a mournful fact. Rome held the name of a Republic for three

hundred years after liberty was dead and despotism was enthroned.

They reached the point where the government was put up for sale to the highest bidder. I trust we are not to have our hired legions to take charge of this Government through the instrumentality of money. If we would avoid that, we must respect the Constitution, we must prevent and punish the use of corrupting means in all elections everywhere, but not through acts of Congress. Leave the several States of this Union to do that, and they will do it. They have encountered troubles. To-day, sir, in New Hampshire, in Nebraska, in Minnesota, in Colorado, in New Jersey, I believe, and in Connecticut, they are having political troubles. Are you going to pass a law of Congress to cure these troubles? I pray you, Mr. President, that that may not be done. Leave it to the people, and they will correct their own troubles. They will restore good and constitutional government in due time.

It seems to me that we have reached a time where the public mind as well as the political mind has been greatly debauched. We have reached a time when almost all classes of people look to Congress to legislate for the promotion of their personal fortunes. This has sprung from the fact that class legislation has enriched classes. Others have seen this, and they come in and say, "Now it is our turn to be enriched; we are in the majority." Whither are we drifting if this is to be the case? Are we to abandon the political government made for us by our fathers and establish a paternal government which shall take control of the personal fortune of each citizen? If we are, sir, farewell to liberty, and let the greatest robber get all he can.

I do not know what is to be the fate of this bill. I pray God for the good of our country, for the good of humanity, that this great Republic, standing as the great exemplar for the lovers of liberty all over the world, may not be stricken down in the house of its friends by the passage of such a law as this, that the world is not to be taught that the Senate

of the United States believes the people of the American States incapable of self-government.

I pray not, Mr. President. I suppose life is as dear to me as it is to most people and those in near relation to me are as dear to me as to most people; but, as God is my judge to-night, if I could save the American people from this act by giving my life, I would surrender it as freely as I ever performed any act in my life.

(*Applause in the galleries.*)

JOHN CRITTENDEN DUVAL

John Crittenden Duval, alias "Jack Dobell," the pioneer scout and author, was born in Kentucky in 1819. A good account of him is found in Volume I. of the *Quarterly* of the Texas Historical Association.

The call of the west early attracted him, and while he was yet "scarcely old enough to bear arms," to use his own expression, he enlisted in the company of his brother, Captain Burr Duval, who was killed in the infamous Goliad massacre, March 27, 1836. John escaped, together with twenty or thirty others. Later he gave the world his experiences under the captions of "Early Days in Texas," and "The Young Explorers."

He afterwards attended the University of Virginia, and was a great reader of Washington Irving. Of a reserved disposition, he had a keen sense for the humorous, a vein of which is traceable in all of his writings. When he returned to the West he followed surveying in Texas and New Mexico, gleaning many new experiences and acquiring a peculiar vocabulary for his literary purposes.

As a member of Jack Hays' Ranger Company, he

was fearless, alert, and a true shot. William A. Wallace, better known as Big Foot Wallace, was a warm friend, and his ranch a favorite home of Duval, who afterwards gave to the world *The Adventures of Big Foot Wallace.* He is spoken of as "an ambassador from the past to the heedless present." His sister Florence married Judge C. S. West, and became a noted writer.

He possessed marked power of description, his style is natural and straightforward, impressing the writer as does *Robinson Crusoe,* or *Swiss Family Robinson.*

He died Jan. 15, 1897, at the home of his sister, Miss Mary Hopkins, in Ft. Worth, and was buried in Austin.

The following extract from Chapter X. of *The Young Explorers* shows an easy movement and is couched in the terse, vigorous phraseology of the period. That the occurrences are for the most part real adds to the interest.

UNCLE SETH'S BEAR HUNT.

In a couple of hours Lawrence came out and took my place on guard and returning to camp, I rolled myself in a poncho and slept like a log until morning. Sentiment always did have a stupefying effect on me. When I awoke, I found that everybody was up, and that Uncle Seth was busy preparing the yearling's head for breakfast, which he had unearthed, and which he said was done "jess right." After carefully stripping it of the scorched hide, he scraped off the fat and fleshy parts of the head into the frying pan; and then breaking the skull with a hatchet, he scooped out all the brains with a spoon and mixed them with the meat. This he salted and peppered to taste, and then fried the whole with a little bacon gravy.

"Now, boys," said Uncle Seth, when it was done, and he had helped each one to a liberal portion of it, "now, boys, just tackle that, will you, and when you hear folks talkin' 'bout their frog's legs, and chicken fixin's, tell 'em they won't know what good eatin' is afore they tries a beef's head."

In fact, it was excellent, and we were unanimous in our praise of it, particularly Cudjo, who gave it as his deliberate opinion that "Mass Seth's yearlin' fixings were bettern' 'possum fat and sweet pertaters"; and, of course, after that, nothing could be said in its praise.

As soon as breakfast was over, we packed up our goods and chattels, mounted our horses and took our way toward a line of high hills toward the Northwest. Nothing unusual occurred on the route, and about an hour before sunset we struck the Sabinal creek, several miles below where it breaks through the chain of high hills that hem in the Cañon de Uvalde. We had steered our course, as we thought, directly for the pass and had expected to camp that night in the cañon, but Uncle Seth had been misled as to the precise route, by mistaking one high hill for another, in consequence of which we struck the creek several miles lower down than he intended. As night was so near at hand, we concluded to stop, which we did beneath the shelter of a grove of pecan trees that grew in a small valley shut in by high hills. We did not think it worth while to pitch the tent, for within twenty paces of the place we had selected for our camp there was a huge flat rock projecting from the bluff under which we concluded we could take shelter if any change of weather should render it necessary that we should do so. The little valley was clothed with a rich growth of wild rye and mesquite grass, on which we staked the animals.

"Boys," said Uncle Seth, "while you's fixin' up things 'bout camp, I believe I'll step out and get some 'fresh' for supper."

But just then Willie, who had gone off a short distance to collect some fuel, came running back, and reported that

there was a bear in a small cave a hundred yards or so above us.

"Why, how do you know he's in the cave?" said Lawrence, "did you see him?"

"Yes," said Willie, "I did. He came down a tree close by me, and ran into the cave. He had broken off a good many branches from the tree and thrown them on the ground."

"Oh, yes," said Uncle Seth, "he was up thar, buddin', for at this time of the year they lives mostly on the buds and twigs of some sorts of trees. Well, boys," said he, "I reckon I'll not go arter deer meat, fur b'ar meat is better, pervidin' it aint poor and tough, so we'll go and see if we can't rouse this feller out'n his den."

We were all ready for the sport and, seizing our guns, hurried off to the cave.

"Cudjo," said Uncle Seth to that dusky Chevalier Bayard, who had left his pots and platters, and snatched up his blunderbuss with the evident intention of having a share of the fun, "I reckon you'd better bring a chunk of fire along with you, for I expect we'll have to smoke the b'ar out'n his den."

In a few moments we reached the cave, which was at the foot of a high bluff. The entrance was about as large as a hogshead, and we all anxiously peered into it to see if Mr. Bruin was within, but it was so dark inside that nothing was visible beyond a few feet from the opening.

"I don't know how we can get him out of his castle," said Henry, "unless we send Cudjo in after him."

"Fore gracious," said Cudjo, "I aint gwine inter dat hole if you trow a bag of money down dar."

"Oh, there's no danger," said Henry, "for a bear won't fight in his den."

"Ump! de debil truss him," said Cudjo, "fur I won't."

"Boys," said Uncle Seth, "there aint but one way to git Cuffy out'n that hole, and that is to smoke him out. Let Cudjo start a fire, jess inside the cave, and we'll stand outside with our guns, and as soon as the smoke fetches him, we'll all have a pop at him."

Uncle Seth's suggestion was acted on at once, and while Cudjo was kindling a fire just inside the mouth of the cave, we stood around it with our guns cocked, ready to give Cuffy a general fusillade as soon as he should make his appearance. After a while Cudjo, who was just inside the mouth of the cave, called out:

"I tink he gib in pretty soon now. I hear him snifflin fur he breath."

Scarcely were the words out of his mouth when we heard a great "rippit" in the cave, and Cudjo rushed out, closely followed by the bear, that could no longer endure the stifling smoke with which the cave was filled. Bruin, however, was as badly scared as Cudjo, and evidently thought of nothing but making a retreat as quickly as possible; but the moment he showed his snout outside, the contents of half a dozen guns were poured into his carcass and he fell dead. Cudjo had grabbed his blunderbuss as he came out of the cave, and was just in the act of letting off at the dead bear when Lawrence stopped him.

"Did you ever see a fellow scared as Cudjo was when he came from that hole?" said Willie. "He had turned right ashy and his eyes stuck out of his head like a crab's. Why, you coward," continued Willie, "the bear wasn't after you at all—he only wanted a little fresh air."

"Maybe so," said Cudjo, "but I t'ink he want some nigger, too, fur I see the debil in he eye when he come snortin'—dey look jess like two ball of fire—and I tell you what's de fac', Mass Willie, de next time you trees a bear in a hole like dat, you kin jes go in dar and make smoke yousef, fur I aint gwine do it again, dat's certin."

The bear proved to be a young one, about half grown, and though not fat (as they seldom are in the spring of the year), nevertheless was in a pretty fair condition. We lugged him into camp, where we butchered him at our leisure, after we had cut off some choice steaks, and handed them over to the tender mercies of Cudjo.

"Boys," said Uncle Seth, "you mustn't be too hard on Cudjo

fur gittin' out'n the way of that b'ar so quick. I remember mity well I was as bad scared as he was the fust time I ever got into clost quarters with one of 'em."

"How was that?" said Willie, who was always on the qui vive for a yarn.

"Soon arter I fust come to Texas," said Uncle Seth, "I concluded I would take a hunt one day on purpose to kill a bar. Well, in the course of the day, I seed one busy rootin' among some dead timber, a hundred yards or sich matter from where I was. 'Bout half way betwixt me and the bar I noticed a big oak that had been blowed down, and as I thought the bar hadn't seed me, I concluded I would crawl up to that tree, which would bring me within fifty yards of him, and then with a dead rest on top of it, I made sure I could fetch him with the fust pop. So I got down on my hands and knees and crawled along towards the tree, sneakin' my gun arter me as I went. I never riz up to look till I come to the tree, for fear the bar mout see me, but when I got to it, I slowly raised up to take a peep at him; and jess as my head come even with the top of the log, the bar poked his'n over from the other side, and our noses almost teched. He gin one yowl and tumbled backwards, and I gin another and tumbled backwards, too, on my side of the fence, and when I had sorter come to, I seed the rascal taring off like a harrycane fur the swamp. I don't know tell this day which was the wuss scared, me or that bar."

The night passed off quietly, and the next morning after our early breakfast, we packed up as much of the bear meat as we could carry and started for the cañon de Uvalde, some four or five miles distant. * * *

On a small plateau of ground, the very apex of the high ridge we had ascended, we all halted a moment to look at the beautiful valley, spread out like a map before us. It was indeed a charming and romantic scene that presented itself to our sight—one I had never seen surpassed, even among the mountains and valleys of the Blue Ridge of Virginia. The valley was about twenty-five miles in length, and varying

from two to five in width. The Sabinal (Cypress), a clear running stream meandered through it in curves, from side to side, its whole course, from the high point where we stood, being plainly marked out by the tall cypress trees growing along its margin. The valley was undulating, but not broken, and was dotted here and there with groves of live oaks, pecans, elms, and other forest trees, giving it a park-like appearance. * * *

The pass along the stream, as we afterwards ascertained, was almost impracticable, even for a man on foot; for the bed of the creek was obstructed by many boulders that had rolled down from the cliffs on each side. In fact, as we found out subsequently, the cañon could be entered on horseback at but two points: through the pass we had just traveled, and by a similar one at its northwestern termination. Everywhere else, we saw on all sides only precipitous walls of rocks, broken and jagged, and sparsely covered where the inclination was not too great for the accumulation of soil, with a growth of small cedars and various thorny shrubs. In some places, little rivulets poured down the sides of these rocky walls, forming miniature cascades which sparkled in the sunlight like veins of molten silver. The cañon took its name from that of a Spanish officer (Uvalde) who, according to tradition, surprised a large party of Comanche warriors in it, and having taken the precaution to station a force at each of the passes, not one of the Indians escaped.

In the grove where we had stopped, we found the remains of a large Indian encampment: broken lodge poles, numerous pits that had been used for cooking purposes. * * *

"A penny for your thoughts," said Willie to Uncle Seth, who was sitting silently by, puffing his pipe and diligently whittling a splinter of cedar wood.

"I was jess then thinkin'," said Uncle Seth, "ef a feller could only come back to this country fifty or sixty years from now, he wouldn't hardly know it. The Injins, the buffaloes, and the bars would then all be gone—houses, fields and gardens would kiver all the land, and inste'd of the yelpin' of

wolves and coyotes, he'd hear the chicken cocks crowin', the church bells ringin', the children laughin' as they went to school, or hunted hawes and 'simmons in the woods, and maybeso the puffin' and rattlin' of a steam engine on the iron rails. I aint a very old man yit," continued Uncle Seth, "and I've already seed three states grow up out'n the wilderness that's filled now with white people and their housen and their farms and big cities. I reckon it's all for the best, though I can't help feeling a little sorry when I see the bufferloes and the bars driven further and further back every day and big farms fenced in, right where my best huntin' ground used ter be. Howsomever," added Uncle Seth, reflectively, "I reckon thar will be game enough somewhere to last my time, and that's all I need care."

MRS. FANNIE BAKER DARDEN

Mrs. Darden, the daughter of General Mosely Baker, was born in Alabama in 1829. When she was seven years of age, her father moved to Texas, first to Galveston, then to Houston. She returned to Alabama for her education, and later married William J. Darden, of Norfolk, Virginia. They made their home in Columbus, Texas.

Her beautiful legend of Yokonah is here reproduced.

YOKONAH.

When the night is dark and dreary,
  And the winds are loud and high,
And the fleeting clouds are drifting
  Swift athwart the leaden sky,—
Then I hear a sad and plaintive
    Moaning sound,—
And my startled ear, attentive,
  Listens to catch the sigh profound,

For it comes from out the branches
Of the sycamore that stands
Near my window waving towards me,
What appears like ghostly hands.

For I look and see the outline
Well-defined against the sky,
Waving high its arms in anguish
As the stormy gust sweeps by,
And it seems an Indian warrior,
One of old!
Such as those whose ancient glory,
Still adown the ages roll,
And I see the mantle floating
Round the tall, majestic form,
While his crested plume is waving
With the wildly sobbing storm.

But a weariness o'ercomes me,
And I turn to rest and dreams
When against my window—hearken!
Like a finger-tip, it seems,
And I look, and lo! the Indian
Once again
Looms before me, and I see him
Tapping on my window pane.
And he waves me to come near him,
And he sighs a mournful tale,
And his voice sounds weird and dreary,
Mingled with the tempest's wail!

"I was once a mighty chieftain,
And Yokonah was my name;
I will tell thee of my valor,
For it means the Burning Flame;
And o'er all these wide-spread prairies,
With a band

Of my noble braves I wandered—
I was chieftain of the land.
But the Indians' day of glory,
Like the dying sun, has set,—
Though it sheds a softened radiance
O'er the sky of mem'ry yet.

Dost thou think, thou foolish paleface,
Thou art wiser in thy pride
Than my mighty band of warriors
When we trod these prairies wide?
Then, my eagle glance undaunted,
Scanned the plain,
And our foemen know our valor
In their hosts of warriors slain;
Then our wampum belts were heavy
With their scalps all reeking—wet—
And their scattered tribes, diminished,
Tell our tale of glory yet!

But, alas! I could no longer
Wield my weapons as of yore,
And there stood one night a warrior
Just before my wigwam door,—
In the dim light, tall and shadowy,
He stood there,
And he waved me on to follow
To the Spirit Land most fair:
I was gathered to my fathers
In the happy hunting ground,
But to thee I'll not discover
This deep mystery profound.

And my form—they laid it gently
On my mother Earth's soft breast
While they chanted loud—compelling
Evil spirits from their guest.

And they placed my bow and arrow
In my hand,
For they knew that I would need them
In the happy hunting land;
But the centuries passed o'er me,
And my dust resolved once more
By a fixed decree of nature,
Then became this sycamore.

But 'tis only when the tempest
O'er the night-winds wildly shriek,
That my spirit comes to quicken
This fair tree, that it may speak.
Now I swear thee, paleface woman,
With a vow,
That ye tell my tale of triumph,
How, with spear and bended bow,
I have put to flight my foemen
On the war-path's deadly trail,
While within their camps resounded
Woman's agonizing wail!"

What is this? The day is breaking
And the storm has passed away,
And the East with rosy blushes
Heralds soft the coming day;
And I look to see the chieftain
Of the night,
But behold! his form is vanished
In the clear, revealing light,
And I would know that I would deem it
A delusion of the brain
If his fingers were not tapping
Still upon my window-pane!

JUDGE W. T. G. WEAVER

Judge Weaver, born in Illinois in 1832, came to Texas with his father's family in 1840, settling in Hopkins County. Though intellectually inclined, he was prevented by force of circumstances from securing an education in schools. But his will power was great. After the necessary preparation, he was admitted to the bar at McKinney in 1856, and located at Gainesville, where he lived until his death in 1876.

He gave four years to the Confederate service, and was judge of the Twentieth Judicial District from 1865 to 1868.

With a strong, masterly prose style he combined a poetic tenderness of emotional power, and was considered the greatest orator of his State in his day. In his writings he embodies his own life, sufferings, and victories. He collected his poems in a volume entitled *Hours of Amusement,* which well exemplify his introductory statement: "If my verse be illegitimate, still she is Nature's child, born of the dew and sunshine, cradled in the wild forest, and pillowed on the bosom of the verdant plains of the West. The landscape charms of Texas, and especially the vernal and floral beauty of her enchanting prairies in their spring, summer, and autumn dress, have been the themes she has tried to sing."

His charge to the Grand Jury in Grayson County in

1865 is herewith appended; also selections from his poems.

CHARGE TO THE GRAND JURY.

(Sherman, Texas, November, 1865.)

(This article was sent from Greenville, Texas, by A. T. Howell, and published in the *Messenger*, McKinney, November 24, 1865.)

GENTLEMEN OF THE GRAND JURY:

Before calling your attention to the penal statutes of the State and "the matters and things which shall be given you in charge" pertaining to your official duties, I deem it appropriate, in view of the peculiar circumstances surrounding us today to make some allusions that in ordinary times would be considered irrelevant in this connection.

Since the last organization of a Grand Jury in this county, our political relations and obligations have undergone a radical change. Great popular struggles, called "Political Revolutions," have from time to time convulsed the oldest and strongest governments on earth—often growing out of an abuse of power on the part of the rulers, sometimes arising from mistaken zeal, but almost invariably resulting in appeals to arms, and the shedding of rivers of blood in the rude shocks of partisan strife. We have just passed through one of those bloody trials to which the parties were contending armies, submitting their cause to the supreme court of chivalry and the arbitrament of battles. It is not my purpose or duty to view the causes which led to the late revolution. I wish to allude briefly to the undeniable results, and apply them to our present position, and the duties which I humbly conceive now devolve upon every man who has genuine patriotism left in his heart. In the love of country abides also the love of virtue, order, and law; for these only can constitute the happiness of society and the welfare of the state. And let us remember that we still have a country: the genial South, the land which cradled infant Washington, and pillowed upon its bosom the dying head of the immortal

Jefferson, is still our home. Let us work together in a spirit of hope and harmony to reëstablish its broken altars, mend its shattered hearthstones, and refertilize its desolated fields.

American citizens cannot sit sullenly down in the ashes of despair and surrender the principles of *representation,* which are the essence and glory of our republican government. Let us not forget our true position. In popular representative governments the constitutional mode of settling political differences and questions of state and national policy is the ballot box, the great shrine of the people's rights; while legal remedies, the assertion of private rights and prohibition of private wrongs, belongs to the forum. I do not deny that there is a higher mode, an essential principle of democracy in the organism of a people's government called revolution; and when it is rightfully exercised in the resistance of tyranny, when it is clothed with the sacred robes of truth and justice, it is the noblest birthright of an American citizen. For then the spirits of the illustrious heroes of Grecian and Roman liberty and American independence shine radiantly down through revolution's stormy darkness and sanctify its bleeding altars. The states of the American confederacy differed upon constitutional constructions and local policies, and, failing to settle these differences at the ballot box or in the national forum, they resorted to the high and conclusive arbitrament of arms. In that wager of battle, the cause of the South was lost. Unsuccessful revolution, by the fiat of conquering power, becomes anarchy and rebellion.

But, though the world may regard us as defeated insurgents, we are still a people as profoundly imbued with constitutional rights and moral and legal obligations as we were four years ago. We are a *united people,* too, in spite of a few factionists who would fain sow discord among us; for, while some of us differed widely as to the policy of the revolt of the Southern states, we who remained in the South, made it a common cause and we should now be willing to bear equally its burden of results. Why should we talk of parties now, when unity among ourselves is so important? Old

issues have sunk in the whirlpool of revolution. Their abstractions and theories are reburied in the mighty graveyard of the past, and we should be now one great united Southern people, asking and hoping for those constitutional rights which affect alike all citizens of free government.

Four weary years of toil, suffering, and danger, devoted to a common cause, along the thorny and bloody path of civil war, should admonish us to divide our sorrows, unite our energies, and hope for the best that we can now attain. But, to use a current phrase, in accepting the situation, and yielding our allegiance to the government, we failed to divide, we again take on ourselves the solemn obligations of loyal citizens, and thereby clothe ourselves anew with social, moral, and legal duties, to ourselves, the State, and the United States. In the language of a great departed statesman, "We should place our feet upon discontent and ambition, and cast aside all feelings but those of patriotism." The constitution of the United States again covers us as a broad and massive shield, and it is our duty to obey and maintain the laws emanating from the legislative bodies created by that instrument. The three coördinate branches of our government—legislative, executive, and judicial—though independent in their magistracy, are the three golden links that bind society together in the most happy political compact that the wisdom of statesmanship has ever devised; and without comment on the corrective influence they exercise upon each other, I will advert to that part in which you are now immediately interested—the judicial.

Never was there a period, gentlemen, in American history when so much depended on the earnest and impartial discharge of official duties. The delicate task of healing the wounds, binding up the broken limbs, and restoring to a healthful tone the shattered nerves of national confidence—in short, of reconstruction—now devolves, to some extent, upon every officer and yeoman of the land. There never was a time when unity of thought and concert of action were more necessary than today. And every one who has the

welfare of the state and the love of his fellow-man in his bosom, will recognize that fact and leave dead issues and defunct theories in the tomb to which the inexorable logic of events has consigned them, forgiving and forgetting old feuds that have no longer any fuel to keep up the flame, will devote his energies and influence to the reëstablishment of law and a thorough judicial protection against the malign influence of the lawless and disloyal. Unless we respect, obey and execute the law, we are a mobocracy—a terrible word, dyed with blood and stinking with murder, a word which makes good men tremble; for the good and order-loving have been taught to look to the law for protection against the lawless and corrupt.

The law is supreme until repealed by the law-making power. The people of a county cannot alter or abolish a law, the Governor of a state cannot sanctify a mob, nor can he create courts. They are the creatures of the constitution. He may, by his proclamation, call out the militia *to execute the laws of a state,* to suppress insurrections, and to repel invasions. But he cannot organize an assembly of men into a political tribunal to inquire into and punish crimes. It is the high prerogative of juries to do this under the sacred sanction of law. I say sacred sanction, for the law vindicated and enforced, covers the whole land as with a mantle of righteousness. It throws its sheltering arms as securely around the orphan maiden or the homeless outcast who is not a vagrant, as it does about the highest official of the state. An old English lawyer has beautifully and graphically said: "Law has its seat in the bosom of God, and its voice is the harmony of the world." Lord Coke calls law "the life of reason." In its municipal limitation it "commands what is right and prohibits what is wrong." And what is this but an abridgement of that grand principle laid down by the great Lover of His people and in beautiful appropriateness termed the Golden Rule: "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the law." It is the vigilant guardian

of life, liberty, property—humanity—the social virtues and affections live only by its power. Constitutional, statute and common law are the life of government.

Most important, then, gentlemen, are the duties that devolve on you today. The guardianship of the lives and legal rights of the citizenship of Grayson County is in your hands; for, in the language of the Bill of Rights, "No person shall be holden to answer for any criminal charge but on indictment, etc." Before criminals can be lawfully prosecuted, tried, and punished, an accusation must be preferred against them by a Grand Jury. It is to be deeply deplored that so little respect has been paid to this constitutional right for the last four years by the people of the United States. But war springs from a violation of international law, and no matter how just the cause of the belligerent parties may be, the genius of war always paralyzes social order and weakens the authority of law. Violence and mobocracy often become the order of the day and lawless men and ruffians seize the moment of public trial on the part of patriots to violate the unguarded temple of justice and trample the statutes under foot. But, though the statutes may have been outraged, and the time-honored form of justice disregarded, the law did not die: truth never dies and its penalties still hand over those who forgot its sacred mandates in the storm of revolution.

It is for the high and onerous duty of inquiring into the crimes committed in the body of Grayson County that you have assembled today, and you have sworn fully and unfavoringly to discharge that duty. I now call your attention specially, gentlemen, to the penal laws which shall govern you in your deliberations. * * *

Gentlemen: In conclusion, permit me to say that the principles of the laws enacted for the suppression of crime which you have had charged to you are not thrust upon us. They are the laws of our forefathers, made and lived under in the full security of life, person, and property. They are but the expressed will of the legislative wisdom of all the ages.

Administer them faithfuly and impartially, and the demon Crime will flee before them. They will throw their strong arms lovingly around society as in bygone days and peace, prosperity, and happiness will again be their handmaidens.

Gentlemen: In the great struggle through which we have just passed, we have lost the cherished institution that made the industrial and commercial power of the South. The unanswerable argument of the bayonet has abolished slavery. It has fallen before the might of conquering armies. But are we prepared to admit that we, too, are hopelessly fallen with it? Have we not still the fruitful soil, the abundant grasses, the genial Southern sunshine, the generous rivers, and the iron-nerved railways? We must grasp the new era that is upon us, and make ourselves masters of the situation. The successful application of energy and enterprise to machinery will rapidly develop our industrial and agricultural resources. It will resurrect the seemingly dead and desolated plantations of the South, making them again glow with the Eden-like beauty and fertility of other days. The great staples will spring anew from the dust and blood of revolution, like the mythical harvest of dragons' teeth sowed by Cadmus, which sprung up armed men! Commerce the civilizer and Agriculture the humanizer will lull to sleep the dragon of discontent. And if we are conservative, industrious, and virtuous, the golden fleece of a millenial age may yet be ours. Allow me to conclude by fervently hoping that military despotism may be forever swept from the bosom of North America, and liberty's shattered altars reëstablished and rekindled with the pure fires of patriotism that glowed upon them in the early days of the republic.

STANZAS.

(Written while Walker's division was crossing the Trinity River at Wise's Ferry, April 31, 1865, and inscribed to Miss Nannie W. Fletcher.)

"River that rollest by the ancient walls
Where dwells the lady of my love."

—*Byron.*

Fair River, I gaze on thy bosom again,
Afar from thy source on that beautiful plain,
Ere thy waters triune in one current are rolled,
Where they tinkle through blossoms of azure and gold!
'Tis a fresh bud of spring-time, a blue, April day,
With a violet dress, but the sunshine of May:
The grape-vines are budding and weaving a screen
With the elm and the willow so tenderly green,
Enwreathing their foliage so closely above,
As if making bowers for the birds to make love.

I gaze on thy waters as by me they play,
And think of a valley they leave far away,
Where they quietly ripple beneath the elm bowers,
Or sparkle through prairies enameled with flowers.
But 'tis not this river, or fresh April scene,
With its violet fragrance and its carpet so green;
'Tis not the soft breeze, or the glorious sky
That thrills in my heart, or that gladdens my eye—
For those deep and dark waters now rushing along,
Are singing my bosom a musical song!

Of prairies that lay far away to the west,
And a little brown cot by a rivulet's breast,
Where a sunny-eyed maiden in April's soft hours,
Like a butterfly, lives on the sweets of the flowers;
Or, mayhap, at this moment she playfully laves
Her lily-like hands in the source of thy waves,
Or, pressing thy flood with her cherry-dyed lips,
From the fountain that feeds thee she modestly sips,—
Then blushes like one who is kissed in a dream,
At the red lips reflected below in a stream!

Has she kissed thee, afar from thy white pebbled main?
Then, though swollen and turbid, I'll kiss thee again!
For, mixed with her kisses, thy waters, I am sure,
Like lost Arethusa's, will rise ever pure!

O River! I dream in the foam on thy breast,
This missive is sent from the Maid of the West:
"To the soldier I love, by this stream far away,
This message I'll trust to thy waters far away.
As true as this current which flows to the sea,
Ne'er to leave it, the love in my bosom shall be."

TO A MOCKING BIRD

(Which had built in a lady's bower).

Sweet-voiced bird; thou needst not fear
My steps whenever I appear;
I only come thy songs to hear,
That fill my room,
And ask thee why thou warblest here,
So far from home?

Why hast thou left the wild-wood flowers,
Or sylvan shade, for city towers,
To warble in a lady's bowers
Thy vesper notes,
Charming with song the twilight hours
From siren throats?

Say, from far forests hast thou flown,
To learn some notes to thee unknown?
Or mock the soft piano's tone,
Or lute's sweet string,
Where maids with strains pure as thine own,
Seraphic sing?

Thou'rt not alone; thy timid love
Has sought with thee the city grove,
To build in these green boughs above
Her leafy nest;
For thee, blithe warbler, may it prove
A bower of rest.

Sing on—thy watchful mate may rest
Securely in her hidden nest;
No foe shall here disturb thy breast
With anxious care,
No cruel hawk shall e'er molest
While I am here.

Soon, from their home so deftly hung,
Shall flutter forth thy callow young,
To warble these green shades among,
And all night long
Pour out with imitative tongue
Their mingled song.

Each morn, around Eliza's room,
Ere sunshine doth the sky illume,
Shall trill amid the dewy bloom
Their dulcet notes,
Fresh as the myrtle bowers' perfume
That 'round her floats.

Oh, sing that magic air again!
What care I for man's cold disdain,
While I beneath this arch remain,
And list to thee
Chant that soft, ever-varying strain
From shrub and tree?

RICHARD BENNETT HUBBARD

Richard Bennett Hubbard was born in Georgia in 1834 and came to Texas in 1873. He was Governor of the State of Texas, United States Senator, and Minister to Japan. In 1900 he published his observations of Japan under the title, *The United States in the Far East; or, Modern Japan and the Orient.*

A brilliant orator, a close student of political economics, he stands out as one of the leading statesmen of his time. His literary composition has been principally speeches and state papers. His address on the subject, "The Political Apathy of the Times, the Menace of the Republic, and the Duties of American Citizens in the Premises," indicates the trend of his investigations, and the controlling purpose of his life.

He was the orator appointed to represent Texas at the Centennial National Exposition in Philadelphia. His oration was pronounced the masterpiece of oratorical effort exhibited on that occasion. The following is an extract:

TEXAS IN THE AMERICAN UNION.

Texas invites the emigrant to come hither, and, from whatever land, he will be met at the threshold by genial, honest welcome. Let me say to the young man, and to the old man, and fair daughters of the older states, we would not ask you to leave the aged mother who rocked your cradle, or the riper civilization amid the holy memories of native land; but this we do announce, that if you must seek in other lands fortunes and homes, Texas, with traditional hospitality, extends her warm grasp with open doors, in advance, through one of her chosen officers of state.

What do we care for your political opinions, or under what flag you fought? Texas wants men, honest men, with brave hearts and strong arms, to populate her wilderness and prairies, with freedom to vote and to speak as if "native and to the manner born." They shall worship God on their coming, under their own vine and fig-tree, and none dare to molest or make them afraid. Why, sirs, when you are told that we dislike for our northern brethren to immigrate hither, it is a base slander on a brave and generous people. Mr.

President, the blood of the North and West, as well as of the South, mingles in our veins and was shed freely for us in our early struggles. The "Fathers of Texas," the patriotic Austins, were from Connecticut. Our first president of the Republic was from New England. Ohio sent to the struggling army of Houston in 1836 a company of gallant soldiers; and the noble women of Cincinnati—God bless their daughters!—heard our wail, and gave to the Texan army that historic battery of artillery known as the "Twin Sisters," whose guns thundered for liberty at San Jacinto.

On the monument which stands in the vestibule of the capitol, made of the bloodstained stones of the Alamo, are inscribed a host of names of the heroic and martyred dead who were from the East and West, and from the North and the South, and poured out their life blood on the hallowed ground where Bowie, and Milam, and Crockett, and Travis fell! Sirs, Texas will never forget these kindred memories of blood and holy sacrifice. She is tolerant of opinion, and the same boon she asks of you for herself she concedes to others of our countrymen. We invite all people to come in the spirit of common brotherhood. We offer a sky as bright as Italy, and a soil which yields fruitful harvests to the sweat of toil. We are larger than all France and could make room and bread for her many millions. Massachusetts has 7,800 square miles to 1,500,000 people—192 to the square mile. England has 50,000 square miles, 21,000,000 people—412 to the square mile. With our agricultural capacity, and over 274,000 square miles, we can sustain a population of 40,000,000. Like our boundless plains, the heart of Texas is broad enough and warm enough to greet the coming of our countrymen first, and afterwards the earth's oppressed and hungry millions. Though spite and envy and falsehood may hawk at our progress, yet from the states of our own blessed fatherland, and from all kindreds and tongues, they are coming! "An host which no man can number"—to live and die for Texas and the Union in triumph of peace or in defense of her flag.

The prophecy of Bishop Berkely, uttered more than a century ago, will yet be realized by our children, and Texas become the central figure in that splendid vision of the poet:

"Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last."

I have spoken imperfectly, I know, but with ardor, Mr President, of my beloved state. I have deigned rather to be plain and practical, and substantiate by facts and figures, rather than to deal in glittering generalities, or to paint gaudy pictures of her wealth and material progress. In behalf of Texas, and to crown the argument in her favor as she confidently invokes the judgment of her peers, we say to our sister states, "Go and see for yourselves;" and on your impartial verdict, though penned by hands which may have stricken us in anger in the past, will be written these memorable words of the eastern Queen: "The half has not been told."

But, sir, Texas comes with patriotic pride today to assure her countrymen that her heart beats high and loyal to the memory of our fathers of '76 and the great principles of human liberty for which they fought and freely offered their lives. One hundred years have passed since the signers of the Declaration of Independence stood in that old hall yonder and in defiance of King George proclaimed the independence of the colonies of the British Crown. Their recital of the wrongs and oppression of the unnatural mother country, and their bold defiance of kingly power as they risked and "pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor," in defense of that declaration will live fresh and green in the national memory, while our mountains stand or our rivers roll down to the sea.

It was the first time in the world's stormy history of wars and conquests, of the rise and fall of nations, that a republican system of free government, recognizing that the people are the sources of all political power, wisely regulated by law

and a written Constitution, assumed form and shape from the chaos of the past. To our fathers belongs this eternal honor, and to the God of Revolution the everlasting gratitude of their posterity. It is a fortunate and happy thought, this meeting of the "old thirteen states" and their descendants, sprung from their fruitful loins, to commemorate their virtues and their valor on the centennial anniversary of the republic. It reminds us, my countrymen, that we are of common origin and kindred, sons of immortal sires; that, in that seven years' struggle, in council or field, there was no North, no South, no East, no West; side by side, South Carolina and Massachusetts, Georgia and New York, Virginia and Pennsylvania and New England, marched and fought, naked and starving and penniless, amid storm and winter, and, shoulder to shoulder, went down to death right gladly for our native land.

Shall we ever barter or divide our birthright of the glorious memories of Bunker Hill, of Monmouth and Brandywine, and Saratoga and Trenton, and Charleston and Yorktown? or cease to revere the memory of Washington and Jefferson, and the Adamses and Hancock, and Madison and Lee, and the old Continental Congress, who transmitted to us this great and priceless inheritance? No, sir! They belong to no section. And Texas today kneels by the side of Maine and Massachusetts, and places with reverence and grateful hands her offering of love upon our country's altar.

Mr. President, I proclaim to you in this imposing presence today, that though we have had fratricidal strife, and kindred blood has met in the shock of battle, and one-half of the Union have drained the bitter cup to its dregs, we are nevertheless your brothers and your countrymen and that "standard sheet" now floating above us is still our flag, and this Union our Union till the end of time! We have had enough of war, enough of strife. The great mission of the republic is to cement that union at home by wisdom, justice, and moderation, and to beam as a beacon light from the shores of the New World through the night and the tempest to all the downtrodden nations of the earth.

Its principles are spreading like tidal waves across the oceans and the continents. It has burst long ago the chains forged by the despots of South America, and given to France at last a stable republic. Its influence has brought sunshine even to the serfs of Russia, and robbed of its meaning that old canon of the thrones, "The king can do no wrong." It is heard today recognizing the people's rights in Parliament and in the cabinets of emperors and kings, and dynasties totter, while they read, like Belshazzar of old, the doomed "handwriting on the wall." It may yet give freedom to Poland; and Ireland, the land of the green shamrock, may at last write the epitaph of the martyred Emmet above his grave. Sir, with such a mission for the republic, let us march forward, never looking behind us upon the sorrows and quarrels of the past—the mournful past of our history.

Sir, you have been told that we are demons in hats, and gloat in the thought of war and blood. Men of New England—men of the great North! will you believe me, when for nearly two millions of people whom I represent, and the whole South as well, I denounce the utterance as an inhuman slander, and a damnable and unpardonable falsehood against a brave, and, God knows, a long suffering people! Want war! Want bloodshed! Sir, we are poor, broken in fortune, sick at heart! Had you stood, as I have stood, by the ruined hearthstones—by the wrecks of fortune which are scattered all along the shore; had you seen, as I have seen, the wolf howling at the door of many a once happy home, widowhood and orphanage starving and weeping over never returning sires and sons who fell with your honored dead at Gettysburg and Manassas; could you hear, as I have heard, the throbbing of the great universal Southern heart throbbing for peace and yearning for the old and faithful love between the States; could you have seen and felt and heard all these things, my countrymen, you would take me by the hand and swear that the arm uplifted against us, and the tongue which utters the gross libel on our name, should wither at the socket and become palsied at the root!

I repeat again "let our spears be turned into pruning hooks and our swords beat into plough shares" to remain everlasting memorials of returning peace and goodwill toward the American people. With each returning Spring let us scatter flowers alike on the resting-places of the Federal and Confederate dead, as we enshrine with immortelles of memory your Sumner and Thomas and McPherson, with our Sidney Johnston, Stonewall Jackson, and the great Lee, forever. Let universal amnesty crown the closing of the century. Our brothers died not in vain in the last great struggle.

Standing long ago in the Capitol of Texas, with my oath to support the Constitution fresh on my lips, I uttered these words, and from a full heart I repeat them here today: "They died not in vain; and whether wearing the gray or wearing the blue, their lives were offered freely, like libations of water, for what each soldier deemed for right and for native land. In their graves made immortal by the same ancestral heroism of race and blood, let us bury the fears of that stormy hour of that history." In this generous and knightly spirit, Texas today sends fraternal greeting to the States of the Union.

MRS. BELLA FRENCH SWISHER

Mrs. Swisher, during a busy life, has acted the double rôle of editor and litterateur. A native of Georgia, she came to Texas in 1877, when she was forty years of age. Here she continued her editorial work on the *American Sketch Book* in Austin. She married Col. John M. Swisher, a man sympathetic in his literary tastes, and abundant in his material wealth.

Besides her journalistic writings she has published several novels: among them, *Struggling Upward to the Light,* and *Rocks and Shoals.* She is a poet of excep-

tional ability as may be seen from the accompanying poem.

THE SAN ANTONIO RIVER.

A most fairy-like thing winding in, winding out,
Overshadowed by leaflets that quiver,
On the breezes which toss the clear wavelets about,
Flows the sweet San Antonio river.
Under bridges, by churches, by ruins most grand,
With its numerous gladsome surprises,
In its grandeur of landscape on every hand,
From the beautiful spring where it rises.

I sat down near the source, on one glorious day,
When the sweet mocking birds, a great number,
Were each piping forth its melodious lay,
And I think that I dropped into slumber,
For up from the foxgloves of every hue,
From all points of those emerald bowers,
Groups of fairies came forth to my wondering view,
Quite as numberless as the sweet flowers.

One ran down to the spring with a wee larkspur cup,
(Oh, has nature a tinier daughter!)
And the pure little goblet she brimful filled up,
With the beautiful shimmering water.
Then I said, "Faery Queen, can you tell me, I pray,
From whence comes this most glorious river?"
In a silvery voice replied the fair fay:
"Yes, a woman's bright tear was the giver!

"In the ages agone lived a faery queen,
And this sky over us was the cover,
And her carpet, like this, was a flowery sheen,
But her heart was possessed by a lover—
One as fickle as man in all ages has been,
When he finds that a woman will love him,
And who turned from her arms yet another to win,
Ever longing for what was above him.

'For the god of the fays had a daughter as fair
And as pure as the light of the morning,
And he fell in love with her beautiful hair,
Never heeding our time honored warning,
'Should the child of a god ever mate with a fay,
Both are banished in the darkness forever.'
But the goddess and he thought to flee far away,
To some land where no more they would sever.

"It was here that the lovers were plighting their troth,
On this spot never pressed by a mortal;
But that instant the god sent his vengeance on both,
And direct from his heavenly portal,
A thunderbolt fell on the love plighted pair,
The green earth quickly rending asunder,
And the fay and the goddess with the beautiful hair,
In the ruins were here buried under.

"A great crevice was all that was left to the view,
This was dark and unsightly and yawning,
Till the queen of the fairies in love ever true,
Stole alone to the brink at one dawning,
And low kneeling beside, dropped a pitying tear,
Which has blessed this sweet gale through the giver,
For the tear grew at once to this spring, sweet and clear,
And the spring to the beautiful river.

"And e'er since that morning it went dancing away,
Woman's pitying tears have been flowing!"
I awoke—out of sight went the strange little fay,
But to where—it was not to my knowing.
Yet as then, on its way, winding in, winding out,
Overshadowed by leaflets that quiver,
In the breezes that toss its clear wavelets about,
Flows the sweet San Antonio river.

MRS. MOLLIE MOORE DAVIS

Of this writer, Prof. J. W. Weber says: "Prominent among those women of the South who have made the world better by their pen is Mollie Evelyn Moore of Texas."

Born in Alabama in 1847 (or, as some authorities say, in 1852), she grew up on a Texas plantation. Her mother was her ideal and the beautiful San Marcos her first inspiration. In 1874 she married Major Thomas Edward Davis, then connected with the *Houston Telegraph* and later with the *New Orleans Times-Democrat.* She lived in New Orleans until her death in 1909. Her first poem appeared in the *Tyler Reporter* when she was fourteen years old. Later she became a frequent contributor to the *Houston Telegraph* and issued her first volume of poems, *Minding the Gap and Other Poems,* in 1868. A volume of stories appeared in 1888 entitled *In War Times at La Rose Blanche.* Several years later appeared her novel *Under the Man-Fig,* the scene of which was laid in Texas during the Civil War.

Other works are *Under Six Flags; An Elephant's Track and Other Stories; Jaconette; Wire Cutters,* 1899; *The Queen's Garden,* 1900.

She has aptly been styled the "Texas Mocking Bird." James Wood Davidson makes this comment: "She is essentially Southern, and in a high degree

Western in her style of thought." Selections are made from her book of poems.

MINDING THE GAP.

There is a radiant beauty on the hills—
The year before us walks with added bloom;
But ah! 'tis but the hectic flush that lights
The pale consumptive to an early tomb—
The dying glory that plays round the day
When that which made it bright hath passed away!

A mistiness broods in the air—the swell
Of east winds, slowly weaving Autumn's pall,
With dirge-like sadness, wanders up the dell;
And red leaves from the maple branches fall
With scarce a sound. What strange, mysterious rest!
Hath Nature bound the Lotus to her breast?

But, hark! a long and mellow cadence wakes
The echoes from their rocks! How clear and high
Among the rounded hills its gladness breaks
And floats, like incense, toward the vaulted sky!

It is the harvest hymn! a triumph tone
It rises like those swelling notes of old
That welcomed Ceres to her golden throne,
When through the crowded streets her chariot rolled.
It is the laborers' chorus! For the reign
Of plenty hath begun—of golden grain.

How cheeks are flushed with triumph, as the fields
Bow to our feet with riches! How the eyes
Grow full with gladness, as they yield
Their ready treasures! How hearts arise
To join with gladness in the mellow chime—
"The harvest time! The glorious harvest-time!"

It is the harvest, and the gathered corn
  Is piled in yellow heaps about the field;
And homely wagons from the break of morn
  Until the sun glows like a crimson shield
In the far West, go staggering homeward bound,
And with the dry husks strew the trampled ground.

It is the harvest—and an hour ago
  I sat with half-closed eyes beside the "spring,"
And listened idly to its dreamy flow,
  And heard afar the gay and ceaseless ring
Of song and labor from the harvesters—
Heard faint and careless, as a sleeper hears.

My little brother came with bounding step,
  And bent him low beside the shaded stream,
And from the fountain drank with eager lip
  While I, half rousing from my dream,
Asked where he had spent this still September day—
"Chasing the birds, or on the hill at play?"

Backward he tosses his golden head, and threw
  A glance disdainful on my idle hands,
And with a proud light in his eye of blue,
  Answered, as deep his bare feet in the sands
He thrust, and waved his baby hand in scorn—
"Ah, no; down at the cornfield since the morn
    I've been mindin' the gap!"

"Mindin' the gap!" My former dream was gone!
  Another in its place: I saw a scene
As fair as ever an autumn sun shone on—
  Down by a meadow, large and smooth and green,
Two little barefoot boys, sturdy and strong
And fair, here in the corn, the whole day long,
    Lay on the curling grass,
    Minding the gap!

Minding the gap! And as the years swept by
Like moments, I beheld those boys again;
And patriot hearts within their breasts beat high,
And on their brows was set the seal of men;
And guns were on their shoulders, and they trod
Back and forth, with measured step, upon the sod,
Near where our army slept,
Minding the gap!

Minding the gaps! My brother, while you guard
The open places where a foe might creep—
A mortal foe—oh, mind those other gaps—
The open places of the heart! My brothers, keep
Watch over them!

The open places of the heart—the gaps
Made by the restless hands of Doubt and Care—
Could we but keep, like holy sentinels,
Innocence and Faith forever guarding there,
Ah, how much of woe and shame would flee
Affrighted back from their blest purity!

No gloom or sadness from the outer world,
With feet unholy then would enter in,
To grasp the golden treasures of the soul,
And bear them forth to sorrow and to sin!
The heart's proud fields—its harvests full and fair!
Innocence and Love, could we but keep them there,
Minding the gaps!

1863.

THE RIVER SAN MARCOS.

Far o'er the hills and toward the dying day,
Set like a heart, a living heart, deep, deep,
Within the bosom of its wide prairies,
Lies the Valley of San Marcos. And there,
A princess roused from slumber by the kiss

Of balmy Southern skies, the river springs
From out her rock bed, and hastens on
Far down the vale, to give her royal hand
In marriage to the waiting Guadalupe.

Like some grim giant keeping silent watch,
While from his feet his recreant daughter flies,
Above, the hoary mountain stands, his head
Encircled by an emerald pointed crown
Of cedars, strong as those of Lebanon,
That bow their sombre crests and woo the winds,
Drunken with fragrance from the vale below.
About his brow, set like a dusky chain,
The mystic Race-Paths run—his amulet—
And nestled squarely against his rugged breast,
Perched quaintly among the great scarred rocks that hang,
Like tombstones on the mountain side, the nest
The Falcon built still lingers, though the wing,
That swept the gathering dust from off our shield,
Hath long since drooped to dust!
—Now wooed by dusky glooms on either side
Now whirling around the craggy banks, now stayed
By tangled vines that stretch their arms across,
The river glideth from her sire.
Below, an ancient mill, with laggard wheels,
Is mirrored in her glassy depths, and broad
The mill-race stretches out his arms, all decked
With pebble stones, and fringed with purple flags,
And strives to bar her onward course—in vain,
For, nerved with sudden fear, she springs and bright
Her rainbow garments glitter in the sun,
As on she pants toward the shallow ford.

And here, downsloping to the water's marge,
The fields, all golden with harvest come;
And here, the horseman, reining in his steed,

At eve, will pause and mark the village spires
Gleam golden in the setting sun, and far
Across a deeply furrowed field will glance
With idle eye upon a stately hill,
That girt with cedars, rises like a king,
To mark the further limit of the field.

'Twas there, between the hill and the river, stood
A shaded cottage, and its roof was low
And dark, and vines that twined the porch but served
To hide the bleakness of its wall. But then
'Twas home, and "Heaven is near us in our childhood,"
And I was but a child; and summer days

That since have oftentimes seemed long and sad,
Were fleeter then than even the morning winds
That sent my brother's fairy bark, well-balanced,
In safety down the river's tide. Alas!
Is there, can there be aught in all the world
To soothe the sick soul to such perfect rest
As filled its early dreams? Is there no fount,
Like that of old so madly sought by Leon,
Where the worn soul may bathe and rise renewed?

And up and down the banks before our door,
Now gathering up the yellow lily buds
That lay like golden flagons on the stream,
Now idly bending down the ragged ledge
That rustled in the lazy summer breeze,
And now among the grapevines, where they hung
In light festoons above the water's edge,
With careless step I roamed.
Well I remember,
Down where the river makes a sudden bend,
Below the ford and near the dusky road,
Upon her bosom sleeps a fairy isle,
Entwined about with snowy alder boughs

And tapestried with vines that bore a flower
Whose petals looked like drops of blood,
(We called it "Lady of the Bleeding Heart.")
And through it wandered little careless paths
That writhed like wounded snakes among the beds
Of tufted grass, and o'er this living gem
The very skies seemed bluer, and the waves
That rippled round it threw up brighter spray.
Upon the banks for hours I've stood, and longed
To bask amid its shades, and when at last
My brother dragged, with wondrous care, his boat,
Rude fashioned, small and furnished with one oar,
Across the long slope from the stately hill
Where it was built, ne'er did Columbus' heart
Beat with a throb so wild on that shore
Unknown to any one save him, as ours
When with o'erwearied hands and labored breath,
We steered in safety o'er the dangerous way
And stood the monarchs of that fairy realm!
My brother, how I wish our wayward feet
Once more could feel that lordly pride—our hearts
Once more know all their cravings satisfied!

Sweet Valley of San Marcos! Few are the years
That since have linked their golden hands and fled
Like spirits down the valley of the past—
And yet it seems a weary time to me!
Sweet river of San Marcos! The openings seem
Between the moss hung trees, like golden paths
That lead through Eden to Heaven's fairer fields,
Show glimpses of the broad, free, boundless plains,
That circle thee around. Thine own prairies!
How my sad spirit would exult to bathe
Its wings, all heavy with the dust of care,
Deep in their glowing beauty! How, my heart,
O'ershadowed with this cloud of gloom would wake
To life anew beneath those summer skies.

My home is nestled now among the hills,
The wooded hills, like those of that fair State,
That queen among the daughters of the South,
That gave me birth; and gayly flits the breeze
Among the boughs of oaks whose trunks
Are wedded with the rings of centuries;
And maples, cloaked like princes, wave their flags
Above the serried armies of the fern,
That march along the forest stream, where low
The beeches sweep their brightly-gleaming leaves;
And one tall pine, a sentinel keeps watch
Before my very door.
The trees, the forest trees! My heart beats full
And high beneath their stately limbs! And yet,
At times methinks our mountain airs seems thick;
And the green tresses of our forest trees,
They choke my very breathing! Then, oh, then
I fain would spurn my native shades, and fain
Would sweep with untamed wings across the broad,
And boundless prairies of the West, and breathe
My freedom back beneath unshadowed skies!

O, River of my childhood, Fair Valley Queen!
Within thy bosom yet at morn the sun
Dips deep his golden beams, and on thy tide
At night, the stars, the yellow stars, are mirrored;
Through emerald marshes yet thine eddies curl,
And yet that fairy isle in beauty sleeps
(Like her of old who waits the waking kiss
Of some true knight to break her magic sleep.)
And yet, heavy with purple cups, the flags
Droop down toward the mill. But I—oh, I
No more will wander by thy shores, will float
At twilight down thy glossy tide no more!
And yet, San Marcos, when some river-flower,
All swooning with its nectar drops, is laid,
Before my eyes, its beauty scarce is seen

For tears which stain my eyelids, and for dreams
Which glide before me of thy fairy charms,
And swell my heart with longing,
Sweet river of San Marcos!

GOING OUT AND COMING IN.

Going out to fame and triumph,
Going out to love and light;
Coming in to pain and sorrow,
Coming in to gloom and night
Going out with joy and gladness,
Coming in with woe and sin;
Ceaseless stream of restless pilgrims,
Going out and coming in!

Through the portals of the homestead,
From beneath the blooming vine;
To the trumpet tones of glory,
Where the bays and laurels twine;
From the loving home caresses,
To the chill voice of the world—
Going out with gallant canvas
To the summer breeze unfurled.

Through the gateway, down the footpath,
Through the lilacs by the way,
Through the clover by the meadow,
Where the gentle homelights stray;
To the wide world of ambition,
Up the toilsome hill of fame,
Winning oft a mighty triumph,
Winning oft a noble name.

Coming back all worn and weary,
Weary with the world's cold breath;
Coming to the dear old homestead,
Coming in to age and death.

Weary of its empty flattery,
Weary of its ceaseless din,
Weary of its heartless sneering,
Coming from the bleak world in.

Going out with hopes of glory,
Coming in with sorrows dark;
Going out with sails all flying,
Coming in with mastless barque.
Restless stream of pilgrims, striving
Wreaths of fame and love to win,
From the doorways of the homestead
Going out and coming in!

THE BIRD OF THE DAGGER TREE.

A mocking bird sings in our Dagger tree!
About and above for days,
Above and about the sharp edged leaves
She hovered! With manifold ways,

She strove to enter the heart of the shade,
But ever the leaves like spears,
Held her at bay, 'til her breast was wrung
And her wings were shaken with fears;

'Til all of a sudden the sly south wind
Stole in from the open sea,
And showed her the way, and the bird flew in
And sang in the Dagger tree!

She sings, and the tree he thrills to the heart,
Whenever her voice is heard!
And no bird knows of this entrance way
Now, save the mocking bird!

Dear love, you fenced me out of your heart,
  You wounded me, held me at bay,
With sneer or smile, 'til my breast was wrung,
  And my heart bled day on day;

But all on a sudden some fair chance came,
  (Sudden and fair and unknown!)
And showed me the way, and my heart passed in
  And dwelt in your heart alone!

Hidden away from the envying world
  I rest with a rest divine!
But no heart knows of this entrance way,
  Dear Love, no heart save mine!

WILLIAM LAWRENCE CHITTENDEN

Larry Chittenden, "the Poet-Ranchman of Texas," was born in Montclair, New Jersey, in 1862, and traces his American ancestry back to 1639. From these he inherited a sound body, business ability, a love of learning, and a poetic nature.

Coming to Texas in 1883, he and his uncle, Hon. S. B. Chittenden of New York, established the Chittenden Ranch in Jones County, near Anson, in 1887. In addition to the farm and ranch in Texas, of 9,000 acres, which he now owns, Mr. Chittenden has a winter home in Bermuda, known as "Larry's Lodge." Here he lately wrote a volume of *Bermuda Verses* (G. P. Putnam's Sons of New York, Publishers). This is now in its second edition and is a very popular work. Another volume of verse is being prepared.

He began his literary career in 1880 with reportorial

work on New York periodicals and later on Texas periodicals. His descriptions of ranch life and frontier scenes have given him place beside Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. In 1893 he published *Ranch Verses* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.), a volume of poems now in its fourteenth edition. The following are selections of his poetry used by courtesy of his publishers:

HIDDEN.

Afar on the pathless prairies
The rarest of flowers abound;
And in the dark caves of the valleys
There is wealth that never will be found;
So there are sweet songs in the silence
That never will melt into sound.

The twilight illumines her banners
With colors no artist can teach;
And aloft in the sky there are sermons
Too mighty for mortals to preach;
So life has its lovely ideals
Too lofty for language to reach.

Afar on the sea there's a music
That the shore never knows in its rest;
And in the green depths of the forest
There are choirs that carol unblest;
So, deep in the heart there's a music
And a cadence that's never expressed.

MY OLD FRIEND, "THE MAJAH GREEN."

In the sunny land of Texas, where Tom Ochiltree's at home,
Where the cowman swings the lasso and the wild jackrabbits roam;
Where hearts of gallant gentlemen are full of sand and glow,

And the prairies laugh to plenty with the tickle of the hoe;
Where the vote is always solid—on the democratic side,
And old "Tariff Mills" is grinding grist and thought from far and wide;
Where the mocking birds are singing on the feathery mesquite trees,
And the zephyrs soft are flinging rarest fragrance to the breeze;
Where the rustlers from the ranches chase the wild-eyed maverick steer,
And the pitching pony prances o'er the dogtowns far and near;
Where the antelope is grazing, thirty miles from Abilene,
There it was I met the "Majah"—my old friend, "The Majah Green."

He had led the Southern armies, when their banners floated free,
From the winding Rappahannock to the Mexique sea.
Aye, he told me wondrous stories of the days "befo' de wah,"
When he "owned the pertest darkies," that were raised in Georgia, sah."
And he spoke about his boyhood in a "rah old Southern town,"
On the lazy Ocmulgee, with its houses old and brown;
Where they raised big sweet potatoes, and the "little goober vines,"
And the "roses blushed forever," 'neath the softly wooing pines.
But at last he came to Texas, to the "woolly wild" frontier,
Where he "founded Anson City," in the springtime of the year.
There he built his "little homestead," garlanded with eglantine,
Where the hollyhocks threw kisses to the fragrant jessamine.

He was bluff and stout and hearty, rather pompous in his mien,
Yet he had a kindly "howdy" for all, had Major Green.

Perhaps he was not educated, as a tenderfoot conceives,
But he scanned the books of nature, as the seasons turned the leaves.
He was very fond of hunting—that's the reason he liked me;
Many a time we roamed together o'er the prairies broad and free,
Where the Double Mountains standeth, and will stand for many a day,
Till the Seventh Trumpet soundeth, and the earth shall pass away.
Oft we watched the gilded banners of the golden hours depart,
When the twilight's richest beauty sheds its shadows o'er the heart.
Soon the evening fire was kindled, and we rested on the ground,
While the breathing stars shed lustre o'er the wilderness profound.
When the Major told his stories, sang some deep bass roundelay
To his "Lily of the Valley," or "Old Dixie" far away.
Yes, his heart beat high but kindly, square and honest, nothing mean
'Bout that "Vetran, sah," "the Majah," my old friend, The Major Green.

Hark! the lonely doves are cooing, in the weeping mesquite vale,
And the south winds sad are sighing o'er the old McKenzie trail;
Ah, they miss that sturdy figure, for his honest feet have trod
Far beyond the sunset mountains where his spirit went to God.

The prairie flowers are waving o'er a lonely little mound,
For the Major roams the borders of the Happy Hunting Ground.
He has crossed the Royal River that rolls on to crystal seas,
And has found his old commander, Stonewall Jackson, "'neath the trees."
They are resting from their labors; oh, I know that smile serene
That in olden days illumined my old friend, "The Majah Green."

NEPTUNE'S STEEDS.

Hark to the wild nor'easter!
That long, long booming roar,
When the Storm King breathes his thunder
Along the shuddering shore.
The shivering air reëchoes
The ocean's weird refrain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

No hand nor voice can check them,
These stern steeds of the sea,
They are not born for bondage,
They are forever free.
With arched crests proudly waving,
Too strong for human rein,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

With rolling emerald chariots
They charge the stalwart strand,
They gallop o'er the ledges
And leap along the land;
With deep chests breathing thunder
Across the quivering plain,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

Not with the trill of bugles,
But roar of muffled drums
And shrouded sea-weed banners,
That mighty army comes.
The harbor bars are moaning
A wail of death and pain,
For the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

Well may the sailor women
Look out to scan the lea,
And long for absent lovers—
Their lovers on the sea.
Well may the harbored seamen
Neglect the sails and seine,
When the wild white steeds of Neptune
Are coming home again.

How sad their mournful neighing,
That wailing, haunting sound!
It is the song of sorrow,
A dirge for dead men drowned.
Though we must all go seaward,
Though our watchers wait in vain,
The wild white steeds of Neptune
Will come home again.

CHRISTMAS COVE, Maine, 1892.

GETTIN' BACK TO THE RANCH.

Well, fellers, I've got home agin, an' it seems sorty strange
To mosey round the old corrals on this hyar lonely range.
This evenin' az the sun went down and I cum up the trail,
An' seen our little low-roofed house a-squattin' in the vale,
An' when I struck the brandin' pens, heerd ole Pinto's barks
An' listened at the cagey Jack an' them ole meddar larks,
Then when I looked at Skinout Hills a-veiled in purple air,

The twilight seemed to smile at me, an' glow a welcome there.
An' when I seen the S. B. brand, an' that ole sorghum stack,
Them saddles hangin' by the door, hit seemed like gittin' back;
But when I viewed that pided steer, and heered ye had no rain,
I knowed thet I had hit the ranch, hed shore got home again.

I've seen a heap uv pleasant things, and yet it did me good
Ter spy ole Jim in his ole jeans jest packin' in the wood!
An' thar wuz Buck an' Horseshoe Sam, an' thar upon the sill,
All smiles an' spurs an' high-heeled boots, wuz rustler, Windy Bill.
Oh, Bill, they say, has got renown, an' perhaps you may recall
How he performed one Christmas time an' led the 'Cowboys' Ball.'
Then as I crossed the littered yard an' pulled the lazy latch,
An' seen them ole termater cans, I knowed 'twas livin' batch.
An' when I ate them unblessed beans and lingered round the pork,
I thought of Casey's tabble dote an' dinner in New York;
But when I chose some soggy bread an' seen the fellers look,
I knowed thet I wuz home agin—thet Windy Bill wuz cook!

Well, ez we sot around the fire and heered the coyotes' cries,
And listened at the owl's hoo, I told some whoppin' lies.
Yes: while the boys chawed navy-plug, I lied and yarned about
My travels over land an' sea until their eyes bugged out.
At last the boys rared back to talk, an' Gash Knife showed his hat,
An' then I heered uv Maverick steers, an' kyort, an' sech an that,

They joked about a shootin' scrape, an' John who laid in jail,
An' then they cussed the deestrict judge fer not acceptin' bail.
At last ole Horseshoe blurted out from off his blanket bed—
"I reckon ye heered about yer yellow mare wot's—dead?
She wuz a right peert little hoss, chuck full uv grit an' pride;
But she got puny when yer left, an' then she up—an' died!'

Ah! then somehow a silence cum, an' in the chimbly there,
I sorty keep a-seein' her—that little yeller mare!
I thought about them tricks an' ways, her honest, faithful eyes,
Until the moanin' midnight wind wuz just a wailin' sighs!
I never hed a friend like her, so active, sure, an' true;
No matter what the business wuz, she'd allers pull yer through.

An' onct at night she saved my life—outran a prairie fire—
An' az fer swimmin' swollen streams, uv that she'd never tire.
An' often on the star-lit plains, where we the night would pass,
I've heard the mare a munchin' songs out in the needle grass.
Oh! when I cross the dark divide fer pastures, over there
I hope I'll find that little hoss, my dear ole Yeller Mare!

Well, all ter onct, while studyin' on, I heered ole Windy snore!
Ah! then I know'd I'd hit the ranch! I'd dun got home fer shore!

FRIENCH SIMPSON

Friench Simpson was born in Virginia in 1848, and was educated in the common schools of that State. Coming to Texas in 1862, he was active in the Confederate service. He has been farmer, banker, member of the Texas Geological Survey, Mayor of Columbus, and member of the State Senate. He is now connected with the First National Bank of Hallettsville, Texas.

His first book of poems, *A Study of Nature and Other Poems,* was issued in 1900. This work, written for his family and immediate friends, contains beautiful nature studies, some of which, with the preface to the work, are here reproduced. Mr. Simpson has also rendered a paraphrase of the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, which he gave to the public in 1909.

THE DREAMS OF YOUTH.

(Preface to book of poems.)

Even as the downy seed of the thistle, so light that it appears an airy nothing, pierces its pod, expands, separates itself from the parent stem, and its fellows, and floats hither and thither through the air, tossed by the swaying of every breeze, until at last it finds shelter in congenial soil, where, nourished by refreshing rains, sunshine, and summer dews, it bursts forth, transfigured, a stately plant, with all the elements of distinctive life within it, and the capability of reproducing its species a hundred fold—so are these dreams of our youth vague, misty, and idealistic; fairy creatures born of a fertile and vivid imagination; exalted always to a position unattainable in real life, and as incomprehensible in

their real meaning as they are imposing in their structure; and, though dissolving, like a bubble at a touch, even while dreaming them; though we know they can never be realized, they are yet pleasant to think of and not to be despised, for they form the basis of that nobler thought and courage, which sustains, when the cares of age assail us, brightening us and refreshing us, and causing us to look upon life in the light it was intended we should,—to toil and struggle on, to grapple and overcome the obstacles that obstruct our pathway, with no thought of positive failure; trusting in the hope and promise of a happy awakening, if not here, then in a better land.

FOR PHANTOM HILL.

The midnight moon shines cold and pale,
Upon your ruins, sombre, still;
The gathering grey mists as a veil
Enwrap the heights of Phantom Hill.

Yon weird and ghostly chimneys sit
As grewsome monuments of ill;
With wailing wind, wan spectres flit,
From dusky shades of Phantom Hill.

And from the chimney top hoots owl,
Or, plaintive moans the whippoorwill;
The coward coyotes fearless howl
And romp and snarl on Phantom Hill.

Through tangled grass and chapparal,
The sluggish rattlers crawl at will;
And centipede and scorpion dwell
Amid the mold of Phantom Hill.

Dank, sodden weed and moss corrode
The crumbling wine-vault, broken grill;
The haunt of creeping snail and toad;
Good cheer hath fled from Phantom Hill.

No more the board resounds with song,
  No more the jest and laughter thrill;
The silence of a fearful wrong
  Sleeps on the heights of Phantom Hill.

Where now are those whose hopes beat high?
  The question falleth dread and chill,
And pity, answering with a sigh,
  Weeps for the lost of Phantom Hill.

Their whitening bones lie scattered far
  By many a Southland wood and rill,
Crushed in a fratricidal war,—
  Ghost of its passion, Phantom Hill!

1874.

DESOLATION.

A long low strip of sandy beach
  Where racing billows lap and lave
Unwearied, rush ashore and breach
Inland as far as eye can reach.
The salt marsh ooze and slime where bleach
  Flotsam of sweeping wind and wave:
  The storm-tossed wrack of vessels brave,—
  All rottening in one common grave.

The lowering clouds hang like a pall;
  The salt sea-mist drives chill and dank;
O'erhead the circling sea-gulls call;
While through the dripping march-grass tall
Reptile and huge sea-spider crawl.
  O'er broken mast, bent keel and plank
  Worm-eaten, cankered, foul and rank,—
  Sea, sky, and shore, a dreary blank.

SPANISH MOSS.

The forest leaves are turning red and falling,
Leaving the old trees bare;
And through the boughs the autumn winds are sighing:
Winter is drawing near.

Yet, twining round, the branches nude enwrapping,
The gray moss closer clings,
Faithful and true in winter as in summer,
Its love and friendship springs.

O, good gray moss, may I ever have near me,
As thou so true a friend,
Amid life's storms, as when 'tis calm—as faithful,
As constant to the end.

And when life's weary pilgrimage is ended,
My tomb with flowers wreathe,
As thou, the old-tree loving, mournful, sighing,
Enclasps it still in death.

OAKLAND, 1868.

TO THE DAUGHTER.

It's moidering I am how it's faring with the daughter;
It is days and days and never a word sent to me;
She went with young Patrick to dwell down by the sea-water
Dhrawn by the love-o'-him, dhrawn by the lure-o'-the-sea.

Och hone! blithe was she and bonny when with her ould daddy;
Now 'tis daddy heart-hungry for a word from his lass,—
Is it fading the ould love in the smiles of young Paddy?
Is the new love so sweet then, that the ould love should pass?

When the bells that go a-ringing at evening's vesper,
And the cattle wind homeward as the shadows unfurl;
From the sunshine send, though it be but a whisper,
Oh! a greeting to comfort from his own little girl.

It is lonesome the nestie, the bird's flown, I'm thinkin';
The mother that's silent—the lads all courtin'—away!
And the daddy potters round, knees thrimbling, eyes blinkin
For the sight of his dearie, love-lured, down by the sea!

THE BLOODSTONE.

A drop of blood fell from the brow,
thorn-pierced, thorn-crowned,
Of Christ on Calvary, down to the
emerald earth:—
Too precious to be lost, the sacred
drop was found
Embalmed in royal green,
the Blood-Stone had its birth.

MRS. M. M. JOUVENAT

Mrs. Jouvenat was born in North Carolina of cultured parentage. During her childhood the family moved to Tennessee where her father was prominent in railroad circles, and at the same time was a worshiper at the shrine of the Muses. From him she received her devotion to literature. Her first poem, written at the age of nine, appeared in the *Memphis Appeal.*

She married in Tennessee, and in the early seventies moved to Sherman, Texas. Here her name became a household word as poet and friend. For several years she was society editor of the local daily paper, the *Sherman Democrat.* She has collected a number

of her poems and published them under the title of *Wing-Shadows of Fancy,* from which the following selections are made. In addition to her verses and newspaper work, she has written short stories. Her present address is Sherman, Texas.

DECEMBER.

The old year with its woes
Fast voyages to a close,
But ere its dying throes,
We, too, may pass.

Ah, weary heart and sore,
There waits beside your door
The rest you oft implore,
And yet, alas!

Ah, yet, although I see
How sweet that rest may be
When close it bends to me,
I shrink and sigh.

I shrink with some vague sense
Of effortless defense
At life's inconsequence,
I know not why.

Heart-sick with life's defeat,
Longing the dead to meet,
I know it will be sweet
To rest and die.

REST.

Come, rest with me; the tireless days go on
And the fierce tropics of a busy life as yet
Abate not of their fury:—come, forget

Awhile the fevered hopes so often known
Like fleeting stars, to vanish one by one;
And calm the leaping pulse, the foaming brain,
Within the haven, where I dwell alone.
Oh, nevermore to me shall come the pain
Of unexpected grief; or ecstasy
Of joy, which verges pain. Apart from these,
Cool shadows—sorrow born, but yielding peace—
Surround me; I hold within my memory,
In waveless calm, the sorrow and the bliss
Of sainted days: Oh, then, come with me!

MIGNONETTE.

I send you a sprig of mignonette
  Such as haunted our grandmother's dreams;
And I often wonder if we do not get
  More of fragrance than sometimes seems
Was old Nature's first intent.
  If the seed of some treasured old bouquet
(Relics of broken-hearted sentiment)
  May not have wandered to our late day
With the garnered sweets of an old romance,
  The lover's kiss—the secret tear,—
And give this flower we hold so dear
  A new significance.

MESSAGE OF THE FLOWERS.

If to our dull, prosaic souls
No sweet, mysterious hope unrolls,
When the sweet petals of the rose
Their carmine-tinted lips disclose;
If from the violet's pleading eyes
No hints prophetic of the skies
To our insensate hearts arise,
Nor breaks upon our dumb despair
In odorous pulses of the air,

The rhythmic measure of a prayer;
If flowers may bloom, and wax and wane,
Nor cheat our human hearts of pain,
The world is beautiful in vain.

OUR NAMELESS NATION.

(Read at the laying of the corner-stone of the Confederate monument in Sherman, Texas, April 3, 1893.)

I know a land whose story
Of sacrifice and pain,
Dwells in pathetic glory
Like some remembered strain,
Whose notes forever flying
Repeat their sacred themes
In sighing echoes, dying,
And fading into dreams.

Oh, loved and vanished nation,
Nameless and lost for aye;
With loving iteration,
With carven stone and bay,
With monumental splendor,
Thy memory to bless,
Though vain our hope to render
The fulgor of success.

Long shall the deathless story
Be told of the young and brave
Who sleep in tragic glory
In many a nameless grave;
And long shall this land be cherished
In her children's loving hearts—
Though her boundaries have perished
From human maps and charts.

For the blood that flowed like a river
And sank in the earth away,
Is part of her sod forever,
And throbs in our veins today.
And long as the sky's soft arches
Are panoplied with gold,
The thrill of those gallant marches,
The deeds of those heroes bold—

Shall swell in our hearts' devotion,
And grow as the leaves unfold,
Till our sunny land by the ocean
Shall stand 'mid the nations old;
And the fame of that nameless nation
On history's page shall shine,
As our heroes' grand oblation
In our hearts have found a shrine.

SILENCE.

(In memory of Mrs. M. L Nash.)

The skies are grim today,
And grim and gray;
And everywhere the atmosphere
Seems wan and palpable and drear.
The gaunt and leafless trees
Stand shadowless,
Hushed bird and bee, their minstrelsy,
The world seems lost in reverie.

Farewell! Life's argosy
Drifts out to sea.
In vain we stand upon the strands
And hold outstretched and pleading hands.
She who majestic lies,
With darkened eyes,
Now sees the farther mysteries
Beyond life's brief parenthesis.

The flowers she held so dear
We shall revere;
And for her sake will not forget
The daisy's bloom, the mignonette,—
Will love the daffodil,
The bluebirds' trill;
Sweet scent and song, like censer swung,
Some old cathedral aisles among.
But Spring will soon repeat
Its burgeon sweet,
And tapestries of bloom shall weave
Their canopy above her grave.

JOHN P. SJOLANDER

Mr. Sjolander was born in Sweden in 1851, and came to Galveston, Texas, in 1871. In 1878 he married Miss Caroline Busch and has a family of five boys. He gives the following interesting account of himself: "I was born in Sweden, but the liberal views of my father forbade the benefit of the public school. I obtained a permit and sailed with my only brother for England. Here we studied navigation, in which we became proficient. I was only seventeen years old when I left Sweden, and remained in England two years. Then we went to sea on a Norwegian craft We were so cruelly treated that we resolved the first opportunity to escape. This came when the ship cast anchor in the port of Galveston. The next day we found a tug bound for Harrisburg and we went aboard. * * * I commenced writing for the *Galveston News.* As my contributions grew in popularity, I continued, and

have contributed both prose and poems for the leading periodicals and magazines of the United States."

"Mr. Sjolander forgets his audience when he begins to sing. His songs come direct from the heart, and go directly to the heart in a simple, child-like way."

His address is Cedar Bayou, Texas.

THE RAIN FROG.

All day long a little frog
  Sat, and blinked with beady eyes,
On an old and moss-grown log;

All day long, within the deep
  Brazen and unruffled sea
Lay the wind in death-like sleep;

All day long the birds sang not
  But sat, stifling in the trees,
For their throats were dry and hot.

But at eve with voice most shrill,
  Cried the frog to God for rain;
And his voice would not be still.

To his cry the answer came:
  God spake from the moving cloud
Thunder-voiced, with tongue of flame,

And the rain fell, full and free;
  And the flowers all drank their fill,
And the birds sang in their glee,

And the sun sank out of sight,
  And the wind came in from the sea,
'Neath God's bow with glory bright;

And, that night, a little frog,
  Sat and mused the grace of God
On an old and moss-grown log.

THE BLUE BONNET OF TEXAS.

It blooms upon our prairies wide,
  And smiles within our valleys;
A Texas flower, and Texas pride,
  Around it honor rallies;
And every heart beneath the blue
  Transparent sky above it,
In Texas-wise, forever true,
  Shall fold, and hold, and love it.

The winds that softly round it blow,
  Breathe out in song and story,
The fame of bloody Alamo,
  And San Jacinto's glory;
And everywhere beneath the sky,
  That loving bends o'er it
With glowing heart and kindling eye,—
  All Texans true adore it.

It blossoms free in homes and fields,
  Made by love's labor royal;
To Fleur-de-lis or Rose none yields
  Allegiance more loyal!
And to the world its fame shall go,
  And tell the Lone Star's splendor—
Of hearths and homes that gleam and glow—
  Of loving hearts and tender.

'Tis Texan in its beauty rare,
  To honest hearts appealing;
And can there be a fame more fair,
  Or deeper depth of feeling?

For Texan hearts, in Texan-wise
  Are true to the Blue Bonnet,
And love it, as the bright blue skies,
  That pour their blessings on it.

THE HILLS OF GOLD.

The hills of gold gleam far away
  Across the fields of strife,
And beckon to us every day
  Until the end of life;
For on their crests the morning sun
  Today as brightly gleams
As when the first fine web was spun
  That filled the loom of dreams.

The hills of gold may not be high,
  But, oh! their light shines through
A mountain, though it pierce the sky,
  And shuts all else from view;
For it has shown through storm and stress
  A light from pole to pole,
A sign of final happiness,
  Since man possessed a soul.

A song is heard above the strife
  By him whose eyes behold
The one unfading light in life—
  The blessed hills of gold.
And in his heart the morning sun
  Forever brightly gleams,
For golden was the web he spun,—
  Immortal are his dreams!

SWINGING SONG.

Comes a bird-note softly calling,
    Sweet! O sweet!
'Tis a love-song, pure, enthralling,
    And complete!

Into some one's heart 'tis falling,
Doubt to cheat.
Up we go,
Swaying, swinging!
Down we go,
Closer clinging!

Through the blue the clouds are drifting,
Oh, so slow!
Through the tree-tops, moving, shifting,
To and fro;
Summer's sun gold-dust is shifting,
All aglow!

Light of heart as any feather,
Now we swing;
But when cares and wintry weather
Shadows bring,
Passing, Love, through life together,
Still we'll sing:
Up we go,
Swaying, swinging,
Down we go
Closer clinging!

TO ONE BELOVED.

'Tis here beside our own bright fireside clime
With thee, my love, that life is full of bliss.
I find here all that, away, I miss—
Forbearance with my faults, a faith sublime,
A love so true that change it cannot time,
A love as pure as Heaven's great love is;
A foretaste of the other life in this;
And childish voices in a merry chime,
Wee little forms that around my knees do gather;
Fond little arms close clinging in caress,

My love, my love! No—guardian angel, rather,—
My priceless gift from God—thou art no less—
Cling close and guide the husband and the father
Is all I ask, my sun of happiness!

JACOB HAYNE HARRISON

"Jake Harrison" was born in Virginia in 1851. Six years later the family moved to Tennessee. From early childhood a dreamer and a poet, he had little inclination for the tasks of farm life. During the Civil War he had to neglect school, but at odd times snatched meager bits of learning from "the old blue back" *Webster's Speller* and *McGuffey's Readers.*

From Tennessee to Missouri in 1868, then on to Texas in 1874, the family finally made their home in Hill County. Since that time he has been County Commissioner, editor, and justice of the peace. According to his statement he has always "remained a dreamer, always retained his dislike to physical exertion, learned to play the fiddle of nights and Sundays, and absolutely thinks he can write verse." He is a frequent contributor to the state periodicals and has the entrée of the leading magazines of the country. His verse has not as yet been collected in book form. The poems presented are of his own selection.

Mr. Harrison's present address is 3001 Fairmount Avenue, Dallas, Texas.

A POETIC DILEMMA.

When I get half awake some nights
And kind of dream and think,

And cannot sleep and cannot wake,
But lie right on the brink:
And half awake and half asleep,
Con all the beauties o'er,
Which lie between the land of Thought
And Sleep's sweet silent shore;

Ah! then the wand of Fancy moves,
The Muses smile around,
And flowing verse and soothing chords,
Within my brain abound;
And I could sing a madrigal,
To music of the spheres,
Or write a lyric sweet enough
To move the world to tears.

Imagination thrills my brain,
And music fills my soul,
As back and forth on wings of thought,
I flit from pole to pole;
And lift the mystic curtain high,
That shrouds futurity,
While down the misty vale of time,
I view Eternity.

And thus I lie, awake-asleep,
With muses at my call,
And to indite a masterpiece,
Would not be hard at all;
But if I wake and make a move
To get my things to write,
Then like a mist before the sun,
The Muses take to flight.

If I could just devise a plan
To hold the Muses near,
Till all my mental faculties,
From somnolence were clear;

I think that Milton tame would seem
  Lord Byron have no note,
And Shakespeare would be commonplace
  Beside the stuff I wrote.

But cruel Fate has such a grudge
  And enmity at me,
That she will not the Muses hold,
  Till I from sleep get free;
Her cruelty is so severe,
  It sometimes makes me weep—
I cannot write while Muses flee,
  Nor can I in my sleep!

JUNE.

The blush of maidenhood is on her cheek,
  Her breath is like the roses that she brings;
The sun with gentle smile her pathway lights,
  While lovely zephyrs fan her with their wings.
Her lips like coral from the Southern seas,
  Are painted with the colors of the rose;
While fragrance from the clover in the fields,
  The loving wind around her softly blows.

The mocking bird sings to her through the day,
  The sweetest notes his loving can indite,
And when the golden moon comes out to shine,
  He serenades her all throughout the night.
The orchards laugh in breezy ecstasy,
  The vineyards smile their welcome all the day,
The wheat fields proudly wave at her approach,
  And flowers spread their beauty in her way,

As tender as a mother's smile of love,
  As beautiful as Eden in its prime;
Fair June comes forth in all her loveliness,
  The blushing, budding womanhood of time.

Then hail her! Let the welkin gayly ring,
Let harp and voice and viol sound her praise;
While men and nature join in glad acclaim,
And do her honor all her golden days.

THE SPRITE OF EMPTY SPACE.

Somewhere in the sky, above the worlds,
Above where the planets dwell,
Above where the storm-king has his home,
And the air waves break and swell;
Where the beams of light have never come,
In their swift and ceaseless race;
Far above the mighty, brilliant sun,
Dwells the sprite of empty space.

Alone it sits in its silent world,
Away from the realm of things,
Away from the stars in their multitude,
Far, far from the rush of wings.
Of the angels who are guarding men,
Away from the blaze of light,
Outside of the zone of things that live,
Away from the shades of night.

In its realm of solitude it sits,
And alone must ever dwell,
Until the Lord of the Universe
Shall remove the silent spell:
And it may be that Eternity
Shall forever find it there,
Away from thought, and away from God,
And away from blessed air.

A lonely time has the sprite of space,
And a joyless life, it seems,
Away from the worlds and away from warmth,
And away from love and dreams;

But the Master gave the task it has,
And has wrought the mystic spell,
And the sprite should ask not why it is,
But should do its duty well.

THE BABY AT THE RANCH.

We've got a baby at the ranch,
A squirmin' little red concern,
'At keeps us all awake o' nights,
An' Shorty says aint wo'th a durn;
But Mary Ann, she loves the kid,
An' thinks it's purty as can be,
An', somehow, I'm obliged to own,
Hit's got itself right close to me.

I love to nuss hit, when I'm in,
An' watch it squirm an' clinch hit's fists,
An' all the time I'm nussin' hit,
Them lovin' feelin's comes and twists
'Emselves aroun' my heart so tight,
Hit makes me kind o' gasp for breath,
An' makes me hope, an' kind o' pray,
'At we can keep it safe from death.

I never cuss aroun' the house,
Nor holler, like I used to do,
An' I have kind o' come to think,
Hit's wrong for me to drink an' chew;
An' I've quit playin' poker—yes!
An' think I'll go an' jine the church,
Jist larn to be a pious duck,
An' leave the devil in the lurch.

That baby gal's the cause of all,
I love the little runt, you bet,
An' when I find my Mary Ann
All trimblin' an' her eyes all wet,

A lookin' love at that ar kid
When she don't know that I'm about,
Hit makes me feel so good, you know,
I want to wave my hat and shout.

That kid has "rounded up the bunch,"
For even Shorty comes an' grins,
An' looks at hit, an' shakes his head
An' 'lows hit's noisy; but hit wins
With him, as well as all the rest,
An' though he tries to keep hit hid,
He slips in ever chance he gits,
To take a look 'at "that ar kid!"

An' we—that's me an' Mary Ann—
We think they's nothin' like that kid,
An' if we tried with all our might
We couldn't keep that notion hid;
The ranch is all we've got, of course,
Besides that baby gal, you know,
Yit, if we had to part with one,
The ranch, you bet, would have to go!

FIDDLIN' A'TER SUPPER.

I shore love to play the fiddle
Nearly any time o' day,
When I'm feelin' in the notion
An' my fiddle wants to play;
But hit's nicer a'ter supper
When my day's work's done, you know,
An' my thought gits solemcholy
An' I play right soft and low.

Then the fiddle seems to jine in,
Like your sweetheart at the gate,
When you're sparkin' in the ev'nin',
An' stay out a little late;

An' my heart it gits to chordin'
With the music in the strings,
An' the fiddle gits to trimblin'
An' jist kind o' sobs an' sings.

Then my eyes they git to leakin',
An' my voice don't want to speak,
An' I feel so awful happy
An' so kind o' mild an' meek,
'At I love the whole creation,
As I play an' walk the floor,
An' jist crave to own a billion,
So 'at I kin help the poor.

An' I most forgot to mention
'At my little daughter, Nell,
Plays the chords upon the organ—
An', you bet, she plays 'em swell—
'An' 'most always a'ter supper
We jist have a jubilee,
An' I gits as close to heaven
As a feller needs to be!

For my wife she'll set a-smilin',
An' the baby'll jump an' coo,
An' I feel so good an' happy
'At I dunno what to do!
An' ol' Nancy an' the puppies
They shore think the music's fine,
For they all stan' in the entry,
An' jist wag thar tails an' whine!

Now I hain't got any l'arnin',
An' must labor for my bread,
An' I guess most ever'body
Will jest laugh at what I've said;

But I tell you they's no happiness
Like the one the fiddle brings,
When it trimbles on your bosom,
An' jist kind o' sobs an' sings!

MRS. LAURA BIBB FOUTE

Mrs. Foute was descended from an historic family of Alabama. After her marriage to Professor William H. Foute, she came to Houston, Texas, in 1882. In turn, husband, mother, son, daughter—her all, were taken from her by the hand of death.

Thrown upon her own resources, she established the *Woman's Exchange,* and edited the *Ladies' Messenger,* besides doing journalistic work for the *Houston Post.* Later, in 1889, she transferred the scene of her literary activities to San Antonio, establishing the *Gulf Messenger* with Miss Sara Hartman as her associate. Lacking the poetic instinct, she gave her time to stories and other forms of descriptive narration. She was an active member of the Texas Press Association until the time of her death, December 9, 1893.

The *San Antonio Express* thus referred to her: "A noble, womanly woman, cast upon her own resources, she devoted her talents to literature and toiled with all her strength, fought the battle of life with a cheerful face and a heart that never faltered." Her ability as a short story writer may be seen from the following selection.

RUSE D'AMOUR.

Chapter I.

"Oh, I am only an every day kind of girl. I can speak and write the English language without flagrant errors in its

ordinary uses. I am not fond of reading. I like tennis, horseback riding, dancing, pretty clothes, bonbons, and beaux."

The pretty creature who uttered the above phrases in a deliberate and unembarrassed manner, with a roguish glance at the close, was about twenty years old; she stood by the side of a young man at one of the lace draped windows of a summer hotel facing a bay of the Gulf. It was evident from her elegant figure, small hands and feet and clear complexion, delicate features, the turn of her shoulders and high held head, that she belonged to a stock of the human family whose paths had been made pleasant for generations by all the creature comforts of wealth and social standing.

In the elegant simplicity of a tailor-made gown of light gray summer cloth, a silver pin at her throat, a silver dagger in her dark hair, which was coiled in a graceful Psyche knot with little curls tossed by the sea breeze on forehead and at nape of the neck, one could forgive the man who was inclined to talk of a pretty woman and a handsome horse in the same breath. Not unsuggestive of a proud thoroughbred pony, well groomed and contented with itself was Leona Dale, as she stood toying with a fan of crimson ostrich feathers, the full light of morning falling upon all her rounded lines of youth and beauty.

The broad white brow and expressive gray eyes seemed to contradict the lightness of her words to her companion, a tall, handsome man of twenty-seven with that air the French call distingué. He had a wide white brow, fair, wavy hair cut close, dark blue eyes, a fine straight nose, a long drooping blond mustache, half concealing a mouth somewhat large but perfect as a Cupid's bow. A physiognomist could not help thinking he would need all the strength indicated by brow and chin to carry him successfully through life with such a beautiful face.

Horace Gardner, the young man, had adopted the profession of literature. His stories and sketches of his native South, published in prominent magazines, and a recently pub-

lished book of poems had already made him a lion, and on the fair road to having his ambition clipped by too much adulation.

He had arrived at the summer resort at C—— the evening previous, and had been presented to Leona Dale about fifteen minutes before the opening sentences of our story.

The girl's speech had been called forth by his surprise at her lack of knowledge and interest in literature of the day. He had not been able to interest her in books, and after her frank avowal of indifference, changed the subject, and finding her fond of athletics, made an engagement for an early horseback ride the next morning.

The hotel was filled with well to do married people and little children, young girls and a number of young men, who were in good business positions, but could not afford long holidays or trips that extended far from home. Leona Dale, with an escort ready for every occasion, recalled with a shudder a previous summer spent at a northern and more fashionable resort, where the only beaux had been a shy old bachelor, and a vain young clerk of a foreign legation, who wore a moustache and signed himself "Marquis."

Notwithstanding the number of marriageable young men at the hotel, the arrival of the young author had created no little excitement; he was not only unusually handsome and talented, but very wealthy.

The next young lady with whom the author held converse on this first morning after his arrival was Miss Ellen Volney, a girl of decidedly literary tastes. Her first words after the introduction were "I almost feel as if I knew you, for I have read with great enjoyment everything you have published!"

"Have you, really?" he said, with a smile of pleased surprise. "Then maybe you will be kind enough to tell me which of my poems pleases you most."

'The one called 'The Rose of the Cloth of Gold,'" she said; "it is my favorite flower. We have a great many of that variety in our rose yard at home."

Here was a propitious beginning, and not unlike the beautiful flower was the girl herself. Her skin was of a creamy velvety tint, her eyes large, hazel, her hair brown with golden tints, her lips were full and crimson; she wore a gown of cream veiling trimmed with black velvet. Her form was tall and slightly inclined to embonpoint, and she had a queenly graciousness of manner. It was not the full grown rose, though, she was still quite young, under twenty.

Horace made many other acquaintances in the next two hours, then went to the billiard room, where amid the tobacco smoke, strokes of the players and gossip of the young men, his thoughts lingered with the two girls so beautiful and yet so different.

Chapter II.

The first evening at a seaside resort has a peculiar interest; the constant roar of the sea and strong breeze, the sensation of nature in constant restless movement, creates an excitation of minds and senses, expectant of—they know not what. One looks at the crowd of humanity moving about the hotel passing through halls, promenading on piazzas, seated in parlors, wandering on the beach, and says to himself, "Whom shall I love, and whom shall I hate—who will make or mar my summer romance—what of pleasure, of misery, of folly, may be crowded for me in a few weeks on shores fanned by Gulf breezes, washed by phosphorescent waves, lighted by glorious suns, golden moons, and gold white stars?"

Horace Gardner felt all these emotions, and others equally fantastic, while he looked eagerly among the throng for the two girls who had so pleased him in the morning. He was accosted by Mrs. Merl, a married lady of his acquaintance, who offered him a seat beside her. After some general conversation the lady said:

"I saw you talking this morning to Ellen Volney; do you not think she is a charming girl?"

"Indeed, yes," said Horace, with animation; "do you know her well?"

"Yes, and I think her lovely; she would make a perfect wife for a literary man; she would enter into his ambition, be able to talk over his plots for poem or novel, and give him womanly suggestions that would be very valuable."

"So you want to marry me off at once," said the young man with a mock melancholy air, for Mrs. Merl was still herself a young, attractive woman.

"Certainly you are far too handsome to remain single. Marry some thoroughly intellectual girl, and your future success is assured."

"All right, I will go seek her," he said in pretended pique. He found the girls, each with an attendant cavalier; they smilingly greeted him; but talking *à trois* was not to his liking, and not getting either for a *tête-à-tête*, he retired early to give orders for the ride next morning.

At sunrise Miss Dale made her appearance, looking as Hebe would have looked, in a close fitting black riding habit, and beaver hat. In her small gauntleted hands she carried a dainty silver handled riding whip. Not the less faultless and simple was the young man's costume; a light tan colored casque coat of corduroy, trousers of the same material of darker shade, reaching just below the knee; finely finished boots of polished leather, and a brown velvet riding cap. Leona thought, as she looked at him, how nice that a literary man should have good taste in dress. The horses, two black spirited thoroughbreds, with arched necks, glossy coats, long flowing manes, the property of Mr. Gardner, were well suited to carry their handsome burdens. Only a few early bathers and the servants were up to see the handsome picture they made as they galloped away. The road led through the pretty village near the hotel, and then rising to higher grounds called the Cliffs, overlooked the bay, which danced and sparkled in the rays of the rising sun.

Leona was a splendid horsewoman, and conversed with brightness and originality; the subjects she touched upon

were practical—of horses, dogs, the landscape, boating, travel, gardening, housekeeping—she boasted of understanding the art of cooking.

"Can you cook fish?" asked he, looking admiringly at the girl whose dainty appearance was so unsuggestive of the drudgery she said she liked.

"Oh, yes," was the reply.

"Suppose you get up a fish fry and prove it to me—I cannot believe you without ocular demonstration."

"Agreed," she exclaimed.

Forthwith they made up a list in which the hazel eyed Ellen was left out; and in response to his query, she said:

"Oh, Ellen does not care for such things; we are very good friends, but entirely dissimilar in tastes. Now, I would rather do anything than pore with blinded eyesight over miserable books."

"Yet you get that quotation from a book, and many other bright things you said would not be expressed half so charmingly had you not some knowledge of those same miserable books."

She was slightly confused for a few moments, but quickly replied:

"Well, you see, what I know has been drilled into me; I had excellent teachers and I have been thrown so much with people of literary tastes that I have imbibed their mode of expression without their study. I may learn something from you if you will be kind enough to teach me," she said with delightful humility.

"You are quite charming as you are," he answered gallantly. Leona thanked him, but as she turned her face away it had a peculiar pensive smile.

They returned in time for breakfast and enjoyed with pardonable vanity the admiring glances that greeted them from the guests assembled on the piazza.

Late in the afternoon Horace took Ellen Volney driving in an elegant phaeton drawn by the same horses. With the note of invitation he sent a volume of his poems (edition

de luxe) and a cluster of cloth of gold roses. She had them pinned at the belt of her simple, well fitting dress of tan color. Long tan gloves and tan shoes, with a large hat drooping under ostrich plumes, completed the costume.

The couple were watched out of sight by Leona from her bedroom window while she kept an impatient visitor awaiting her in the parlor. She looked after them with no shadow of chagrin or jealousy, even had a confident smile upon her face as her mother entered to tell her it was really time to descend to the parlor.

Putting her hands around her mother's neck, she said:

"Mama, darling, don't forget my request: not to remark before others anything that may seem odd or unlike my usual self. Tell only me in private if you must comment upon it."

Then she ran downstairs before her mother could reply.

Chapter III.

For the next week the attentions of the young poet were divided between Leona, Ellen, and a little red-haired, aurora tinted blonde named Alice Manning. Although about the same age as the other two girls she was so small and withal so childlike that they nicknamed her "Baby." She and Jack Palfry, a big, black-haired, black-eyed young man, her most devoted admirer, were of Leona's fishing party. The rest of the party were a married couple and their children, a boy and girl, aged respectively eight and ten. They caught a number of fish and landed for dinner at an island, which, somehow or the other, seemed always contiguous, as if made to order, near the bays and inlets of the gulf shores. This one was dotted with low feathery mesquite trees, and furnished plenty of shade. There was a man servant to clean and cook the fish, but Leona, to carry out her boast, put a large check apron over her navy blue yachting gown, and with a broad brimmed hat tied under her chin, a long handled fork in her hand, placing the fish when done brown into a large dish

which Horace held ready at her elbow. Alice and Jack sat at the table, the two children running hither and thither for shells and curiosities, their parents superintending things generally. The seagulls flitted overhead, the winds and the waves talked noisily and amid the chatter was the laugh of Cupid perched on the shoulder of Neptune, with his bow bent and ready.

The party returned late in the afternoon, fatigued but content. "How we work for pleasure, but since it is pleasure, who cares for the work?" said Leona, as she lay on a lounge in her own room. She had thrown on a loose pink muslin wrapper, and thrust her bare feet into soft kid slippers. Her long dark hair fell over the pillow to the floor.

"Cooking that fish was no joke, however; poor mama cannot understand why I have been reading a cook book, and asking all kinds of questions about things I have heretofore taken no interest in. But *he* does not understand me either—good——"

She smiled softly to herself, threw her round arms above her head, and turned her eyes seaward, where white clouds above the bay took shape to suit the dreamer's fancy. Soon her long lashes swept her cheek and she slept.

Horace Gardner in his own room, in comfortable negligee for a warm afternoon, was smoking, watching the clouds, and dreaming likewise. Ellen, little Alice, Leona, mingled with his thoughts and Leona lingered longest. A girl that could be picturesque and graceful frying fish, he thought, was a goddess who would be a source of inspiration to painter or poet forever.

* * * * * *

Chapter IV.

Long red lines of light from the setting sun fell through the wide open windows and hallways of the handsome hotel, fading to rose and purple as the full moon appeared across the bay. The guests had dispersed here and there as pleased

their fancy. Horace Gardner and Leóna on a retired balcony gazed at the scene and at each other in the silence of hearts "too full for utterance." They loved, but they had not yet acknowledged it in words. Horace, handsome and courted, trembled at the thought that she might refuse him; and she —but even a story writer has no business to tell a young girl's thoughts on such an occasion. Now, don't think that I am going to attempt to describe their love making. Suffice it to say that it was perfectly satisfactory to the two most concerned, and from an artistic point of view quite in keeping with the Southern scene. They appeared later on, promenading the veranda slowly, arm in arm. She wore a pretty dress of white mull and lace, clasped over the bosom with a diamond cross. She was more beautiful than ever, with the subdued happy light of the betrothed.

He gazed upon her as if there was none other in the world, and with that prideful love that is not satisfied unless it can display its ownership "in the full view of earth and heaven."

The engagement was announced the next day. Mrs. Merle and Ellen Volney together offered their congratulations. Mrs. Merle said:

"You have followed my advice and will marry an intellectual girl."

Ellen added: "Yes, Leona carried off all the prizes at school, read the valedictory, and was considered better informed on literature, ancient and modern, than any of the other girls."

"Indeed," said Horace, "she has never told me of it or claimed much knowledge of such things."

"Oh, that was her extreme modesty in talking to an author," said Mrs. Merle.

But Ellen Volney alone in her room muttered bitterly, "Who would have thought that it would be necessary to 'stoop to conquer' such a man!"

MRS. BELLE HUNT SHORTRIDGE

Belle Hunt, born in 1858, near Decatur, was the first white child born in Wise county. Her father, Wm. H. Hunt, was a pioneer of the Republic, served through the Mexican War, and was appointed government surveyor. She was a poet from early childhood, was well educated, and adopted literature as a profession. After her marriage to Captain S. A. Shortridge they made their home in Fort Worth, and later in Terrell. In the prosecution of her literary career she found it necessary to spend much of her time in New York City, where she was at home in the parlors of Mrs. Frank Leslie, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and other literati. She was fond of nature, and this passion breathes out in her lyrics and prose as well. Sympathy, appreciation, affection, were her heart longings. In her dedication to *Lone Star Lights* (1891), her first volume of poems, she says,

"See, I am speaking to the personal heart
And it is well; no great things ever start
From cold concretions. Give me one heart's smile,
And I will win the whole world after awhile."

In 1892 she issued her first novel *Held in Trust,* in 1892 her second novel *Circumstance.* Her short stories appeared in *Frank Leslie,* in the *North American Review,* the *New York World,* and other leading periodicals. "The soul of the writer seems embodied in almost every poem; now humorous, again pathetic,

now babbling nonsense and sentiment, and again standing on the verge of life's abyss and peering into the dark unknown in the meditative lines of *De Profundis.*"

She died November 24, 1893.

From her volume of poems *Lone Star Lights,* the following selections are taken.

PEACH-BLOSSOM TIME.

Down in the orchards the wild birds are singing,
"Peach-blossom time!"
White-petaled, gold-hearted daisies are nodding
"Peach-blossom time!"
South winds are blowing, and bear on their pinions,
Fragrance sublime,
Stolen from the groves of magnolia and orange,
In sunnier clime.

Hearts are rejoicing, and nature o'erflowing,
'Tis peach-blossom time!
Blue-birds are mating, and billing, and cooing,
"Peach-blossom time!"
Peach-blossom time with its wondrous elixir,
Bounding along,
From tiptoe to temple; and oh! how the heartstrings
Vibrate with the song!

Open, O delicate, shell-tinted petals,
Soft as the light,
Yield up th' aroma wrapt up in your bosoms
Of rose tint and white!
Music and melody ring in the woodlands
Morn, noon and night.
Bursting from sweet feathered throats, in a rapture
Of wildest delight!

Strange does it seem that these orchards of blossom
A few weeks ago
Stood facing the norther, their bare arms extended,
Laden with snow;
But warm rains and sunshine, and God's wondrous power
Hath clothed them in garments surpassing all texture
Of hands not divine.

Then ope your dainty hearts, pour out their fragrance,
Ablution divine!
While angel-voice sings, in the breeze to the earthland,
"Peach-blossom time!"

"UNAVAILABLE?"

"Not print my poems for the eastern mart?"
Because the world is busy—will not hear
The sweet songs I have wrought them, brought them, aye,
Across a continent,—they will not hear!
Then I am desolate.

Why, in my heart are prairie breezes, fresh
And cool and soft as loving mother-hand
On fevered children's brows, and musical
As harps æolian in Summer land—
Those prairie winds!

I thought the great tired world would be so glad
To rest awhile, and listen, by the way,
In attic rooms, and sun-baked, mortared walls;
And hot dry feet on cobblestones all day,—
Poor toiling things!

But, "It is busy!" Oh, and I have flowers
Just as I plucked them on the sunny hills
Of Texas—fresh, dew-sprinkled, sweet;
And caught up sparkles of the rocky rills,—
Such flowers and rills!

"They will not hear?" Ah, me! 'twould do us good,
The singer and the listener. What were life
When songs and breeze and flowers and rills are dead,
And "Mind" and "Money" wage perpetual strife?
Poor, foolish world!

When Hope and Faith stand fainting side by side,
And Greed and Gain press boldly to the fore;
And gray haired young men grasp and cheat and scheme:
And old-eyed women, young, look young no more?
Poor, hunted things!

Oh! to uplift them in my strong, kind arms,
And bear them to the sweet hills and the vales,
The wood and prairies, and the rippling rills,
And voice of bird and cattle in the dales,—
Stern, forceful arms;

And eyes steadfast, and voice invincible,
That says, "Lie still until the fever pass
You are most ill and do not understand,
Here, press your temples on the dewy grass,—
Poor, aching head!

Quaff deeply these deep waters, clear as light,
And breathe the tonic of the ripening hay;
Drink in the warmth of sunshine and the blue sky,
And learn to live and love this simpler way,—
This gentler way!"

* * * * * *

Some day the world will not so busy be:
Some day these iron chains will rust and break,
And they will fall. Then will I lift them up,
And sing again, for Love's and Pity's sake,—
And they will hear.

Yet I am sad to see the pretty wreck
Of this year's blossoms, which no one will buy,
All wilted in my arms. Well, never mind,—
God does not charge me for them. He and I
Are quite good friends.

Wouldst know the reason? Listen,—very soft
(The world would laugh; but it is really true),—
Because I take His breezes, rills, and flowers,
And weave them into daisy chains for you!

NEW YORK, September, 1890.

TO THE FIELD LARK.

(*Gulf Messenger*, May, 1892.)

Bird of the golden breast!
Bird of the silver throat!
Bird of the fleet, glad wing,
And the heaven-piercing note!
Harbinger of the Spring!
Harbinger of the Fall!
Exiled I sit and yearn
For the sound of thy tuneless call.

Up from the dew-wet grass
Fling gems in the face of the day,
Over the green field's heart
Winging thy reckless way.
Bird of the golden breast!
Bird of the silver throat!
I'd give one year of my life
For the sound of thy tuneless note.

Nought hath thy song of tune;
What knowest thou of rhyme,
Or measure, or foot, or rule,
Or the rhythmical beat of time?

With a gush untrammeled, free
As the air thy light wings cleave,
Thou echoest the web of a song
Which the grasses and flowers weave.

Oh, ripe is the golden wheat,
And garnered the russet hay,
But never will ripen the dreams
Of that sweet, sweet, sweet Spring day!
Oh, bird of the golden breast!
Oh, bird of the silver throat!
Thou sangest my youth away
On the wings of thy tuneless note!

A TEXAS THANKSGIVING.

(*Gulf Messenger,* November, 1892.)

The haze of Indian summer was so palpable that it looked as if a million yards of pink and purple gauze were draped from the Blue Mound to Old Rock Hill, between the valley and the sun. The scrub oaks and mesquites on the hill sides were dun brown sprinkled with yellow; and the green cedars were blue in their intensity. Down on the creek the cottonwoods held up gigantic fronds of silver to the sun and weeping willows dipped the gray hair in quiet waters. Old Rock Hill was a mammoth castle of dazzling white limestone, with its crags and peaks and tumbled down boulders, among which the wagon road to Decatur crept and wiggled, too puny to go over them, and almost too lazy to go 'round them—in a sort of disjointed, shiftless fashion, which Will Mason thought "charmingly Southern."

Everything shiftless was Southern to Will, and everything Southern charming. He had been in Texas six weeks and he hadn't seen a hurried movement in nature, man, nor beast. The wind fliff-flaffed, the trees undulated and sang; the waters crawled and dimpled; birds swam; horses foxtrotted; dogs dozed in the sun, and men whittled. As for women, he

had seen only a few, but they were lying in hammocks on shady back porches, or taking unconscious sunbaths in cotton which they pretended to be picking.

It was the nearest thing to the Lotus Eaters which Will had ever seen, and it came more satisfyingly to his heart than any phase of life in his twenty-four years' experience. He could not remember a time in his life when he was not under orders and exhortations to "hurry"—hurry through school; hurry through college; hurry and take up a profession, and last (which was the straw which broke the camel's back of his patience and docility) hurry up and get married and settle down. His father and mother had married when they were respectively sixteen and twenty years old. They each looked almost as young now as he, their eldest child, and had settled down and gotten rich, cutting into bits their big old inherited New England farm and selling it to strangers as their own grew up.

He *couldn't* hurry up and settle down to his profession; it took too much office work and lying. (It was the law.) Life was so broad and sweet outside of offices, and it was such a blessed privilege to tell the truth, and invite a man to go to the other place if he didn't like it.

He wouldn't hurry up and get married because all the women he saw to marry wore corsets and banged their hair; went "down to New York" for the styles; read Zola and Tolstoi and were altogether sophisticated and gregarious. He knew what they were going to say before they got the gum out of the way of their tongues to say it.

He felt ashamed of himself, apologetic towards them and towards his father, who had three other sons to "start," and who periodically and despondently wondered if William would ever come to his senses and get through sowing his wild oats, and settle down and make a man out of himself.

At this critical juncture in life he fell in with two friends, —young men, who, like himself, had their way to make in the world, and who were going West, prospecting. He proposed joining them, to which his father gladly consented—

anything to get the boy on his legs, and interested in something besides football and reading.

The two friends had about decided on a town in the Panhandle, and Will was riding alone on horseback from Jacksboro to Decatur. The Panhandle had not struck him favorably. It was too hurrying. The people all seemed to be on a strain to see who could build the biggest towns and longest railroads. Then the habitation was not typical. It had an Ishmaelitish aspect of Yankees and foreigners who had brought their hurry and greed along with their capital and experience. He had fancied the older and more conservative sections of the Empire State.

It was near noon and he had stopped on this hillside to rest his pony and eat his lunch of sardines and crackers, when suddenly he remembered it was Thanksgiving Day. The sardines were a trifle strong and the crackers very dry. The appealing memory of roast turkey and pumpkin pies was the nearest approach to homesickness he had felt since he had left the old homestead. Something white across the valley caught his eye, which was not a limestone hill. It was a farmhouse, backed by its rail fences, log cabins and shingle roofed barn. Over its tall chimney, on the pink and purple gauze was a thin blue curl of smoke. Smoke meant habitation; habitation meant people; people—company. He was used to plenty of company on Thanksgiving Day. The pony and sardines were infinitely insufficient. The hills were silent and prospecting vague. A man, no less than a nation, needed to lay aside care and the future one day out of the year and sun his soul in the compensation of the present—the grateful acknowledgement of the past. He gathered up his reins, turned off his road, and jogged across the valley under the pink and purple gauze, and over the silver-gray grass where coveys of partridges whirred under the horses' feet, and a lone jackrabbit "got up and got" with one leg tucked up against his belly and a mere speck of white tail apparently gaining on two stiff mule ears. There was a road

worn buggy at the farm yard gate, and several saddled horses tied to the fence under the post oak trees.

A big old brindled cur barked vociferously at him, and three young men, standing on the porch stopped talking and looked at him.

"Egad! I am afraid I have struck a gathering," said Will to himself. But he did not turn back. He tied his horse to the fence beside the others and went up the stone bordered walk, his handsome figure and handsomer face set off by well fitting clothes, and a pair of the clearest, frankest blue eyes which had ever won their way to a stranger's heart.

"Good morning," he said, pushing his hat back and standing with one foot on the low stoop. The young men returned the salutation, and one of them, apparently at home, stepped forward and asked:

"What can I do for you, sir?"

That struck Will rather in a heap. He couldn't very well answer, "You can give me a good dinner and good company for Thanksgiving." Yet that is about the substance of what he said.

"Why, the truth is," he said, smiling, "I am a stranger in Texas, and just remembered that it is Thanksgiving Day. It made me a little homesick and I wanted to see some people. It did not strike me that "some people might not care to see me."

"Come right in," said the young man, cordially giving him his hand. "Texas is glad to welcome such strangers as you. They're the very kind of immigrants we want! I reckon you're from the East!"

"Yes, from Massachusetts. My name is Mason, Will Mason. I am prospecting."

Before he knew it, Will was introduced to John Abercrombie and his two friends and guests; then he was inside a big, square, wood fire-lit room presented to Mrs. Abercrombie and the two Misses Abercrombie, and several well-dressed red-cheeked girls, with a confused sensation of a piano playing, hot popcorn, and a side issue of roast turkey and hot

coffee all chasing each other around a tall fair girl who did the honors and blushed like a rose when the morning sun strikes it.

Pretty soon his breath began to come regularly, his eyes got uncrossed and his heels stayed on the floor. The girl who was playing on the piano resumed her interrupted "piece," while the others chatted on, undisturbed by, and undisturbing the music. They asked him frankly and smilingly if this was his first visit to Texas, how he liked it, expressed individual and unanimous pleasure in meeting him and in hoping that he would cast his lot with them. All the while the eldest Miss Abercrombie looked mildly at him with her calm, sweet gaze, and something went from her heart to his which said, "We are not strangers." It was very delicious and new to him.

"A conventional love story?" Of course, it is! What would become of this feverish, "progressive" world if there were not enough old fashion love affairs to keep it straight?

While Will was wondering whether that burnished gold was the natural color of Miss Abercrombie's hair or the effect of the wood-fire, her brother John was telling him that he was practising law in Decatur and was only home for Thanksgiving; that he must stay all night with them and go on to town with him next morning, where he would show him around and introduce him to the leading citizens. There wasn't one word said about catching a seven-forty-five-and-a-half-train and giving him letters of introduction to the immigration bureau. It was delightful!

They had dinner at two o'clock and it was there that Miss Abercrombie found unconscious scope for an entire capture of Will's demanding heart. Her mother good-naturedly insisted on her presiding at the head of the table, allowing herself to take charge of the side table and service. It seemed they had no servants except an old black mammy cook whose turbaned head had bobbed skittishly once or twice across the door between the dining-room and kitchen.

But the mother was laughingly but firmly pushed down into

the seat of honor, while the white hands of the daughter lay on the motherly fat shoulders and the gold burnished head pressed lovingly against the iron gray one.

Like messenger doves of plenty those same white hands fluttered about the table, dispensing the food adroitly, delicately slicing bread, cutting cake, triangling pie, while the red lipped mouth and interested eyes went on with the conversation.

Finally when she drew her chair up to the corner of the table beside her brother—which corner chanced to be at Will's own elbow—and called softly, turning her head toward the kitchen door, "You may hand my soup now, mammy," physical hunger absolutely deserted Will in the burst of soulful adoration which took possession of him. When she laughed, her sweet breath touched his cheek; when she stirred, her skirts brushed his feet, and when she handed him a piece of pumpkin pie—real, genuine, golden cinnamomy pie,—just like his mother was slicing that moment at home—why, the poor boy went almost daft with delight and adoration, yet he kept his head enough to murmur his surprise and something about supposing that pumpkin pie was a New England product purely and exclusively.

"We raise pumpkins for the pigs and darkies," Miss Abercrombie said, laughing and showing all her even white teeth; "I made that pie myself for Nannie," nodding to one of her guests, "she's a little Yankee, too." It was sweet to be considered by her, if only as a "Yankee, too."

After dinner they strolled on the creek. They gathered pecans, hickory nuts and mistletoe to tell fortunes with. The alley in that rich, warm air was like a big bowl full of wine, and the golden light of Miss Abercrombie's hair repeated itself in her eyes every time she looked at Will.

They "tried fortunes" after supper, sprinkling hot embers on the wide stone hearth, laying mistletoe leaves upon them and naming them for their sweethearts. "Will" and "Miss Abercrombie" leapt toward each other every time. The oft

repeated omen amused the others, teased her and beguiled Will so that he forgot he had not already asked her.

Did they marry? Of course they did, and Will is one of the most prosperous attorneys-at-law in Western Texas. He has the nicest wife in the world, too. She must be, for she is the only woman on record, who, according to her own husband's testimony, "can make pie just as good as my mother!"

HOWELL LAKE PINER

Mr. Piner was born in Kentucky in 1858. He has given the greater portion of his life to teaching and to literary work. His field of labor for the past quarter of a century has been in Texas. During this time he has been prominent in many educational enterprises. He has contributed extensively to eastern magazines and short stories, having won a joint first prize for the best short story in the *Sunny South* (now the *Uncle Remus Magazine*), and first prize for the best collection of original productions in prose and verse in a contest inaugurated by *Werner's Magazine*, the collection now being *Werner's Reading and Recitations, No. 23.*

Besides poems and short stories, Mr. Piner has issued in book form, *Ruth, A Romance of the Civil War,* and an ethical work entitled, *Builders of the Beautiful.* From this latter an extract is given, together with some selections showing his poetic power.

Amongst the favorable critics of Mr. Piner's literary work are Clarence Edmund Stedman and Florence Morse Kingsley.

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THE BUILDER: THE DESTROYER.

(From Chapter I of *Builders of the Beautiful,* by H. L. Piner, and used by permission of the publishers, Funk and Wagnalls Company, N. Y.)

When Ingomar, the barbarian, entered his tent and found Parthenia, the captive Greek maiden, arranging flowers into wreaths he was displeased, and said:

"What are you doing?"

"Weaving garlands," she replied.

"But what is their use?" he asked, gruffly.

"They are beautiful, and that is their use," she responded.

In these simple questions and answers may be seen the character of the Greek and of the barbarian of every age, though they may have other names.

The Greek saw beauty in everything, and his body and his face grew marvelously like the perfections of form and feature. The barbarian could see no beauty anywhere except in the coarsest texture of things, and then only with a coarse understanding, and his body and his face were correspondingly coarse and common.

The Greek made fine mental distinctions, applying them in his own life, and fibre and tissue in his physical frame were better grained and finer-wrought for all his beautiful thinking. The barbarian could think but grossly; his nerves never became the messengers of delicate building forces, the structure of his body was savage like his mind, and his muscles were gnarled and disproportioned.

The Greek lived the higher mental and physical culture, and he acquired for himself not only beauty but the power to reproduce it with his hands and to reproduce it to his posterity. The barbarian lived chiefly among his appetites and passions, cherishing ever the combative and unfriendly qualities of character, acquiring for himself the physiognomy of the hyena, and he has left us not a single model of art in any form, while not a single specimen of his tribe approached physical perfection or gave it to his progeny.

The Greek was esthetic in mind and body, and everything he touched grew beautiful, from the sandals on his feet and the helmet on his brow, to his patriotism at Marathon and his courage at Thermopylæ. The barbarian was uncouth in all his being, and everything he touched became graceless and distorted, from the Vandal's club in his hand to the miserable conception in his mind that power is justice and might is right.

The Greek reveled in the most delicate inner graces, and for two thousand five hundred years the wide world has reveled in his outer graces. The barbarian gloated over the vulgar use of force, and for two thousand five hundred years the wide world has mourned the loss of the beautiful creations which he demolished.

To the Greek, beauty was next to virtue. To the barbarian, force was the only virtue. The face and the form of the one are illustrious examples of the power of a cultured spirit to express itself through a beautiful body. The face and the form of the other are monumental warnings of the power of an animalized spirit to express itself through a savage body.

The builders in every age have its most beautiful and cultured types. The destroyers in every age have been its ugliest and harshest featured specimens. The Greeks, with their ideas of order and harmony, built their inner lives and their architecture and their institutions with stability to endure and grace to adorn. The barbarians, with their boorish conceptions of symmetry and relation, built their inner lives and their architecture and their institutions with neither strength for utility nor elegance to charm.

The Greek let his culture flow into his blood, and his mind sent along his arteries the constructive energy that fashioned the divinest form this side of Eden. The barbarian, with muddy and spiritless circulation, with no ideals above the flesh, became the iconoclast of civilization and the destroyer of his own physical perfections.

But as the Greek won the barbarian into a love of culture, so may all barbarity be redeemed by beauty. There is some-

thing in man that unceasingly impels him to yield to the spell of loveliness. No matter how low his life, nor how ill-formed his features, he has power to conceive of beauty beyond the body, and the capacity to feel the affinities within the soul for transcendent graces. Not only so, but there is in every heart, active or latent, a conscious, restless yearning after divine ideals of inner life and outer form.

No spiritual estate is so poor but it takes some cultivation and bears some fruit. No human eye is so leaden in its gravitations but it may be lifted above the horizon. It may not look into the empyrean, but it may see the morning and the evening star.

Man cannot live without this impact of primal graces upon his consciousness. There is in every intelligence a sense of power to mount toward these idealities, and there is no human being but in his tranquil moods has faith in his own divinity that he can rise into something more beautiful than he now is.

The culture of the Greek was a mightier force than the vandalism of the barbarian. Cyclops forging iron for Vulcan cannot stand against Pericles forging thought for Greece. When the destroyer came to plunder the temples of Athens and ravish her palaces of their treasures in art, the spirit of the superior race fell from the fragments of marble upon the barbarian and, passing beyond the Alps, taught the lesson of Parthenia from the Bosphorus to the Pillars of Hercules.

Beautiful ideals are stronger safeguards than battle-axes. The builder wrought with immortal principles; the destroyer only with things of sense. The one fashioned for eternity; the other merely dismantled the symbols of the imperishable. The resurgent powers of the spirit forever mount toward the perfect. Destruction and decay of environment cannot disintegrate the inherent elements of culture nor radically estrange human life from the secrets and sources of its glory. The divine evolution of man is the growth of the soul toward the great Archetypal Model. Spiritual bounty is the law of he unseen world. Whoever opens wide the avenues of his

heart to the opulence of life will magnify all the essential attributes of his being, and his countenance will reflect back into the smile of God something more of the image of the Divine.

MY COMRADES.

(A sentiment for the last day of the year.)

Stand fast there, guardian of my soul's deep quest,
Cling to your heritage of all that's best
From God's heart unto mine!
Stand where the tottering year, his last breath spent,
Shall join with priestly thoughts the sacrament
Of broken bread and wine.
Of Faith, Hope, Love—ye shall not be afraid
To stand alone at midnight undismayed
And see the old year die;
Inscribe across the parting of the way
That we have been congenial company,—
Old Year and you and I.

Stand fast there, guardians of my soul's deep quest,
Watch for the dawn that brings once more the best
From God's heart unto mine!
Greet the New Year and say, in all his ways,
That we shall walk together down the days
To his last sun's decline.
Of Faith, Hope, Love,—ye shall not be afraid
To stand again at midnight undismayed
And see the New Year die;
By every troth of truth declare it ye:
We shall be one congenial company,
New Year and you and I.

Stand fast there, guardian of my soul's deep quest,
Through all the endless years where wait the best
From God's heart unto mine!

Stand with me, comrades, high up there in your heaven,
Like peaks of granite by no lightnings riven,—
Tall peaks of Palestine!
Oh, Faith, Hope, Love,—ye shall not be afraid
To journey on through cycles undismayed
And see Time age and die!
Beyond the last dead midnight we shall be
Forever one congenial company,—
The Years and you and I.

TOMORROW.

Today I stand on the wreck-strewn strand
Of the ocean of human unrest;
And the billows roll in with their deafening din,
And break on humanity's breast;
And I sigh for the ships where the moaning white lips
Kiss the rocks on the reefs of the shore;
While their pitiless cries strike the low sullen skies,
That echo one word evermore:
"Tomorrow!"

Ah, the passion-torn wrecks swept a-sea from the decks,
Or sunk in the sands of the shore;—
And the loves that lie dead on the lives they have led
To the breakers with the tides sweeping o'er;
Who will pilot at last, when the tempest has passed,
Into harbors and havens of rest?
What is life? What is death? What this strife of a breath?
And what to be lost or be best
"Tomorrow?"

Oh, my soul's carrier-birds, with your wings 'neath my words,
Mount skyward out over the waves,
Lest they sink in the deep, with the thousands that sleep
In the silence of echoeless graves;

Go, and catch me some bright hopeful message of light
  Impearled in your white-silvered beaks,
For I watch and I pray that the dawn of each day
  Shall bring what my sobbing seeks
    "Tomorrow."

Oh, I long evermore for that mystical shore
  Where surges no turbulent tide,—
Where no storm ever swept and no eye ever wept,
  And the beautiful never have died;—
Where no dweller grows old, and where glories unfold.
  That enrapture the spirits of men,—
Where they whisper alway, not of dying to-day,
  But of living and loving again
    "Tomorrow."

But the mist and the spray of the ocean today
  Are lifting and drifting from view,
And the hoarse-howling sea will be tranquil for me,
  And the cloud-rift be jeweled with blue;
For the white-vellumed ship comes with beckoning dip
  For its freightage of souls at the pier,
And the voyager's life may disrobe of its strife,
  For the coasts of two worlds will be clear
    "Tomorrow."

Though the tempests still boom with the thunders of doom,
  These are whispers of peace and of calm,
For the Voice whose decree hushed the wild Galilee
  Bids the soul to be singing its psalm;
When the curtains are drawn for the burst of the dawn
  To o'erflood the waste earth with its glow,
All the yearnings of years, recompensed for their tears,
  I shall see, I shall hear, I shall know.
    "Tomorrow."

Only surface is stirred: Mighty laws undergird
All the spheres as they circle and sing;
Soul, be still! He who whirls through their courses vast worlds
Gives the orbit of being its swing;
Roll, ye waves, mountain-high;—dash your foam to the sky;
There is calm in the heart of the sea;
And I wait through the storm for the Glorified Form
That will walk on the waters to me
"Tomorrow."

LET'S GO BACK TO HONEY GROVE!

You say there was a far-off look about my face and eyes
As if I'd caught the glimpse of things half-veiled within the skies?
Well,—I don't know just how it was, but when you spoke that name
I couldn't hear you for the rush of memories that came;
For I was looking right down through the long low sweep of years,
A-laughing to their laughter, and a-sobbing to their tears,—
A-reaching for the eager hands outstretched to greet me there,
And listenin' to the muffled voices soundin' everywhere.
Invitin' me to join 'em in the gladsome songs of yore
To make the good old times we had a paradise once more;—
Me answerin' with the love that keeps, no matter where I rove,
My soul a-callin' to me: "Let's go back to Honey Grove!"

I'd like to have a round-up of that royal, roisterin' crowd
That mistook earth for heaven just because it had no cloud;
The gang that labored all day long in shop or field or trade,
Yet wooed milady's dreamin' with the midnight serenade.
I'd like to just drop in on one more good old candy pull
Where beach the strands of sorghum into graceful braids of wool,—

Where everything's delicious from the sweets within your hand
To the bonds that circle round your life with love's own golden bands,—
Where smiles talk to you trustin'ly, and unsaid words are known,
And every hope is joyous at the comin' of its own;—
Me answerin' with the love that keeps, no matter where I rove,—
My soul a-pleadin' with me: "Let's go back to Honey Grove!"

A "Sociable!" Ain't nothin' beats that popular event!
You got invited! Or, if not, why all the same, you went!
There wasn't no dividin' line between the rich and pore;
It didn't make much difference then, what kind o' clothes you wore;
You just line up your partners to the tune of "Weavelly Wheat,"
And start the hands a-swingin' to the rhythmic tramp of feet;
There ain't no modern "function" that can hold a candle light
Beside the dazzlin' chivalry of such a glorious sight;
The silken swish of calico, the brush of angel-wing,—
The whispered word, the lingering grasp of fingers as you swing;
Me answerin' with the love that keeps, no matter where I rove,—
My soul a tuggin' at me: "Let's go back to Honey Grove!"

There's going to be a round-up of that bevy some sweet day—
The ninety and nine within the fold the one that went astray—
A sure-enough homecomin' of that royal roysterin' crowd
That mistook earth for heaven just because it had no cloud;
The same glad voices with their songs and faces with their smiles,
And snowy hands to lift the veil that hid the afterwhiles,—
The heart-communion ours again, and the long-time-lost caress,

God callin' from the smaller to the larger happiness,—
The Holy City gleamin' right in front of that old town,
The serenaders singin' and a-waitin' for the crown;—
My soul a-answerin' with the love that keeps where'er I rove:
"Dear Lord, receive the spirit of the boy from Honey Grove!"

EZMERILDY AND ME.

We wuz settin' out tater slips one afternoon,
Swappin' ideez 'bout plantin' in dark o' the moon,—
Ezmerildy an' me,— 'n' how visissytoods come,
An' whether they's natcherl, and whar they cum frum,
And Ezmerildy she 'lowed in a pious-like mood
That thare warn't no sich thing ez a visissytood;
'Cause Ezmerildy she's got Second Blessin', and she gives
Me one o' them blessin's ever' day that she lives.
She'll cote Scripture and argy that you ain't goin' to go
Till your time comes and, usually, I reckon that's so;
Ef they hit you you're goin' whe'er your time's come or not;

"Yit I've noticed," sez I, "that thare is things dead-shot
Yaller janders, for instance,—can't no doctern control,
Or a ager a-yellerin' both body and soul.
"Now," sez I, "Ezmerildy, supposin' a earthquake
Wuz to roll up right under you",—"I'll never forsake,"
Sez she. "But, Ezmerildy, ef you seen a cyclone
A-humpin' right todes you,—" "He keeps keer of His own,"
Sez she. Jest then thunder tore loose in the sky
And ript cross the whole firmament. Sez I:
"Ezmerildy, them clouds is behavin' so quare,
Ain't you scared o' them elyments up thare'n the air?"
Says she: "No; I've been 'stablished for nigh forty year,
And thare ain't no phenomeny can give me no fear."

"But, Ezmerildy, let's fly to the storm-house," sez I.
Sez she: "stand on the promises, stand till you die."
"But," sez I, "I can't stand with the gyratin' thing

A-givin' my yearlin's the whoop-cracker swing,
And a-jugglin' the fence rails, and a-breakin' for me:
Let's not only fly, Ezmerildy,—let's flee!"

"'How firm a foundation,' she histed the chune,
And sung to the sound of that whirlwind balloon.
I hefted my feet: "Ezmerildy,' sez I,
"The Lord gimme these wings, and I'm goin' fer to fly.'
Then the swirl and the twist and the crash and the roar,
As I lay in the cellar in terror, passed o'er;
And in anguish I look up and see the loved form
Of my own Ezmerl whirlin' 'round through that storm:
And I heerd in the wild sweep of winds that same song
Still ringin' with faith though the whole world went wrong!
Well, I found her at last jist beginnin' to scratch
In that same tater hill in that same tater patch.
"Ezmerildy," sez I, "you are so weather-beat,—
All bedraggled and drenched from your head to your feet!"
"My faith helt me up," sez she, "faith fer the crown;"
"Sumpm helt you and whirlt you, but my doubts helt me down!
Them that's 'stablished can stay 'stablished, but my doctern, you see,
Is fer helpin' the Lord whilst the Lord's helpin' me!
You can bet if a cyclone come pintin' my way,
You can set thare and trust, ef you want to, all day,
But, charge my account with a orthodox blunder,
F'r I'll be prayin' like a saint, but a-runnin' like thunder!"

AFTER SO LONG.

(From Werner's *Readings and Recitations,* No. 23, prize collection of original verse and prose by H. L. Piner and used by permission of publishers.)

'Twas a mother's good-by at the old cabin door
To her baby-love boy of just twenty-one years,
As she fondled his hair with her tremulous hands,

And baptized his young face with her fast-flowing tears.
And the tears dropped the salt of a mother-love's prayers
As the savor of life on the face where they fell;
And the two loving souls made their silent adieus
As the one dreamed of heaven and the other of hell.

For the youth only reckoned the glory of war
In the bayonet's gleam and the cannon's hot breath,
While the mother saw Murder drive over the land
And his ponderous car crush the people to death.
Only yesterday he was her baby-love boy,
But today he's a man, with man's purposes strong;
And Ambition strode off with a firm martial tread,
While Love lingered and murmured, "Oh, it is so long!"

On the field Time swept by like a swift-flighted bird,
But he seemed to grow gray at the old cabin door;
For the billows of hope that had borne the boy out
Brought no ship of good news to the watcher on shore;
But the roar of the war-cloud was silenced at last,
Peace and Mercy joined voices and chanted their song,
Yet they brought little comfort to her who still sobbed
Her heart's echo of echoes: "Oh, it is so long!"

When the boy came at last with a firm martial tread,
Seeking mother and home with a soldierly pride,
Only ashes remained where the cabin had stood,
And bleak winds o'er the tenantless premises sighed.
As he searched far and wide for the mother in vain
Baby-love warmed the heart that had battled so strong,
And his listening lost soul held its hands o'er its ears
As it caught memory's whisper: "Oh, it is so long!"

Ten long years crept apace in the far-away West,
When the papers announced he had murdered a guide;
And the jail's iron arms held the soldier and son
Till the law's speedy vengeance should be satisfied.

In the city a rag-picker saw the headlines
On a soiled paper scrap 'neath the feet of the throng;
Joy encompassed her being in spite of the crime,
As she kissed it and murmured: "Oh, after so long!"

And the boy donned the stripes and began the long task
Of his twenty-five years in the criminal's pen.
For her ticket she saved just a penny a day
From the scant bill of fare in the rag-picker's den.
When her journey was done and she stood by the cell,
He was humming her long-ago lullaby song;
And her dazed eyes grew dim, and her nerveless form fell
As her white lips moaned only: "Oh, after so long!"

Twenty years dragged along when a sworn message came
That another, not her son, had killed the old guide.
In her fingers the keys, the great bolt turned at last,
And her trembling old hand swung the dungeon-door wide.
Then, half-conscious, she fell in her baby-boy's arms,
Faintly crooning her long-ago lullaby song;
And her life floated out on a sunbeam that day,
As the white lips still chanted: "Oh, after so long!"

DE THANKSGIVIN' BLESSIN'.

(From the *Century Magazine* for November, 1906.)

Set down, Lindy! Whar's yo' mannahs? Aint you got no raisin', chile?
Don't be re'chin' crost de table! Possum sets you chillun wil'!
Don't you know dis heah's Thanksgivin'? We's a-goin' to have a prar
'Fo' we teches dem dar possums nor dem dar taters,—git back dar!
Now, ole 'oman, keep deze chill'n wid deyr heads all bowed down low,
Whilst I offer up de Blessin' fer de fambly,—hands down, so!

"Lawd, we don't know how to m'sure what you does up
dar'n de sky,
But we knows in all yo' givin' dat you never pass us by;
And we's grateful for de good things you continues to dis-
pense
From de cawn-crib an' de smoke-house of yo' lovin' Pruvi-
dence;
Thank de Lawd fer all His blessin's,—'specially dem dat He
ordains
Fer de nigger's faithful stummick an' de honger it contains—
Sech as red-meat watermillions, storin' up de natal juice
Of de somertime's bes' honey fer de hones' nigger's use!
An' we thanks you, Lawd, fer roas'n yeahs and fer de yaller
yam,
Fer de cawn-cake in de ashes and de ham-bone in de ham!
We remembers you mos' kindly fer de bacon and de beans,
And fer good potlicker extry wid de jowl and turnip greens!
And dey haint no mortal music to us niggers heah below
Lak de gobblin' ob de gobbler and de rooster's lawdly crow!
Fer deze blessin's and all others we is thankful, Lawd always,
But we lif's de chune up higher in de dear old possum's
praise!
Kaze we shouts in halleluiahs fer de makin' of dis beas'
Ez de cov'nant wid de niggah in dis heah Thanksgivin'
feas'!"

Link! What mak yo' mouf so greasy? M'randy! What you
munchin' on?
Stop, you sackerleegious varmint! Whar's dat bigges' tater
gone?
Drap it back dar, Lizy, heah me? Dis heah aint no eatin' race!
Now, ole' 'oman, min' deze chill'n whilst I finish sayin' grace
"Lawd, dey tells me dat de possum am de oldes' critter yet,
And we knows you'se preserved him fer de nigger's benefit!
And we thanks you, Lawd, for deze two 'cause dey was so
fat and hale
From de whiskers on deyr nostrils to de col' and naked tail!

Kaze de possum's good all over from dat tantalizin' grin
To de marrer-bones and striffin' and de gravy in de skin!
And we thanks de Lawd fer givin' niggers educated tas',
So's 'at dey kin eat de possum widout a single drap of was'!
Angels, look down on dis picture! Chill'n waitin' fer a piece,
Ever' little mouf a-drippin' wid thanksgivin' at de feas'!
And de parents bofe a-praisin' Him from whom all blessin's flow,—
Him dat keeps de blackes' nigger same ez dem dat's white as snow!
Lawd, we honors de traditions of de niggers to de en'!
Bless us whilst we takes de creases out'n our stummucks now,—Amen!"

Lawdy mussy! Whar's dem possums? And dem taters, dey's gone, too!
And de gravy done sopped out'n bofe platters clean ez new!
Link! Mirandy! Zeke! Ole 'oman! Ef de las' one ain't cut out!
May dyspepsy ha'nt deyr stummucks and deyr feet sweel up wid gout!
Me a-prayin' and a-prayin' to de Lawd dat never fail,
Dey a-stealin' at de altar, leavin' but de tail!
Yit, I ort to've knowed dat Nature's powerful weak aginst de strain
Twix' a nigger's empty stummuck and a gnawin' honger pain;
Leas'ways dat's how come me losin' all dis heah thanksgivin' feas',
Cep'n de tail mixed up wid memories of de missin' possum greas'!
Knocked clean out'n all de glory of de lux'ries dat's done gone
Kaze I didn't ax de blessin' fo' I blowed de dinner ho'n!
But I'll promise de ole 'oman and dem chil'lun powerful strong
Dat de nex' Thanksgivin' pra'r won't be so everlistin' long!"

CLARENCE OUSLEY

Mr. Ousley was born in Georgia in 1863. He received his education at the Agricultural and Mechanical College of Alabama, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Coming to Texas, he taught school in Waxahachie, where he married.

He has been connected in various capacities with the *Farm and Ranch,* the *Dallas News, The Galveston Tribune,* the *Houston Post.* The Galveston storm of 1900 swept away everything that he had, and he was forced to begin life anew. In 1904 he organized the *Fort Worth Record,* which soon became a recognized force in the political, industrial, and educational life of the State.

He has been identified with the larger movements, looking to educational reform, and was active in the organization of the State Conference for Education, of which he has been president from the beginning.

He has shown strong power as poet, journalist, and lecturer. The larger part of his poetry belongs to his earlier years as journalist, the fuller development of his literary power finding expression in the strong, masterful prose of later editorial work. The following selections of verse and prose are given.

A SONG OF THE SIMPLER THINGS.

Oh, sing me a song of the simpler things—
Of the lives that love and laugh;
I'm tired of War and the song of sweat
That tells but the bitter half.

The earth is strong and the world is well—
'Tis the singer that's all awry,
The sun is up and will never go down
'Til the stars are in the sky.

Oh, sing me a song of the manly man
Who knows his burden's his own,
The man who laughs in the rain or shine
While he swings his hoe alone.
It isn't the thing that's done to us
That burns like a red-hot brand—
It's the thing we do or leave undone
Because we don't understand.

Oh, sing me a song of fruits and flowers—
The tints of the peach and rose,
Or the blush that blows on the virgin cheek
Of the fairest thing that grows.
I'm tired of wars and alarum bells,
And the light that flames the sky—
Oh, sing me a song of the simpler things
That live and love and die.

THE SEA IS HUMAN.

The sea is human and its moods are various,
It is a woman, all perfumed, voluptuous,
Unwittingly alluring weak, unwary man
To hazard any cost for one moist, warm caress,
And, all too late, discovers to herself and him
That fate has bound her to the unresponsive earth.

It is a man of Titan strength and youthful mien,
Whose years are countless as the past and future is
The yet unfolded ages of eternity.
And all the tasks of Hercules were merely sport,
Prometheus bound by chords as light as lovers' lies,
If measured by the labors of this slave of time,
This restless servant of the unrespiting world.

It is the unfathomed heart of all the universe
Whose secret arteries reach up from man to God.
And every sob from anywhere and every laugh
Is echoed in its velvet vaults and whispered back
In softer, sweeter tones to every listening soul.

RAIN IN THE NIGHT.

I lay last night in a dream-built boat—
I know not whether a-sail or afloat.
Sometimes it rose on the billowy air,
And sometimes hung suspended where
The wind was eddying under a cloud
And the storm was wrapped in a moonbeam shroud.
Sometimes it raced through the raging sea
And then lay anchored under the lee
Of an island of spice and bloom and hedge
And crystal rock on its wave-wet edge.
I cared not how or when or where—
Afloat on the sea, a-sail in the air,
Atop of the wind or atop of the wave—
I was all content for my boat was brave.

And somewhere along on the journey to light,
Through the odorous, luminous, tactile night,
A whispering, pattering, musical sound
Sprang tremulous down from the sky to the ground,
With the sweet, fresh smell of the sprinkled earth
And the first faint thrill of a blossom's birth.

I wanted to linger the whole night long
In the drowse and scent of the midway song:
But swift as an arrow, without jolt or jar,
My boat shot on to the morning star;
And full in my face was the light of day
And all of my journey in dreamland lay.

GOO-GOO LAND.

Oh! Goo-Goo Land is a long way off
On the other side of the moon,
Where the sun is bright and the shade is soft
And the fields are green as June.

And Goo-Goo folks are the queerest sort
That ever were seen in dreams;
They cannot walk and they cannot talk
And they dress in pink sunbeams.

They roll in the grass and they kick their heels
And frolic and laugh alway;
For it never is night in Goo-Goo Land,
But one long holiday.

And no man knows the way up there,
Not even the man in the moon,
Nor the star that shines in the farthest sky
Nor the sun at highest noon.

But now and then a Goo-Goo falls
From the unknown land above,
And, swift as a meteor, drops unharmed,
In the waiting arms of love.

PUNY MAN.

(Editorial in the *Fort Worth Record.*)

In the presence of such destruction as the earthquake and fire at San Francisco, puny man stands appalled, stripped of pride and dumb with terror. Below, around, and above him are forces whose lightest touch may wreck his noblest work, whose invisible hands are ready to smite him as a mere atom of annoyance, whose energies are incalculable, whose purposes are incomprehensible, whose endurance is infinite, and whose wrath is chaos and annihilation.

In the reckoning of the Mighty Composite of the eternal mysteries, a thousand years is as a passing moment; and all the tangible products of all the arts of all history—Nineveh and Tyre, Babylon and the Pyramids and the Golden Gate—all are but the play-blocks of baby-land, the fretwork of the frosted pane, "the foam upon the billow, a moment white, then gone forever. "Even our human race, older than its own recollection, hoary with the ages, scarred with struggle and gleaming with imagined wisdom, is but a swarm of buzzing insects, born in a night, winging, and rejoicing for a day, and perishing as it came. And our substantial earth, for whose treasure and dominion we toil and weep and die, even this is but a tiny globe with a moist, green crust, encasing a seething, bubbling, molten mass, flung, like a boy's ball, into infinite space, and following a chance orbit of revolution until such time as it may burst like a rocket or spend its fires and swing cold and tenantless in the everlasting night.

This is nature and this is life as we can dimly guess it by what it deigns to reveal or what it dares to do. And if we were left to guess from what we know, to judge by only what we see with eyes that cannot even hold themselves a moment to the light; if the visible, tangible, material, perishable things were all—if a man were but the atom his senses prove, then indeed were it all vanity and folly, and the wiser part were a surrender and escape by a bare bodkin.

By the logic of demonstrated and demonstrable physics, following the reasoning of the material and the lessons of the seasons, taking sane warning of the storm, the flood, and the earthquake, man were a poor, pitiful fool to struggle for a single day where there are so many easy and quick ways of suicide.

But this is not all. There is more—there is more—as surely as there is a longing and a hope in every heart that beats, a hope that is felt even before intelligence tries to define it. The normal man wills to live because he is impelled to live, because he instinctively desires something better than

himself, because there is a consciousness of spirit which is contemptuous of its tenement, which ever and ever, waking or sleeping, rejoicing or sorrowing, lifts and leads him on and on and up and up.

It is not blind chance. For all its convulsions, it is Order; and back of Order is Purpose—and man is both an instrument and a part of that Purpose. And so, puny and helpless as he is, he is in and of the scheme of the Great Intelligence, and he is comforted in being, and in enduring, and in achieving, because he believes in himself, in his mission, and in its final fulfillment

THE RAIN, THE RAINBOW, AND THE SUNSET.

(A newspaper story written after a long drouth.)

It was the most welcome and the most beautiful rain that ever fell—welcome to a thirsting earth, parched and cracked and bare; with cattle almost starving upon grass, withered and scorched and dry as straw; with corn spindling and struggling and jaundiced; with cotton not yet sprouted or not even planted in the hard, unyielding clods; with spring gardens and flower-beds almost as sere as the last days of summer; with farmers, stockmen, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, and railroaders still nervous from last year's panic, counting accrued and accruing losses in all the exaggeration of the business blues—why, it was welcome as manna and about as desperately needed.

And beautiful beyond any other beauty of nature or art at their best—literally beautiful, the dream of the poet and the rhapsody of the painter materialized in a shower of silver and perfume, visible and sensible to the sight and smell, and the rainbow and the pot of gold at the end of it—really and truly.

It started a little after five o'clock in the midst of a blustering, dust-choking gale from the southeast. A few big spluttering drops fell and sprinkled the sidewalks and roads. Ladies who were driving whipped up a little, but the men

only looked skyward wistfully, doubtingly, and went on about their business—they had been bluffed too often to take the clouds seriously.

It spluttered on.

The women folk laid on the whip harder, loose animals sniffed the moisture and broke for shelter, and the doubting Thomases began to take notice and look hopeful.

A great blanketing cloud with a white fringe was spreading over from the northwest and a darker one crept narrowly along the southern horizon. The wind held steady and the drops fell thicker; the dust was laid and the water trickled from the roofs into the drain spouts.

Then it rained—sure enough wet rain—and the people almost forgot to close the doors and put down the windows. They stood and watched, smiling and rejoicing, holding their breath and praying that the wind would not shift to the fatal northwest, which had blighted every prospect for six months.

But it kept on raining, and the wise men who had been so skeptical began to say, "I told you so."

In the very midst of it the sun shone with such whiteness and softness as never before fell on gladdened eyes. People looked right into it without blinking. The clouds had lifted in the west as they banked in the east; they had met overhead and poured down their treasure, until it ran in the ditches.

It was a slanting, glistening shower of pearls; a rustling, rattling rush of silver beads on threads of invisible wire shaken in the sun. It fairly danced and sang like a living thing of spangles and fresh odors.

Two farmers with a wagon load of hogs drove along the road slowly, lazily, actually reveling in the money-making wetness.

"If the sun shines through the rain, it will rain again tomorrow." There was added zest in the hope of the old weather proverb, and a double rainbow gave the promise greater impress. It spanned the whole eastern sky with its ancient glory.

And still the rain fell, now lighter, now heavier, but unfailingly,—and the thunder rolled profoundly and assuringly—not savagely and crackingly, but so evenly and harmoniously that even the women smiled and were not afraid.

It was a sweet and melodious hour.

Supper got cold on the table, the rain was more edifying than the victuals.

As soon as it closed the children were out wading in the puddles and squashing mud through their toes. The thrifty gardener hastened to set sweet peppers and egg plants and to look around for poles to stick the running beans.

And then for a benediction and blessing on it all, just as the sun set, the clouds banked in the west and north, and the gold of a dying day poured through a crevice and spattered all the sky with a flaming yellow and red on the molten white of the heavenly canvas which the Master Painter deigns now and then to exhibit to the wondering eye of the children of men.

Today the plows will be running. There will be crops hereabouts.

JESSE EDWARD GRINSTEAD

Mr. Grinstead was born in Kentucky in 1866. Two years later the family moved to Missouri. When fourteen years of age, he went with his father's family to the Chickasaw Nation in the Indian Territory. Working on the farm and the ranch in the daytime and studying at night, he acquired sufficient education to become a printer, a reporter, and finally the editor and owner of a newspaper.

In 1899 he moved to Kerrville, Texas, where he still resides. He was subsequently elected mayor of the

town, and, in 1906 was sent to the State Legislature where he was soon honored with the title, "Poet-Laureate of the Legislature." He originated the bill for a State sanitarium for tuberculosis, which bill eventually became a law. This, he considers the great service of his life, because it was directly a great movement in the cause of humanity.

A student of nature, a lover of the great out-doors, this writer is an essayist upon matters of human interest, and a poet of the people. He owns and publishes the *Kerrville Mountain Sun* and finds time to write a little verse, and occasionally a story, that, as he says,

> Makes people laugh to wield the ground fallow,
> And weep to water the seeds
> That fall on the heart, the ground that we hallow—
> And grow into glorious deeds.

FISHIN' ON THE GUADALUPE.

I'm a-fishin' on the Guadalupe, a cool an' shady spot,
With cotton line an' rusty hook an' sinker made of shot.

The black bass are bitin' an' the banks are full of flowers,
Nature's music's softly hummin' in a thousan' sylvan bowers.

I'm a-smokin' an' a-dreamin' of the days of long ago,
When life was glad an' pleasant, an' th' wan't no grief nor woe.

Ain't no past, ain't no future, ain't no nothin' but the breeze,
A-whisperin' an' a-sighin' through the wavin' cypress trees.

A mockin' bird's a-singin' in an oak across the way,
The crimson gold of sunset marks the closin' of a day

That's been happy, mighty happy, plum full of laughin' joy,
That took me back to childhood, to the days when I's a boy;

To times when Nature called me and I didn't know her voice,
But with hook an' line went fishin', a matter of sweet choice.

This day has been so pleasant, been so kinder sweet an' sad,
Yet I couldn't feel no sorrow, 'cause I've been so awful glad

To be a boy again, a-fishin', brimful of joy an' life,
An' to have this day for treasure, through years of toil and strife.

When I get back to the city, with its crowd an' busy thrall,
I'm goin' to keep this picture hangin' on sweet mem'ry's wall;

An' when troubles, like an army, through my tired brain shall troop,
I'll remember this day's pleasure, "Fishin' on the Guadalupe!"

OCTOBER.

(Written in reply to a Northern poet who had written of "October in the 'Hill Country' of Texas.")

Listen, Singer of the Northland,
Hear a word from Southern stream;
As it glistens in the silver
Of October's sunset gleam.

Once there was a day of sadness,
When no Northern mock-bird sung;
When the Southern thrush was silent,
And a nation's heart was wrung.

But that day is gone, forgotten,
And the gap, at first so wide,
Has been healing, slowly healing,
Constant as the ocean's tide.

No October e'er was wasted
That produced one gentle thought;
Fair October you have left us,
But one pleasure you have brought.

One sweet singer of the Northland,
As he praised your nut-brown hair,
Touched the heart of Southern songsters,
Good-bye, crimson Goddess fair!

You have gone like countless others,
Red and gold leaves in your lap;
But the North and South are brothers,
Shaking hands across the gap.

THE WHISTLE OF THE "BOB WHITE."

When I was a little boy I tried through many summers to imitate the whistle of the "Bob White," to no avail. I have known several fellows in my life who could give a very fair imitation of the bird, but it doesn't make a fellow sit up and take notice to hear the whistle when he is looking for it. The time when it sounds good and puts your very soul on the wideawake, is when you are walking along the road just before sundown, meditating upon the profound problems of life. Everything is still, night is drawing near. All at once, the "Bob White," sitting on the old rail fence, just the other side of a wild grape-vine from you, will whistle in his clear notes and set your heart throbbing and bring back a string of memories that had slept for years.

To most people the whistle of the "Bob White" is simply a whistle and always sounds the same; but in point of fact, the "Bob White" whistles with his feelings, with his soul, just as men and women sing. Sometimes his whistle is the blithe, hopeful song of early morning, when a glorious day is before us, and again it is the tender sigh of a tired mother, after a day of care and the little troubles of life.

A few days ago, I was out on a country road just before sunset. I was walking along, discussing in my mind the opinions of learned men upon certain technical and scientific things. The picture I was contemplating was dull and uninteresting, but of a sudden a "Bob White" whistled on a fence near me, and his mate answered in plaintive tone from out in the wheat field, as if she were telling her lord that it was late and time for him to come home and help her cuddle her little ones to sleep.

Immediately the dull prospect passed away, and before my mental vision opened a grand picture as large as memory itself. I saw great fields of waving, golden grain. Here was a field of shocks where the wheat had been cut. There was a large block of gold with a margin of brown stubble and scattered bundles around it where the harvesters had been at work. Two little boys were walking along the "turnin' row," each carrying a tin bucket on his arm, going toward the old red farmhouse, where they could hear the cows lowing and the little calves plaintively bleating a request for their belated evening meal. The peace of God's own love rests over the scene, and a "Bob White," sitting on the old orchard fence, whistles to his mate in tender tones as if reassuring her that it will not rain tonight, because the sun is peeping like a bright and fiery eye from beneath the threatening cloud in the west, and "Bob White" seems saying to his mate, as we humble country folks were wont to say, "It won't rain tonight, because the sun is settin' clear."

As the two little lads walked along the dusty way, the smaller one stopped and began to cry. His brother set down his bucket, and examining into the trouble, found that he had stepped on a "bull nettle" that had been lying in the sun and had gotten dry and hard. He picked the "stickers" out of the little fellow's foot the best he could, and the two little lads took up their buckets and started homeward, leaving two round rings in the dust of the "turnin' row," where the buckets had been and a lot of bare foot tracks around them. As they went on their way the little boy lagged behind and

limped on account of the nettles that his brother couldn't find in his dirty brown feet. They came to the orchard fence, and when the larger one had peered into the "rag-weeds" for possible snakes, climbed over the old rail fence and disappeared among the spreading apple-trees.

When my picture boys had disappeared, I stood there in the road, pondering the last glimpse of the little boy's tear-stained face, and saying to myself, "Where have I seen that picture before? Where was it?"

The bird whistled again, and behold the picture came again. The little boys had disappeared in the orchard, and as I stood by the roadside in the gloaming I heard footsteps, and, looking up, saw the hale old farmer with his shoulders slightly bent and iron-grey hair, and one of the "harvest hands" walking toward the house and discussing the probable yield of a certain block of grain, each carrying a water jug in his hand. As they drew near me the farmer said:

"I thought I saw the boys come along the road a little while ago."

"Yas, sir," said a negro boy, who was walking along behind with a sickle on his shoulder, "dey did come along hyar, I seed 'em when dey clome de fence right dar by dat little ellum bush. Spec' dey took a nigh cut froo de orchum 'count er de big snake track 'tween hyar an' de bawn, whar Marse Billy drag dat ole reel chain 'crost de 'turnin' row,' and the negro's white teeth and eye-balls glowed in the twilight.

Again the scene changed, and the farmer and his men passed on toward the barn, but still I stood and wondered where I had seen those things before.

Hearing heavy foot-falls, I looked again and beheld two great draught horses coming down the road. The chains were rattling and the horses were taking occasional bites from bunches of grain that grew by the way. Upon one of the animals a youth was riding. He appeared to be in deep study, and was saying to himself, "I am not afraid to work. I don't mind the dirt and the grease about the reaper. I

don't flinch like a girl when the nettles stick me in binding the grain with my hands, but I just don't want to be a farmer. Something tells me that there is other work for me to do." Thus he soliloquized as he passed me and followed the others toward the farmhouse in the twilight.

Then I knew, ah, yes, I knew where I had seen that picture before, and as I pursued my way on in the early twilight, I pondered it. Every man in the world can't be a farmer, but if every man in our great nation could hear the "Bob White" whistle, and could see the harvest fields at sunset; if we all could have the thrilling note of that bird to awaken our hearts until we saw the tear-stained faces of our little brothers, while picking the nettles from their feet; saw the bended form of father as he wended homeward after a day of toil for his loved ones; saw the faithful hired man and the grinning, single-minded negro boy that followed him homeward as the shadows fell; saw brother pass in the gloaming, as he rode old Charley to the lot. If all, everyone, the banker in his counting house, the merchant in his store, the statesman in his councils, the lawyer at the bar and the preacher in the pulpit, could see those scenes again and hear "The Whistle of the Bob White," even once a year, the world would be far better. There would be more patriots and fewer politicians; more honesty and less practice for lawyers; more smiles and laughter and less sorrow; more love and tenderness and less hate and malice.

If I had the promise of only one prayer that might be answered, it should be, "Oh, God, show the men of our nation the harvest fields at sunset, and let them hear 'The Whistle of the Bob White;' so the curtain of time will roll back and permit them to see sweet scenes that will soften their hearts and make their souls fallow ground for receiving seeds of good!"

LET'S GO A-FISHIN'

Did you ever notice that when a fellow wants to go a-fishing, when he gets a real bad case of "fishin' fever," along

about the time the martins come and try to run the blue birds out of their "nestes," he always wants to right at once? There are a lot of fellows that can't go fishing as they used to when they were boys, but I am mighty glad that you and I can go just like we used to a long time ago.

I have, since childhood, had a very kindly feeling toward Izaak Walton. Ike must have been, besides a pretty good fisherman, a pretty fair average man. Besides conducting his business affairs, he found time to write several books, and to do an awful lot of fishing. All the books he ever wrote were about fishing, and the beautiful things he saw in the woodland, while he was following his favorite pastime. I don't think Walton ever fished with a Bristol steel rod and an eight-dollar reel. What he has written upon the subject reads like he was one who fished for pleasure, and not for the purpose of getting tangled up in a thousand feet of silk line, and, incidentally, making remarks that he would not like to see in print. But we don't want to go fishing by Walton's rule, or anybody's else. You come on with me and I'll take you to the fishing place that will make you feel awful good for a little while, and sorry when the time comes to go home.

"You get the grubbin' hoe, and we'll go out by the old sorghum mill and get a lot of worms. There is plenty of them there for I got fine ones there before the rain and I know there is more now. That's the idea. Now put them in that old oyster can, put in some fresh wet dirt, and push the top in."

"Kinder hook you got?"

"Got two. One of 'em's good as new. Other 'n's rusted, but it'll hold a powerful big fish."

"Unhuh! Kinde cork?"

"Got two corks. One ain't much 'count, but the other'n's a good 'un, got it out'n maw's camphire bottle."

"What's them?"

"Sinkers. Got two bullets out'n paw's pouch and beat 'em flat with a monkey-wrench on a wagin tire."

"All right, Jim. I gotter outfit about like that, only one er my corks was painted, but the paint is all off'n it now. Grampaw gave me that biggest line. Betcher we don't ketch no fish it won't pull out. Ain't it fine to get to go fishin'?"

"Betcher boots. Pap's on the jury, and when he left this mawnin' he told me I could go fishin' when I got the taters hoed. I got done a good while ago, cause the lower end of the patch wasn't weedy, an' then I only hoed one side of some of the rows."

This conversation took place between me and one of my boyhood friends while we were preparing to start on just such a fishing trip as any real live boy, or man either, for that matter, would enjoy. Jim was a fat boy, loyal to a fault, but usually braver before a battle than while it was in progress, as most of us are. He was intensely human, and a born fisherman. In our early games I had played soldier, and in my exploits with an old cavalry sabre that my father had broken the point off of and used for a corn knife, had won Jim's admiration, and he ever afterwards called me "Sojer."

"All right, Jeems, we're off. Where do you want to go?"

"Don't make nary bit of difference to me, Sojer. I'm ready to go to the Mississippi and fish for shovel-billed cat."

"Very well, here we go for the big hole when Long Branch runs into Turtle Crick."

"Good sakes, Sojer, that's more'n three mile."

"Yep, I know it. But you're twelve and I'm most leben."

So off we started, our pockets sticking out with corks, a piece of lead and a string for first aid in case of nose-bleed, and all the odds and ends of junk that boy can crowd into his trousers pockets, especially boys that go fishin'. We pass the old cabin where Uncle Steve, that made baskets, used to live. For a time we talk very boldly of the valiant things we would do in case of emergency, and surmise wisely upon the matter of whether or not the fish will bite. Now we have turned the corner of the woods can can't see home any more. Here we enter the tall timber. Right over yon-

der is where the broken-legged horse died. Don't you remember the day that you and sister and me found it, and how we all went to the branch and got water in our hats, and even sister tried to carry water in her old bonnet and cried because it all leaked out. We did carry water in our hats and watered the poor horse. That old persimmon tree over there is where the bald hornet's nest was. Here is where we strike Long Branch, and Jim, old, fat Jim, who was so valiant at the start, says:

"Say, Sojer, the last time I fished here I ketched some powerful nice 'pearch' out'n that hole over there by the big sycamore."

"Shucks, Jim, we don't wanter stop here. Nothin' less'n a whale will satisfy me on this trip."

On we go, down Long Branch, making for the mouth of it. We pass a monster wild gooseberry bush with its load of sour fruit. We take a short cut across Old Man Jones' hemp field, and Jim gets a few stalks of old last year's hemp, stating as he picks it up that when he gets to the crick he will wet it in the water and make a fine stringer for his fish. We get over the old rail fence, with the wild strawberries growing in its corners and strike a long ridge leading down to the creek. The ridge is covered with wild larkspur and Sweet William. Pretty soon we reach the old blue hole at the mouth of the branch. We have two long hazel switches that we have cut on the way. We stand upon the promontory where the two streams come together and watch the sun-kissed ripples run from the smaller stream out into the great deep pool, and meeting kindred currents, join them in their race to the sea. A woodpecker is knocking on an old dead hickory, and an old gray squirrel is peeping at us from a walnut near by.

We get out the hooks, and the stoppers from "maw's camphire bottle," and the cork that "was painted." We bait the hooks, and begin to fish. Pretty soon Jim gets a nibble but he don't get the fish. Finally he gets restless and goes up the creek a little way. Then he crosses the creek on the

"water-gap" and comes down on the other side. Here he sits down by the big "ellum" right across the stream from me and proceeds to pull out a dozen fine catfish, while I fail to get a single nibble. Pretty soon I get tired and, sticking my pole in the soft bank, lie down on the grassy ground. After awhile Jim calls across and says:

"Whatcher doin', Sojer?"

"Nothin'."

"Whatcher lookin' at?"

"Jes' lookin' at things. See a buzzard way up yander, wander how they can sail that way? They's a squirl in that old mulberry. How yer reckon they can crawl down a tree head fust without fallin'? They's a bee in a wild buttercup here, an' he's got yaller stuff on his laigs. Whatcher guess it is? Say, Jim, hear all the sheep bells an' cow bells? Sounds like somebody playin' 'Home, Sweet Home' on a pianer, don't it?"

"Oh, shet up, Sojer! The fish won't bite when you're hollerin' 'thaterway."

"Don't care. Don't want no fish. See a raincrow over there in that old wild cherry tree, an' it's fixin' ter holler. Don't like ter hear rain crows much, an' I jes' can't stand a whippoorwill, sounds like clouds fallin' in a grave an' little orphans cryin'. Say, Jim, reckon anybody ever tried ter play a tune on a fiddle or any thing that sounded like bees hummin', sheep bells, birds singin', little babbies laughin', an——"

"Grab yer pole, Sojer! They's sholy a whale on it this time."

I "grabbed the pole" just in time to save it, and came near going into the water head foremost, as a monster catfish made for the bottom of the big hole. The strength of the line that "Grampaw gave me" was tried to the uttermost strand, but it held true, and I landed that fine "yaller cat," while Jim danced in glee on the other bank. When I had gotten my catch on the string, with many cautions from my companion, I tied him to the root of the big sycamore, so

he could play in the water and "keep alive," and went back to my fishing.

For half an hour longer Jim and I were both very busy pulling out catfish of various lengths and families. Finally Jim spoke up and said:

"Pears like we ain't goin' ter ketch nothin' but catfish. Must be goin' ter rain."

I looked toward the northwest and sure enough it looked like rain. Jim went up and crossed on the water-gap, bringing his fish with him. We hurriedly wound up our lines, threw the poles in the creek to keep any other boy from getting them, and prepared to make the best of our way home. When all was in readiness, Jim said:

"Sojer, do you know how far it is to Old Man Thompson's?'

"'Bout half a mile, maybe three-quarters."

"Well, I think it is going ter rain a flood, an' I'm in favor of goin' right on this road to Thompson's. It just three miles from there to your house, 'cause I heard Pap say he carried the chain when they surveyed it. He told me that one day when he was comin' home from mill, an' I had an orful headach and wanted ter stop at Mis' Thompson's."

So we agreed to go by Thompson's, and away we went, carrying our big string of fish on a pole between us. Have you ever thought how much bigger the rains were then, and how much fiercer the lightning and louder the thunder? To my knowledge, there has never been another such storm as that was, at least not where I have since lived.

As we trudged along the narrow lane, with the blackberry and wild grape vines clustering on the old worm fence, we glanced from time to time at the blue-green clouds rolling in billows from the northwest, that appeared to be hurrying to meet us. Presently a low rumble of thunder seemed to shake the very earth. Not a breath of air was stirring. When we were about a quarter of a mile away from the farmhouse, looking ahead of us we could see great drops of rain falling here and there in the dusty road, and driving up lit-

tle jets of dust like miniature geysers. Just then came a stream of fire in a pasture to the right of us, where stood a lone cottonwood tree. The blinding flash was followed by a terrific crashing and rending, and two boys and a big string of fish were floundering on the ground. When we had in a measure recovered from our fright and had gotten to our feet again, we saw that the old tree was rent in twain and that pieces of broken boughs and splinters were lying about it on the ground. Now thoroughly frightened, with all the bravery of the early afternoon gone, we hurried on toward the friendly shelter of the farmhouse.

With the flash of lightning the wind came tearing across the old fields, bearing upon its first fitful gust the delicious scent of the wild rose bushes, and, changing quickly as a maiden's caprice, to the choking, heavy madness of a storm. With the wind came torrents and blinding sheets of rain, and all we could do was to gasp for breath and make the best progress our strength would permit. The great cloud had settled like a pall over the land, and had suddenly turned day into night. By this time we had reached the Thompson house, and the silver maples and the poplars were bending their heads to the very earth before the storm, which was now screaming like a demon across the country and carrying everything before it. We fought our way across the yard and reached the shelter of the board porch. I remember there was a sidesaddle hanging on a peg in the wall, and the surcingle was red with a thin blue stripe across each edge. As we stood still clinging to our fish, two as wet specimens of the genus boy as were ever seen outside a morgue for the drowned, Mrs. Thompson came to the door and, seeing us, said:

"Land sakes, Jimmy! What are you and Sojer doin' out'n this storm? Yo maws'll be scairt to death!"

Now that we had reached shelter, we became brave again and told the good woman it wasn't raining much. She told us to come in the house, and when she returned to the room after a few moments' absence, she said:

"Now you boys go into the shed room and put on some of Charley's clothes, 'cause you might take cold in them wet things."

We both insisted we were not wet. I remember that I was standing by the foot of an old four-poster bed, and the water had run down from my clothing and dripping off my heels until I resembled a very wet island. Finally Old Man Thompson, who had big bushy eyebrows, and who was not much given to joking, as he sat reading the *St. Louis Journal and Farmer,* looked over his glasses at us and said in very decided tones, "Go and put on them clothes"—and we went.

The rain passed as quickly as a storm of violent grief. The hale old farmer put down his paper and went out into the yard, where I saw him with his great hawk-bill knife cutting a broken limb from a maple tree. In the meantime Jim and I had joined Charley in an investigation of the peculiar habits of a pet squirrel, and, incidentally, in disposing of about two pounds of mighty good gingerbread.

Mr. Thompson called Joe, who was a grown young man, and told him to hitch up the mules and take the boys home, meaning Jim and me. We got our fish out of the tub of rainwater where we had put them to keep alive, climbed into the wagon and started for home. We passed by Jim's home, and his mother who had either not missed the stopper out of her camphor bottle, or had forgiven him for the theft because she was scared, let him go home with me and stay all night. I had been taught that it is "neighborly" to be generous and tried to persuade the good lady to take the entire string of fish, but she said two of the small ones would be plenty.

When we got home the "sun was settin' clear." Mother was out in the yard to see if any of the little turkeys had been drowned, and father was cutting "water sprouts" off the silver poplar. The sun was saying a smiling good night, and the whole landscape was a picture in gold on a background of emerald. Jim got out first, and I handed the fish

out to him. As I looked up and saw mother standing there in the sunshine, I noticed for the first time that she was beautiful, with the glad light of happiness at my safe return struggling with the sunshine for the mastery of her face.

That night it rained again. Jim and I slept in the garret, where we could hear the raindrops on the roof, and, lulled by its music, we slept the sound, sweet sleep of boyhood. Next morning we had fish for breakfast. It was too wet to thin corn and we played all day, and in the afternoon I went home with Jim to carry his mother's "wool-cards" that had been borrowed the summer before.

Don't you like a fishing trip like that? I wish I could take one more, but—

They ain't no fishin' any more,
Like that we knew when we were boys;
We'd stone-bruised heels, in days of yore,
But also lots of laughin' joys.

They ain't no hummin' birds nor bees,
No yaller flowers ner vi'lets blue,
They's red bugs, ticks, and black sand fleas,
A blistered nose and sore lip, too.

I don't wanter go a fishin' in
No roysterin' ripplin' rill,
Fer bait a minner made of tin,
Skeeters so bad yer can't sit still.

No Bristol rod, no reel fer me,
No patent bait ner cunnin' troll,
Jes' let me fish 'neath the "ellum" tree
Down by the big blue hole.

SYDNEY PORTER

Sydney Porter, known to the world as O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina, in 1867, and died in New York, June 6, 1910. The care with which he preserved his incognito has given rise to much speculation on the part of newspaper reporters and other news seekers.

The following data have been furnished by his literary executor, Mr. Harry Peyton Steger, literary adviser to Doubleday, Page and Company, but recently deceased.

Mr. Porter came to Texas in early youth and spent several years on the ranch of Lee Hall, the Ranger. After a year with the *Houston Post,* he purchased *Brann's Iconoclast,* but later returned it to him. A trip to Central America, then back to Texas, then to New Orleans; and ten years ago to New York, finally becoming a flat dweller in Manhattan.

As a result of his varied experiences and travels, he issued his stories in eleven volumes, furnishing his own title for each. Of these, Texas gives the principal setting for the volume *Heart of the West.* Central America is the scene of *Cabbages and Kings. The Four Million, The Voices of the City,* and *The Trimmed Lamp,* are stories of New York City.

"But," as Mr. Steger says, "the influence of place is insignificant. The qualities that mark his work are as universal as human nature and as free from the

restrictions of locality. His New York stories are generally conceded to be his best and to show the most level degree of excellence, but the reason of this lies in the stories themselves.

THE PASSING OF BLACK EAGLE.

(Courtesy of Doubleday, Page and Company, Publishers of *Roads of Destiny.*)

For months of a certain year a grim bandit infested the Texas border along the Rio Grande. Peculiarly striking to the optic nerve was this notorious marauder. His personality secured him the title of "Black Eagle, the Terror of the Border." Many fearsome tales are of record concerning the doings of him and his followers. Suddenly, in the space of a single minute, Black Eagle vanished from the earth. He was never heard of again. His own band never guessed the mystery of his disappearance. The border ranches and settlements feared he would come again to ride and ravage the mesquite flats. He never will. It is to disclose the fate of Black Eagle that this narrative is written.

The initial movement of the story is furnished by the foot of a bartender in St. Louis. His discerning eye fell upon the form of Chicken Ruggles as he pecked with avidity at the free lunch. Chicken was a "hobo." He had a long nose like the bill of a fowl, an inordinate appetite for poultry, and a habit of gratifying it without expense, which accounts for the name given him by his fellow vagrants.

Physicians agree that the partaking of liquids at meal time is not a healthy practice. The hygiene of the saloon promulgates the opposite. Chicken had neglected to purchase a drink to accompany his meal. The bartender rounded the counter, caught the injudicious diner by the ear with a lemon squeezer, led him to the door and kicked him into the street.

Thus the mind of Chicken was brought to realize the signs of coming winter. The night was cold; the stars shone with

unkindly brilliancy; people were hurrying along the streets in two egotistic, jostling streams. Men had donned their overcoats, and Chicken knew to an exact percentage the increased difficulty of coaxing dimes from those buttoned-in vest pockets. The time had come for his annual exodus to the south.

A little boy, five or six years old, stood looking with covetous eyes in a confectioner's window. In one small hand he held an empty two-ounce vial; in the other he grasped tightly something flat and round, with a shining milled edge. The scene presented a field of operations commensurate to Chicken's talents and daring. After sweeping the horizon to make sure that no official tug was cruising near, he insidiously accosted his prey. The boy, having been taught early by his household to regard altruistic advances with extreme suspicion, received the overtures coldly.

Then Chicken knew that he must make one of those desperate, nerve-shattering plunges into speculation that fortune sometimes requires of those who would win her favor. Five cents was his capital, and this he must risk against the chances of winning what lay within the close grasp of the youngster's chubby hand. It was a fearful lottery, Chicken knew. But he must accomplish his end by strategy, since he had a wholesome terror of plundering infants by force. Once, in a park, driven by hunger, he had committed an onslaught upon a bottle of peptonized infant's food in the possession of an occupant of a baby carriage. The outraged infant had so promptly opened its mouth and pressed the button that communicated with the welkin that help arrived, and Chicken did his thirty days in a snug coop. Wherefore, he was, as he said, "leary of kids."

Beginning artfully to question the boy concerning his choice of sweets, he gradually drew out the information he wanted. Mamma said he was to ask the drug store man for ten cents' worth of paregoric in the bottle; he was to keep his hand shut tight over the dollar; he must not stop to talk to anyone in the street; he must ask the drug store man to

wrap up the the change and put it in the pocket of his trousers. Indeed, they had pockets—two of them! And he liked chocolate creams best.

Chicken went into the store and turned plunger. He invested his entire capital in C.A.N.D.Y. stocks, simply to pave the way to the greater risk following.

He gave the sweets to the youngster, and had the satisfaction of perceiving that confidence was established. After that it was easy to obtain leadership of the expedition; to take the investment by the hand and lead it to a nice drug store he knew of in the same block. There Chicken, with a parental air, passed over the dollar and called for the medicine, while the boy crunched his candy, glad to be relieved of the responsibility of the purchase. And then the successful investor, searching his pockets, found an overcoat button—the extent of his winter trousseau—and, wrapping it carefully, placed the ostensible change in the pocket of confiding juvenility. Setting the youngster's face homeward, and patting him benevolently on the back—Chicken's heart was as soft as those of his feathered namesakes—the speculator quit the market with a profit of 1,700 per cent. on his invested capital.

Two hours later an Iron Mountain freight engine pulled out of the railroad yards, Texas bound, with a string of empties. In one of the cattle cars, half buried in excelsior, Chicken lay at ease. Beside him in his nest was a quart bottle of very poor whiskey and a paper bag of bread and cheese. Mr. Ruggles, in his private car, was on his trip south for the winter season.

For a week that car was trundled southward, shifted, laid over, and manipulated after the manner of rolling stock but Chicken stuck to it, leaving it only at necessary times to satisfy his hunger and thirst. He knew it must go down to the cattle country, and San Antonio, in the heart of it, was his goal. There the air was salubrious and mild; the people indulgent and long-suffering. The bartenders there would not kick him. If he should eat too long or too often at one

place they would swear at him as if by rote and without heat. They swore so drawlingly, and they rarely paused short of their full vocabulary, which was copious, so that Chicken had often gulped a good meal during the process of the vituperative prohibition. The season there was always spring-like; the plazas were pleasant at night, with music and gayety; except during the slight and infrequent cold snaps one could sleep comfortably out of doors in case the interiors should develop inhospitality.

At Texarkana his car was switched to the I. and G. N. Then still southward it trailed until, at length, it crawled across the Colorado bridge at Austin, and lined out, straight as an arrow, for the run to San Antonio.

When the freight halted at that town Chicken was fast asleep. In ten minutes the train was off again for Laredo, the end of the road. Those empty cattle cars were for distribution along the line at points from which the ranches shipped their stock.

When Chicken awoke his car was stationary. Looking out between the slats he saw it was a bright, moonlit night. Scrambling out, he saw his car with three others abandoned on a little siding in a wild and lonesome country. A cattle pen and chute stood on one side of the track. The railroad bisected a vast, dim ocean of prairie, in the midst of which Chicken, with his futile rolling stock, was as completely stranded as was Robinson with his land-locked boat.

A white post stood near the rails. Going up to it, Chicken read the letters at the top, S. A. 90. Laredo was nearly as far to the south. He was almost a hundred miles from any town. Coyotes began to yelp in the mysterious sea around him. Chicken felt lonesome. He had lived in Boston without an education, in Chicago without nerve, in Philadelphia without a sleeping place, in New York without a pull, and in Pittsburgh sober, and yet he had never felt so lonely as now.

Suddenly through the intense silence, he heard the whicker of a horse. The sound came from the side of the track toward the east, and Chicken began to explore timorously in that

direction. He stepped high along the mat of curly mesquit grass, for he was afraid of everything there might be in this wilderness—snakes, rats, brigands, centipedes, mirages, cowboys, fandangoes, tarantulas, tamales—he had read of them in the story papers. Rounding a clump of prickly pear that reared high its fantastic and menacing array of rounded heads, he was struck to shivering terror by a snort and a thunderous plunge, as the horse, himself startled, bounded away some fifty yards, and then resumed his grazing. But here was the one thing in the desert that Chicken did not fear. He had been reared on a farm; he had handled horses, understood them, and could ride.

Approaching slowly and speaking soothingly, he followed the animal, which, after its first flight, seemed gentle enough, and secured the end of the twenty-foot lariat that dragged after him in the grass. It required him but a few moments to contrive the rope into an ingenious nose-bridle, after the style of the Mexican *borsal*. In another he was upon the horse's back and off at a splendid lope, giving the animal free choice of direction. "He will take me somewhere," said Chicken to himself.

It would have been a thing of joy, that untrammelled gallop over the moonlit prairie, even to Chicken, who loathed exertion, but that his mood was not for it. His head ached; a growing thirst was upon him; the "somewhere" whither his lucky mount might convey him was full of dismal peradventure.

And now he noted that the horse moved to a definite goal. Where the prairie lay smooth he kept his course straight as an arrow's toward the east. Deflected by hill or arroyo or impracticable spinous breaks, he quickly flowed again into the current, chartered by his unerring instinct. At last, upon the side of a gentle rise, he suddenly subsided to a complacent walk. A stone's cast away stood a little mott of coma trees; beneath it a *Jacal* such as the Mexicans erect—a one-room house of upright poles daubed with clay and roofed with grass or tule reeds. An experienced eye would have

estimated the spot as the headquarters of a small sheep ranch. In the moonlight the ground in the nearby corral showed pulverized to a level smoothness by the hoofs of the sheep. Everywhere was carelessly distributed the paraphernalia of the place—ropes, bridles, saddles, sheep pelts, wool sacks, feed troughs, and cap litter. The barrel of drinking water stood in the end of the two-horse wagon near the door. The harness was piled, promiscuous, upon the wagon tongue, soaking up the dew.

Chicken slipped to earth, and tied the horse to a tree. He halloed again and again, but the house remained quiet. The door stood open, and he entered cautiously. The light was sufficient for him to see that no one was at home. He struck a match and lighted a lamp that stood on a table. The room was that of a bachelor ranchman who was content with the necessaries of life. Chicken rummaged intelligently until he found what he had hardly dared hope for—a small, brown jug that still contained something near a quart of his desire.

Half an hour later, Chicken—now a gamecock of hostile aspect—emerged from the house with unsteady steps. He had drawn upon the absent ranchman's equipment to replace his own ragged attire. He wore a suit of coarse brown ducking, the coat being a sort of rakish bolero, jaunty to a degree. Boots he had donned, and spurs that whirred with every lurching step. Buckled around him was a belt full of cartridges with a big sixshooter in each of its two holsters.

Prowling about, he found blankets, a saddle and a bridle with which he caparisoned his steed. Again mounting, he rode swiftly away, singing a loud tuneless song.

Bud King's band of desperadoes, outlaws and horse and cattle thieves were in camp at a secluded spot on the bank of the Frio. Their depredations in the Rio Grande country, while no bolder than usual, had been advertised more extensively, and Captain Kinney's company or rangers had been ordered down to look after them. Consequently, Bud King, who was a wise general, instead of cutting out a hot trail

for the upholders of the law, as his men wished to do, retired for the time to the prickly fastnesses of the Frio valley.

Though the move was a prudent one, and not incompatible with Bud's well-known courage, it raised dissension among the members of the band. In fact, while they thus lay ingloriously *perdu* in the brush, the question of Bud King's fitness for the leadership was argued, with closed doors, as it were, by his followers. Never before had Bud's skill or efficiency been brought to criticism; but his glory was waning (and such is glory's fate) in the light of a newer star. The sentiment of the band was crystallizing into the opinion that Black Eagle could lead them with more lustre, profit, and distinction.

This Black Eagle—sub-titled the "Terror of the Border"—had been a member of the gang about three months.

One night while they were in camp on the San Miguel water-hole a solitary horseman on the regulation fiery steed dashed in among them. The newcomer was of a portentous and devastating aspect. A beak-like nose with a predatory curve projected above a mass of bristling blue-black whiskers. His eye was cavernous and fierce. He was spurred, sombreroed, booted, garnished with revolvers, abundantly drunk, and very much unafraid. Few people in the country drained by the Rio Bravo would have cared thus to invade alone the camp of Bud King. But this fell bird swooped fearlessly upon them and demanded to be fed.

Hospitality in the prairie country is not limited. Even if your enemy pass your way you must feed him before you shoot him. You must empty your larder into him before you empty your lead. So the stranger of undeclared intentions was set down to a mighty feast.

A talkative bird he was, full of most marvellous loud tales and exploits, and speaking a language at times obscure but never colorless. He was a new sensation to Bud King's men, who rarely encountered new types. They hung, delighted, upon his vainglorious boasting, the spicy strangeness of his lingo, his contemptuous familiarity with life, the world,

the remote places, and the extravagant frankness with which he conveyed his sentiments.

To their guest, the band of outlaws seemed to be nothing more than a congregation of country bumpkins whom he was "stringing for grub" just as he would have told his stories at the back door of a farmhouse to wheedle a meal. And, indeed, his ignorance was not without excuse, for the "bad man" of the Southwest does not run to extremes. Those brigands might justly have been taken for a little party of peaceable rustics assembled for a fish-fry or pecan gathering. Gentle of manner, slouching of gait, soft-voiced, unpicturesquely clothed; not one of them presented to the eye any witness of the desperate records they had earned.

For two days the glittering stranger within the camp was feasted. Then, by common consent, he was invited to become a member of the band. He consented, presenting for enrollment the prodigious name of "Captain Montressor." This name was immediately overruled by the band, and "Piggy" was substituted as a compliment to the awful and insatiate appetite of its owner.

Thus did the Texas border receive the most spectacular brigand that ever rode its chaparral.

For the next three months Bud King conducted business as usual, escaping encounters with law officers and being content with reasonable profits. The band ran off some very good companies of horses from the ranges, and a few bunches of fine cattle which they got safely across the Rio Grande and disposed of to fair advantage. Often the band would ride into the little villages and Mexican settlements, terrorizing the inhabitants and plundering for the provisions and ammunition they needed. It was during these bloodless raids that Piggy's ferocious aspect and frightful voice gained him a renown more widespread and glorious than those other gentle-voiced and sad-faced desperadoes could have acquired in a lifetime.

The Mexicans, most apt in nomenclature, first called him the Black Eagle, and used to frighten the babies by threaten-

ing them with tales of the dreadful robber who carried off little children in his great beak. Soon the name extended, and Black Eagle, the Terror of the Border, became a recognized factor in exaggerated newspaper reports and ranch gossip.

The country from the Nueces to the Rio Grande was a wild but fertile stretch, given over to the sheep and cattle ranches. Range was free; the inhabitants were few; the law was mainly a letter, and the pirates met with little opposition until the flaunting and garish Piggy gave the band undue advertisement. Then McKinney's ranger company headed for those precincts, and Bud King knew that it meant grim and sudden war or else temporary retirement. Regarding the risk to be unnecessary, he drew off his band to an almost inaccessible spot on the banks of the Frio. Wherefore, as has been said, dissatisfaction arose among the members, and impeachment proceedings against Bud were premeditated, with Black Eagle in high favor for the succession. Bud King was not unaware of the sentiment and he called aside Cactus Taylor, his trusted lieutenant, to discuss it.

"If the boys," said Bud, "ain't satisfied with me, I'm willin' to step out. They're buckin' against my way of handlin' 'em. And 'specially because I concludes to hit the brush while Sam Kinney is ridin' the line. I saves 'em from bein' shot or sent up on a state contract, and they up and says I'm no good."

"It ain't so much that," explained Cactus, "as it is they're plum locoed about Piggy. They want them whiskers and that nose of his to split the wind at the head of the column."

"There's somethin' mighty seldom about Piggy," declared Bud, musingly. "I never yet see anything on the hoof that he exactly grades up with. He can shore holler a-plenty, and he straddles a hoss from where you laid the chunk. But he ain't never been smoked yet. You know, Cactus, we ain't had a row since he's been with us. Piggy's all right for skearin' the greaser kids and layin' waste a cross-roads store. I reckon he's the finest canned oyster buccaneer and cheese pirate that ever was, but how's his appetite for fightin'?

I've knowed some citizens you'd think was starvin' for trouble get a bad case of dyspepsy the first dose of lead they had to take."

"He talks all spraddled out," said Cactus, "'bout the rookuses he's been in. He claims to have saw the elephant and hearn the owl."

"I know," replied Bud, using the cowpuncher's expressive phrase of skepticism, "but it sounds to me!"

This conversation was held one night in camp while the other members of the band—eight in number—were sprawling around the fire, lingering over their supper. When Bud and Cactus ceased talking they heard Piggy's formidable voice holding forth to the others as usual while he was engaged in checking, though never satisfying, his ravening appetite.

"Wat's de use," he was saying, "of chasin' little red cowses and hosses 'round for t'ousands of miles? Dere ain't nuttin' in it. Gallopin' t'rough dese bushes and briers, and gettin' a t'irst dat brewery couldn't put out, and missin' meals! Say! You know what I'd do if I was main finger of dis bunch. I'd stick up a train. I'd blow de express car and make hard dollars where you guys get wind. Youse make me tired. Dis sook-cow kind of cheap sport gives me a pain."

Later on, a deputation waited on Bud. They stood on one leg, chewed mesquit twigs and circumlocuted, for they hated to hurt his feelings. Bud foresaw their business, and made it easy for them. Bigger risks and larger profits was what they wanted.

The suggestion of Piggy's about holding up a train had fired their imagination and increased their admiration for the dash and boldness of the instigator. They were such simple, artless, and custom-bound-bush-rangers that they had never before thought of extending their habits beyond the running of live stock and the shooting of such of their acquaintances as ventured to interfere.

Bud acted "on the level," agreeing to take a subordinate place in the gang until Black Eagle should have been given a trial as leader.

After a great deal of consultation, studying of time-tables, and discussion of the country's topography, the time and place for carrying out their new enterprise was decided upon. At that time there was a feedstuff famine in Mexico and a cattle famine in certain parts of the United States, and there was a brisk international trade. Much money was being shipped along the railroads that connected the two republics. It was agreed that the most promising place for the contemplated robbery was at Espina, a little station on the I. and G. N., about forty miles north of Laredo. The train stopped there one minute; the country around was wild and unsettled; the station consisted of but one house in which the agent lived.

Black Eagle's band set out, riding by night. Arriving in the vicinity of Espina they rested their horses all day in a thicket a few miles distant.

The train was due at Espina at 10:30 P. M. They could rob the train and be well over the Mexican border with their booty by daylight the next morning.

To do Black Eagle justice, he exhibited no signs of flinching from the responsible honors that had been conferred upon him.

He assigned his men to their respective posts with discretion, and coached them carefully as to their duties. On each side of the track four of the band were to lie concealed in the chaparral. Gotch-Ear Rodgers was to stick up the station agent. Bronco Charlie was to remain with the horses, holding them in readiness. At a spot where it was calculated the engine would be when the train stopped, Bud King was to lie hidden on one side, and Black Eagle himself on the other. The two would get the drop on the engineer and fireman, force them to descend and proceed to the rear. Then the express car would be looted, and the escape made. No one was to move until Black Eagle gave the signal by firing his revolver. The plan was perfect.

At ten minutes to train time every man was at his post, effectually concealed by the thick chaparral that grew almost to the rails. The night was dark and lowering, with a fine

drizzle falling from the flying gulf clouds. Black Eagle crouched behind a bush within five yards of the track. Two six-shooters were belted around him. Occasionally he drew a large black bottle from his pocket and raised it to his mouth.

A star appeared far down the track which soon waxed into the headlight of the approaching train. It came on with an increasing roar; the engine bore down upon the ambushing desperadoes with a glare and a shriek like some avenging monster come to deliver them to justice. Black Eagle flattened himself upon the ground. The engine, contrary to their calculations, instead of stopping between him and Bud King's place of concealment, passed fully forty yards farther before it came to a stand.

The bandit leader rose to his feet and peered around the bush. His men all lay quiet, awaiting the signal. Immediately opposite Black Eagle was a thing that drew his attention. Instead of being a regular passenger train it was a mixed one. Before him stood a box car, the door of which, by some means, had been left slightly open. Black Eagle sniffed at the witching smell as the returned wanderer smells of the rose that twines his boyhood's cottage home. Nostalgia seized him. He put his hand inside. Excelsior—dry, springy, curly, soft, enticing, covered the floor. Outside the drizzle had turned to a chilling rain.

The train bell clanged. The bandit chief unbuckled his belt and cast it, with its revolvers, upon the ground. His spurs followed quickly, and his broad sombrero. Black Eagle was moulting. The train started with a rattling jerk. The ex-Terror of the Border scrambled into the box car and closed the door. Stretched luxuriously upon the excelsior, with the black bottle clasped closely to his breast, his eyes closed, and a foolish, happy smile upon his terrible features Chicken Ruggles started upon his return trip.

Undisturbed, with the band of desperate bandits lying motionless, awaiting the signal to attack, the train pulled out from Espina. As its speed increased, and the black masses of chaparral went whizzing past on either side, the express

messenger, lighting his pipe, looked through his window and remarked, feelingly:

"What a jim-dandy place for a hold-up!"

JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS

A person desiring to become acquainted with Mr. Lewis, the laureate of the *Houston Post,* needs to ask no other introduction than that given in the Dedication to his volume of poems, quaintly entitled *Sing the South.* "To the plain, everyday man, the man who believes that a tow-headed baby, a sweet, innocent girl, and a young mother, are the most beautiful things in the whole world; the man to whom the child instinctively turns with arms outstretched for him to "take," from whom the stray dog does not shrink in expectation of a kick; the man who when the 'supper things' are put away, sits down with his wife at his elbow, his baby on his knee, and the fear of God in his heart."

Mr. Lewis was born in Fulton, New York, in 1867. Receiving a grammar school education, he came to Houston, Texas, in 1893, taking position with the *Post* in 1900. He married, in 1894, and is happy in his domestic life. The accompanying selections are by permission from his two books, *Lilts o' Love,* and *Sing the South.*

FATHER'S VOICE.

Sometimes I wake from dreams and wonder where
I am just for a moment, then a lisp
Comes trembling to me: "Papa, are you there?"
Just those four words in just the faintest wisp

Of a wee voice, a wee and frightened tone;
And I make haste to answer: "Yes, dear, why?"
And then she says: "Me finked me was alone"—
Her voice trails off into a drowsy sigh.

Poor little girl! she sees no light or spark,
And feels strange, shapeless forms around her creep;
But when her father's voice comes through the dark
She knows that she is safe, and sinks to sleep;
And though the dark-time dangers are as real
And dreadful, too, as aught on earth could be,
She hears her father's voice and seems to feel
That all that threatened now is bound to flee.

Our Father! Who art with us in the dark
And in the light, whose presence wraps us round;
Though darkness shuts us in and no faint spark
Doth guide our feet; and whither we are bound,
Or whence we come, is hidden from our sight
So that we merely grope our way along,
We feel Thy presence guiding us aright,
And paths, erstwhile dark, break into song.

And when life's bed-time becks us to our rest
We falter at the dark that threats us then,
Like frightened children we do our best
To stay awake and ope our eyes again;
And in fear's perfect ecstasy we shriek:
"Our Father! Oh, our Father! Are You there?"
And calmly through the dark Your accents speak,
And so we bid farewell to every one.

So, oh, my little girl, on your old dad,
You lean, and go to sleep in sweet content;
And dad knows how you feel for he has had
The selfsame feeling; his own strength all spent,
He oft has bowed him down in bitter woe,
When all seemed dark and life was just a spell
Of bitterness—and then—God's voice! and lo!
Life's darkness turned to light!—and all was well.

GET OUT.

Get out where the bayous are shaded and brown,
Get out where rose petals are eddying down,
Get out where the world wears a dew-spangled crown,
Get out! oh, get out! oh, get out of the town—.
Get out of the town in the morning!

Get out where the ripples run glad in the sun,
Get out to the fields where the green billows run,
Get out where the forces of nature have fun,
Get out, oh, get out to where day is begun,
Get out of the town in the morning.

Get out of the town in the morning and hear
The birds in the thicket all carolling clear,
Where the mocking-bird hollers, "Good morning! Good cheer!"
Get out of the town in the morning!

Get out in the country and be just a boy,
Get out and drink deep of the old-fashioned joy,
Get out where no trials shall bring you annoy,
Where God walks in splendor and days never cloy,
Get out of the town in the morning!

OF YOU.

Last night I dreamed of hollyhocks and you,
Of Easter lilies wet with sparkling dew,
Of whispering trees whose every tone we knew,
And every sylvan path we've wandered through;
But most, oh, most of you!

I dreamed of the old bridge o'er the lagoon,
Of lapping ripples silvered by the moon,
And read with my soul's eyes life's mystic rune,
Till all the chords of being swept in tune,
And singing, sang of you!

Of you the sighing branches swaying low,
Of you the hidden streamlet's tinkling flow,
Of you and all of love one life may know;
Soft beat my heart with rhythmic tone and slow,
Of you; all, all of you!

Light fell the years as crinkled rose leaves fall,
Sweetly the birds trilled forth their matin call,
Bright gilt the dawn each swaying poplar tall,
Sleep fled with night and dreams and darkness; all
But sweet memories of you!

WHEN I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP.

Dear old dad, I'm oh, so homesick, and I'd give the world to be
Back beneath the dear old roof-tree, kneeling down beside your knee,
Like I used to in my nightie, when the day-end shadows fell,
And the night came softly creeping o'er the scenes I loved so well.
Now I fear I'm almost crying; tears bedim my tired eyes,
Oh, for just one hour of childhood and the dear old lullabies!
Just to feel your arms and mother's round my childish shoulders creep,
As when I in drowsy accents lisped: "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Let the day be e'er so toilsome, when the shades of night have come,
Then your face, your face and mother's, smile on me from out the gloom,
And the city's dreary clamor and the choking dust and grime,
Fading, weave themselves in visions of the home that once was mine.
Loud and shrill my boyish whistle echoes from the pine-clad hill
As I lure the wary grayling from the pool below the rill,

And in battle through the shallows where the eddies curve and sweep,
Till, oh, dad, I get so homesick when I lay me down to sleep!

Don't you think the old hills miss me, miss me just a little, dad?
I have lost my old ambitions, all the hopes I ever had!
Would you think me weak and wanton if I came back home to you?
Came back home without the glory of the deeds I hoped to do?
For my heart is scarred and weary and I've faltered on the way,
And my mind keeps harking backward, back to where I used to play;
And the eyes that shone so brightly through the years have learned to weep;
And—I long to be at home, dad, when I lay me down to sleep!

A BOY'S WHISTLE.

If I could whistle like I used when I was just a boy,
And fill the echoes plum full of that old-fashioned joy,
I guess 'at I'd be willing then to turn my back on things
An' say farewell to scenes down here an' try my angel wings;
Oh, just once more to pucker up an' ripple soft, an' trill
Until the music seemed ter fall agin the far-off hill
Like dew falls on a half-blown rose till it gits full and slips
Like jewels tricklin', tinklin' down from pink bewitchin' lips.

Oh, yes, if I could whistle now like I could whistle then!
Just pucker up these grim old lips an' turn things loose agin!
I'd like ter set upon the knoll where trees was all around,
Just set there, punchin' my bare toes into the smelly ground,
An' trillin' just the same old tune I used to trill o' yore,
With all the verve an' ecstasy that won't come back no more,

Until I seen ol' brown throat thrush come stealin' from his bush,
An' lookin' round like he would say, say to the hull world, "Hush!"

If I could whistle now, I'd like ter go along the road,
Awakin' with my whistle shrill the scenes that once I knowed;
Just send the ripplin' music through the tamaracs an' pines,
An' stirrin' all the blossoms on the mornin'-glory vines;
Jest go sendin' all about me, all behind me an' before,
First loud an' shrill as anything, an' then agittin' lower,
The same old whistle that was mine, the same old carol shrill
'At used to bid the day good night an' mock the whippoorwill.

I seen a boy go past just now—his cheeks was like balloons—
But, oh, the air was rendered sweet by old, remembered tunes!
An', oh, the world sat lightly on that childish, happy imp!
His trousers was all patched behind, his hat was torn an' limp,
While one big toe that had been stubbed was twisted in a rag;
But, oh, that imp stepped high an' proud with shoulders full o' brag
An' whistled in the same old way as I was wont to do,
Till my old heart was in the tunes the little rascal blew.

If I could whistle like he did—but now there's somethin' gone!
The trill is gone, the skill is gone! Sometimes when I'm alone
I pucker an' purse up my lips an' try an' try an' try,
An' then the noise my old lips makes ain't nothin' but a sigh
It ain't no thing of learnin'; it can't be contrived by art;
A boy must be behind it an' a great big boyish heart;
A boy just out of heaven must go whistlin' o' the song;
No use o' tryin' when we're old, we've been away too long!

SANTA CLAUS.

I've stood for almost ev'ry thing iconoclasts have done;
I have seen life's idols fallin' inter fragments one by one,
An' I haven't made no murmur, jest perhaps have heaved a sigh,
An' have watched them do their smashin' an' have put the fragments by;
But there's a length they daren't go, a length 'at isn't right,
An' when they tackle Santa Claus, by jing, they've got ter fight.

The dear old chap was dear enough fer me when jist a boy,
An' brung me jist about all I knowed o' ol'-fashioned joy,
An' the pleasure that was good enough in them ol' days fer me
Shan't be crucified, I promise! Lord, preserve the Christmas tree!
An' preserve the old illusions, fill all childhood's brimmin' cup
With the pleasures 'at attended when I hanged my stockin' up!

I believe in him, fer mother said they was a Santa Claus!
An' my dear ol' daddy said so, an' I believe in him because,
'Cause I was a little feller, an' cause he was good ter me,
An' because o' all the glory o' the old-time Christmas tree!
An' because o' my own babies, an' the pleasure 'at's their due!
Shall I shut in their sweet faces pleasant doors 'at I've been through?

No, sir! Roll yer eyes an' mutter in hypocritic strain!
Hope 'at you ain't got no children—mebbe I'm a-talkin' plain,
But I'm feelin' on this subject deeper p'raps than I can tell,
An' a childhood 'thout a Santa is a burnin', joyless—well,
It ain't no sure enough childhood, an' I wanter say 'at I
B'lieve in Santa! Always have b'lieved, an' I will, until I die!

An' I'm goin' ter tell my baby, when her lisping prayers are said,
That sweet story 'bout ol' Santa 'fore I tote her up to bed!
An' I'll help write him a letter, an' I'll see her eyes grow bright,
An' I'll know I've made her happy when she kisses me good night!
An' the man that dares to tell her there ain't no sich a thing
Better not let me know of it, 'er he'll have ter fight, by jing!

AN OUTRAGE.

White clover blooms and roses red,
And green leaves wet with dew,
My teeny, weny, tousle head,
Are "biolets" to you;
And so you pick them right and left,
And you seem loth to stop;
It seems to give you wondrous joy
To pick "botays for pop!"

You know that other, other day
You toddled to my door,
And called out, "Papa's baby here!"
And stamped and stamped the floor
With your wee feet, to make me come
And ope to let you in?
I guess you have forgotten it;
I hope so. 'Twas a sin!

And I sat still and read my book
Until you quiet grew;
A story had me so absorbed
I gave no thought to you!
And, when at last I oped my door
You lay between the rooms
All fast asleep, and in your fist
A bunch of clover blooms!

The tears were half dried on your cheeks;
You sighed, dear, as you slept;
And, dear, remorse quite filled my heart,
I knelt and could have wept!
I kissed you where you lay asleep
With tear-stained face and sad,
And in your sleep you gulped and sighed:
"Em's a botay for dad!"

And if I do that way again,
Dear baby mine, by you,
When I knock on the pearly gates—
May God not let me through!
I'm glad you have forgotten it,
And love your daddy yet;
If I should live a thousand years
I never shall forget!

DUMPUNUMS.

My mamma's makin' dumpunums an' makin' chicken gravy,
An' I'm dressed up an' swingin' on the gate to watch for dad,
My mamma's makin' dumpunums, an' makin' chicken gravy,
She makes the bestest dumpunums you almost never had;
An' I dot ribbons in my hair, an' I'm out here a-swingin'
I'm on the gate a-swingin' an' a-watchin' for dad;
Des a-watchin' for my papa here a-swingin' an' a-singin'
An' I'll tell him about the dumpunums, an' my! but he'll be glad!

My mamma's makin' dumpunums—I'm des come from the kitchen,
An' me dropped the flour sifter an' me spilled some water, too,
And my mamma said: "Miss Twoshoes, some one's goin' to get a switchin'
If they don't go watch for daddy, and I'm afraid it might be you!"

So I'm watchin' for my daddy now, upon the gate a-swingin',
And we'll see him way off yonder when he comes into the street,
An' me'll dance away to meet him des a-laughin' and a-singin'
An' me'll tell him about the dumpunums, an' dad'll call me sweet!

Dad'll stoop right down to gwab me when he sees me come a-runnin',
An' he'll kiss me an' he'll ask me: "Who is daddy's little dirl?"
An' he'll pick me up and toss me an' he'll say: "Now, tell me, Cunnin,'
Who tied that baby ribbon on that little yellow curl?"
'N'en he'll put me on him's shoulder an' we'll go back home a-talkin',
An' he'll hug me and he'll love me an' he'll tell me I am sweet,
An' the mocking birds up yonder will be singin' and a mockin',
An' me'll tell him about the dumpunums that we'll have to eat.

My mamma's makin' dumpunums, me went out in the kitchen,
And she was makin' gravy an' me spilled some water, too,
An' my mamma said: "Miss Twoshoes, some one's a-goin' to get a switchin'
If they don't go watch for daddy, an' I'm afraid it might, it might be you."
So me's waitin' here for daddy on the gate a-singin', swingin',
Awaitin' till me sees him and me runs for him's caress,
Then me'll go out in the kitchen, me a-dancin' an' a-singin',
An' Miss Twoshoes won't get switchin's while her daddy's here, me guess!

SING THE SOUTH.

Sing the South! Oh, the South! Sing the South!
With her yellow, red roses, and pink!
Where the air is like wine in the mouth,
And there's glad, surging life in the drink!

Sing the South! Oh, the beautiful South!
With her sweep of wide, star-blossomed plains—
Red-lipped—oh, the kiss of her mouth
Sends the blood rushin' swift in her veins!

Oh, the South! Oh, the South!
Let her glories ring clear!
Like the song in the heart
Of the lover when, near
Where he leans on the bars,
Trembling beauty appears,
With her eyes like blue stars
Smiling glad through her tears!

Sing the South! Oh, the South! Oh, the South!
Oh, her bayous that sleep in the shade!
Oh, the pout of her lily-kissed mouth
Whose kiss maketh man unafraid!
Oh, the lingering clasp of her arms!
Oh, the witcheries sweet of each wile!
Oh, her broad, fertile prairies and farms!
There's a promise of joy in her smile!

Oh, the South! Oh, the South!
Let her glories ring clear!
And lilt like the kiss
Of her own atmosphere!
Oh, her sweet blossoms lie
Like a kiss on the mouth!
There's no love like the South!
Sing the South! Sing the South!

MISS OLIVE HUCK

Miss Huck was born in Indianola, Texas. Driven from their home by the storm of 1885, the family moved to their present home in Edgemont, near Austin.

Miss Huck has made a specialty of boys' stories, and has published an extended story in book form under the title of *Otis Hamilton's Quest.*

The selected story is from the *Century* of March, 1901.

THE LAST HUNT OF DORAX.

The flocks had passed through the double gates into their fold, headed by the three-legged ram, whose agility was unimpaired by his infirmity. The air still held the woolly taint of their passage. The hundreds of hoofs had ceased their patter—a sound in this dry region refreshingly suggestive of the swift fall of big raindrops.

Marshall Ridgeway, the owner of Red Arroyo Ranch, was giving but scant attention to his garrulous foreman, James Andrews, who also was soon gazing intently southward. But not in admiration of the view they gazed, although it was fair and attractive to others. For them, long since, the charm of the accustomed sight had been merged in the monotony.

The hot sun had withdrawn his pitiless glare, often unveiled by clouds for months at a time. The staring red of the hills was dulled, their color fading with the light. The dazzling white stretches of sheepweed softened to snowy beds. Desolate reaches of gnarled old mesquites lost their dreariness. Dark patches of timber gave tone to the landscape and traced the river's course.

Even the tall windmills, punctuating the horizon at intervals, now, in the dusk, hid their rigidity and acquired a certain picturesqueness.

The two men on the elevation stood watching some animal ascending the steep incline with queer leaps. The roadway, once the bed of an arroyo, or creek, was now dried up.

Into this road the sloping hills were apparently pouring an earthy, carmine cataract—a seemingly continued flood, caused by the soil, during the wet season, conforming to the flow of torrential rains and retaining their impress.

"Looks mighty like a wolf a-comin'," said Andrews. With the frontiersman's quick, almost involuntary motion, he drew from his hip-pocket his pistol, which he aimed at the approaching object.

"Nonsense, man! It's Dorax!" Ridgeway had barely time to strike up the pistol in a harmless explosion.

"So 't is, so 't is," Andrews replied with his customary imperturbability, replacing his pistol. I shore thought, though, 't was one of them there sneakin' coyotes that's a-gettin' so thick hereabouts." He paused to turn his quid, like a ruminant its cud. I might 'a' knowed, though, they wouldn't show up as early's sundown. Anyhow, Mr. Ridgeway, that dog didn't use ter run that a-way. 'Pears mighty strange."

Instead of the usual trot, the dog was advancing in a singular manner, by a series of leaps, folding and unfolding his legs. It resembled strongly the easy yet imperceptibly swift motion of a wolf, as if due to some outside mechanical propulsive force rather than to volition.

"Dorax! Dorax!" called Ridgeway.

Instantly the dog's unnatural gait changed. He whimpered and slunk to his master's feet, where, with dripping tongue, he lay panting audibly.

Andrew touched the dog's head, which shrank beneath his hand until it rested on the extended paws. "Wet," he announced sententiously. "Jest as I s'posed. It's a bad sign."

"What is it a sign of, Andrews?"

"Sheep-killin'; no less. They alwus wash theirselves good to hide it, 'fore comin' back home. Jest see his bloody legs, too!"

Andrews's long, shaggy eyebrows, brushed upward for com-

fort, conveyed falsely an expression of chronic surprise; they were now further elevated, but in earnest, that despite his bath, the intelligent dog had failed to remove these guilty traces.

Ridgeway easily rubbed the seemingly incriminating stains from Dorax's fore paws. 'Well, it's not blood this time—only red river mud," he laughingly declared. "You see, Andrews, those signs of yours can't always be relied on. I think he took that odd gait of his a few minutes ago because of his hurry to reach home quickly. He would naturally be damp after going into the water to cool himself off this hot day with a comforting bath."

Ridgeway stroked Dorax. "Talk of giving a dog a bad name, Dorax! Poor Dorax!" he exclaimed.

Dorax sighed, from weariness, or from being sensitively responsive to Ridgeway's sympathetic tone.

"That's jest what I've alwus said myself. There's lots in havin' a good start with a good name," Andrews prosed on. "Now, why n't you called that dog Brutus, or Nero, or some sech a nice dog name, 'stead of that there heathenish one?"

"Then you think a dog's name makes some difference in his living up to it, or down? Certainly those names you mention can't be beat, in their way. Really, though, I didn't have anything to say about the naming of Dorax. My brother called him so when he came to him, and later on he partly deserted him for me when I came back to the ranch from the university. But Dorax has been, on the whole, faithful to me ever since."

"Well, I dunno, 'bout that, Mr. Ridgeway."

Here two shepherd dogs came up; they inquisitively smelled Dorax's muzzle, growling and bristling angrily until driven away.

"'Nother sign,' cried Andrews, triumphantly, undiscouraged by Ridgeway's disbelief.

"Pshaw! Andrews, they're only jealous, and want to be noticed, too. Signs and sheep are getting to be too much for you," said Ridgeway, impatiently, annoyed by Andrews's tire-

some persistence. "How many sheep have you missed today?"

"Four more of 'em gone, Mr. Ridgeway."

"We'll get out the hounds tomorrow night, and have a try at ridding the county of that pack of wolves. They've increased and become a great nuisance. I doubt, though, whether we'll be able to get near them."

The shrill, childish voice of the Mexican cook summoned Ridgeway to supper in a mixed jargon, like an intoned chant her presence and the hour furnishing the interpretation.

Of all the dogs the only one privileged to enter the house, Dorax followed his master within. While this constant companionship had conduced to the abnormal development of almost human intelligence, it had also effected isolation from his kind. Andrews, eminently sensible and practical otherwise, was extremely fond of the dog, and often loudly asserted his conviction that Dorax was capable of being taught speech, inclination being only lacking. In fact, both men bestowed on Dorax unusual affection, due somewhat to want of any other deserving object, in part to the dog's real worth, and not a little to association with Ridgeway's dead brother.

The walls of the passageway bristled with antlers, attesting Ridgeway's skill as a hunter. Skin rugs strewed the floor, and preceding his master, Dorax limped across the coats of these former enemies. Ridgeway was surprised to note how changed and how lean his favorite dog had become. He saw that Dorax's glance was sinister and restless, that the mouth was open, with corners tightly drawn back, disclosing his teeth, that the ears pointed backward, the embodiment of anxious watchfulness, of alert cunning, of fear. With a pang at the thought, it occurred to Ridgeway that Dorax's strange actions and altered looks might signify incipient madness.

During supper the dog lay near the door, regarding every movement from narrowed eyelids, the inner corners of his brows uplifted and knotted. Dorax rose stiffly when the chair was pushed back from the table.

"Sit down, Dorax," Ridgeway commanded, and the well-bred creature immediately obeyed. Ridgeway lifted the lame

paw, and with some difficulty extracted the cockle-bur embedded deeply in the soft pad. The dog's feet were in a footsore and tender condition. "You've been roving again, Dorax," Ridgeway commented aloud, from a habit he had of talking to the dog. "It must have been a high jump to drive the bur in like that."

The dog's beautiful golden-brown eyes were now wide open, with human, appealing expression which troubled Ridgeway. He reproached himself with unintentional neglect at sight of the shadowy, wasted form, every bone of which was sharply defined. "Poor old fellow! I do wish I knew what ails you," he murmured.

Dorax replied with a muffled sound, more touching than whine or howl—a sound such as the dumb make in the throat, with closed mouth.

Taking from the table a plate heaped high, Ridgeway prepared to administer the only comfort of which he could think.

Old Andrews sat smoking his pipe on the porch steps, where nightly he unburdened himself of shrewd bits of philosophy concerning men and events of the day, or rehearsed exciting past adventures. Sometimes Ridgeway listened with genuine interest, sometimes he and Dorax slept peacefully throughout. To-night Ridgeway lay in the hammock. Dorax, refusing the proffered food, lay down heavily just outside the door, where the light streamed out from the hall.

"Natchrully Dorax ain't hungry none—he don't need nothin' to eat," Andrews commented on the untouched food.

"No, I don't believe he does; he's too tired to eat now," Ridgeway returned, unaware of the drift of Andrews's remark. "Perhaps he'll eat after a bit, when he's rested. He's probably been off to some distance. Roaming has always been Dorax's one weakness, you know."

"'Tain't altogether 'count of bein' tired nor roamin', neither. I know good an' well dogs has to go off an' find carrion for their healths, but I know, too, that when they's et all the mutton they wants they ain't got no app'tite," Andrews retorted.

"Haven't you eyes, man, to see Dorax's real condition? He's a very sick dog. He must have gone off so far hunting something for his relief. Now, if Dorax really did kill sheep, as you suspect, he'd be fat, instead of so wretchedly thin," argued Ridgeway.

Dorax heard his name repeated. At their raised voices he assumed an alert, listening air, and turned his head from one to the other.

"Less'n his conscience is a-hurtin' him. Don't you reckon, Mr. Ridgeway, dogs has 'em same as humans?" Andrews asked.

While fond of dogs in general, and in particular of this one, whose intelligence was wonderful, yet Ridgeway was not prepared to ascribe Dorax's miserable condition to pangs of conscience, neither was he in the mood for metaphysical speculation or argument. He had found nothing whatever in the dog's movements to corroborate the old man's suspicions in regard to the missing sheep. Andrews's evident earnestness and sincerity, however, arrested the laugh on Ridgeway's lips.

"That's a queer notion of yours, Andrews, but you mustn't worry any more about those sheep. And Dorax is all right.

"I can't see why you connect the two, for, as I said before, Dorax's absences seem natural enough to me."

Ridgeway again offered the food, which the dog now accepted, more, it seemed, because it was offered than from hunger. Dorax crunched the bone, lying on his stomach, and flattened along the floor like a beast of prey, his powerful foreshoulders and haunches raised high, his tail slowly moving from side to side in sinuous strokes. Every muscle of the gaunt yet shapely form came into play. Fascinated, both men watched.

"Eats jest like a wild animal, too. Mebby them wolves learned him to eat that-a-way," Andrews remarked.

"Not likely. Dorax has always eaten in that position, and I'm surprised you've never noticed it before. As I told you, the dog's leanness is a strong proof that you're mistaken. Just take a good look at him."

Ridgeway sought to repress his annoyance, for he was beginning to believe that the old man's queerness was the outcome of his monotonous life. Still, he found Andrews's reiterations tiresome to-night.

"'Course I seen Dorax eat that a-way before, but not jest the same, neither. You'd ought to see the diff'runce. I've cared a heap fer him, an' alwus shall. But somethin's gone wrong with Dorax, shore," the old man persisted. "I know it. An' I b'lieve worse'n sheep-stealin', too, Mr. Ridgeway."

"What could be worse?" Ridgeway questioned, humoring Andrews.

"A-runnin' an' a-keepin' comp'ny with them cowardly, sneakin' critters, an' him sech a fine dog." Andrews's voice dropped to a whisper, as if he feared the dog might hear.

"Consorting with wolves," Ridgeway thought with amusement, and stifled with difficulty a laugh, notwithstanding the fact that he experienced a momentary anxiety for the foreman's sanity. He fancied there was a peculiar gleam in his small red-brown eyes turned toward the door, but decided that this was caused by the combination of moonlight and lamplight. "He's only cranky, I suppose," reflected Ridgeway, and made no reply. Andrews himself said nothing more, and his sensible conversation on other matters allayed any of Ridgeway's fears for the old man's reason.

But, later on, as Ridgeway dozed in the hammock, Andrews aroused him by harking back to the subject. "You'd better let me tie up Dorax to-night. Less'n you do, he'll vamoose shore. D'you want me to?"

Dorax got up, crossed the gallery, and laid his head on Ridgeway's foot, as if in appeal for the sentence.

"No," answered Ridgeway, shortly.

"You'd better."

Receiving no response, Andrews slowly walked off.

He stopped at the end of the gallery to ask dryly: "D'you say anythin', Mr. Ridgeway?" Undeceived by the loud, palpably artificial breathing, the shrewd old fellow smiled to himself, and muttered, "A-playin' possum to get ahed of me."

He went off to bed, after shaking his finger warningly at Dorax, and addressing him as he would have spoken to another person: "Look out, Dorax! Slick as you are, you'll shore get caught up with yet."

Although weary, Dorax kept wide-eyed vigil on this glorious white night, when the white, semi-tropic moon silvered every object with its own purity. Dorax held his head uncomfortably erect to sustain the caressing weight of his master's hand, which had fallen over the side of the hammock. The night was reminiscent to both of other moonlight nights. On a night like this Dorax had made his awful journey back to his adopted home, after having been taken forcibly away. Dorax, then a puppy, had been brought into the county by a "mover"—a designation applied alike to the honest immigrant and to the vicious, thieving prowler, going from one community to another as the country becomes unprofitable or the sheriff dangerous. That the dog was valuable and had been stolen was evident; his desertion to Red Arroyo Ranch showed, too, his dislike for his owner, who, a few weeks after, when about camp, unfortunately discovered the lost puppy's whereabouts. This fellow's spiteful nature was stronger than his greed. He refused all offers, and dragged forth the unhappy animal with curses and lashes, desisting only when cowed by Ridgeway's fury, partly checked, lest its indulgence should increase the dog's suffering. But for this, the mover would have fared hardly if Ridgeway had yielded to his burning indignation. His restraint had availed nothing with the wretch, for, waiting only until sufficiently distant from interference, there fell upon the helpless puppy punishment that Dorax, grown, still remembered.

Afterward a trace-chain about Dorax's neck had held him captive to the wagon of his torturer. Protesting against every step, his weight pressing the hot, dusty road, Dorax impotently pulled back. His throat was parched, his body sore, his heart ached. Bruised and choked, with bleeding feet, he was dragged along the ground.

When at last he succeeded in breaking away and reaching

the ranch, he accounted as naught the straining for long hours at the chain, the many miles traversed, the streams crossed, and among them the Red Arroyo, widened, swollen with unprecedented rains, and filled with floating debris.

But his courage had never failed. Tired, foot-sore, and weak, he crept on. Nor did he stop to rest until the clanking of his heavy chain across the gallery had aroused Ridgeway and Andrews. Dorax was unable to tell of the suffering of those days, but out of his expressive eyes looked the full measure of his misery and pain. His body, too, testified mutely. That the agony of that time had never wholly faded from his memory was proven beyond doubt by the panic and terror that Dorax, otherwise brave and fearless, showed henceforth at the rattling of a chain or at the creaking of a wagon. Even now, the creaking of the hammock, as it swayed, aroused these dormant memories.

There were two other moonlight nights Ridgeway never forgot. Dorax had twice made graceful return for all kindness. Once in camp, none but Dorax ever knew how, he had killed a rattlesnake coiled on Ridgeway's chest before his master awoke shudderingly to the danger past.

Again, Dorax had saved Ridgeway's life from the attack of a snake in human form. He had sprung at the throat of the stealthy assassin, and with difficulty was taken off from the half-dead man who had sought to do murder. Dorax still bore honorable scars from the knife thrusts received in this struggle. In this case his merit was the greater because he had first to overcome his old terror of the chain, Dorax's fear having been accidentally discovered by this same cut-throat Mexican, who had thereby cruelly held the dog in complete subjection.

The salt gulf breezes came soothingly from their distant birthplace. The drowsy notes of night insects, the tinkling bells of cattle wandering over the hills, all lulled Ridgeway to sleep. Abandoned of thought, he lay counting the incessant, doleful call of the whippoorwill, until it ceased for him. Then

Dorax alone waked and watched with the moon. Through his set jaws he uttered a sound like repressed baying.

Ridgeway's hand had fallen away from the dog's head. Suddenly Dorax sat up, his body tense, his every faculty concentrated upon some message borne on the rising wind, indistinguishable as yet to other listening ears, had there been any. But the dog's acute hearing and scent caught and translated it.

Soon the ears of man, strained to attention, might have heard that remote cry, though still faint and vague. The creaking of the hammock had long been silent, the dread of the chain had died with it, yet Dorax was trembling violently. Mingled hope and despair awoke. Every fibre, every worn muscle, dilated and throbbed with the delight of life, the glory of the moonlight night, the joy of the chase, to which this wild summons invited; they united to loosen the ties of gratitude and love that bound Dorax to guard his home.

The mournful tremolo advanced, like a flying, disembodied voice in the air, rather than of the earth, nearer, nearer, swifter than thought or desire. That enticing call was irresistible. Dorax jumped to his feet. But he struck the sleeper's hand, and paused to lick it again and again. He was torn by longing and duty, which meant joy and despair. Then he lay down heavily to watch at his post.

Once more that distracting cry came. It was changed now, and, savagely insistent, demanded a reply.

All was quiet and peaceful; assuredly no danger threatened his master. Dorax chose, and answered. His clear, pure note, shaming those wild, fierce cries, turned momentarily Ridgeway's dreams to old scenes of the hunt. This response silenced the yelping wolves, while Dorax sped fleetly to join them.

The hunt began. The pack beat up and down the country, covering miles as they went in eager pursuit of whatever sport offered; losing now the scent as it became weaker on the dry, wind-swept upland, now finding it as it grew stronger in the damp, dewy lowland. On, on they coursed over waste,

through rank, weedy pastures, across creeks, where the trail ended, retaking it again in the dim, moss-draped oak forests; at times dizzy and intoxicated with the overpowering fragrance of the buffalo-clover fields they crossed, at times drunk with the blood of their stricken victims, at the throats of which they paused only to quench their thirst. Always in the lead traveled the three, Dorax, the old lean leader of the pack, and a young wolf as lithe and graceful as as a greyhound. Enravished alone with the keen delight of the chase, they scorned to follow other game than the fleet-footed wild creatures. The stifled shrieks of stray domestic animals were from victims of the slower, meaner wolves of the pack which turned aside. But the three bounded forward, excited again and again by fearsome cries, which they quickly hushed.

The wind died away with the night. At the close of the hunt, going through the hot, moist morning air, Dorax, panting, yet still neck and neck with his two wolfish consorts, became suddenly aware of his surroundings. The glamour of the moonlight night was past. Dorax felt only weariness and satiety. The pack were crossing the old gulch south of the ranch house, and were making a wide circuit around to the east, barbed-wire fences making necessary the detour. There lay the sheepfold.

Day was near at hand. The once brilliant moon, now faded and haggard, rested on the hilltops, watching the last scene of the chase. In the east, long, rose-colored, ribbon-like clouds streamed pennant-wise over the sky.

Ravenous from their fast during their long hunt, the wolves were about to hold their usual feast before dispersing. But never before had they been here with Dorax. Perhaps the jealous old gray leader had thus maliciously guided them; perhaps the young wolf, with feminine craft, had sought to set the final seal to Dorax's fealty to his new comrades, thus binding him to them forever. Faithless to his trust, Dorax had been drawn on to this last monstrous crime.

The frightened sheep, huddled together, were bleating loudly. The three-legged ram, with unnatural courage, stood be-

fore the flock, and faced the approaching pack, which was held in check for an instant by astonishment at this unexpected bravery. Then the wolves, with Dorax and the other two still in the lead, continued the ascent. Soon Dorax was moving even faster than his consorts. The ram recognized his old friend and feared nothing; he looked trustfully to the dog for protection from the murderous pack. But, daunted by traces he saw there of the night's work, bleating, he, too, cowered down timorously. Dorax's eyes were gleaming, his hair was bristling furiously, his fangs were uncovered.

Aroused by the commotion, Ridgeway, still half asleep, appeared on the scene. Andrews, at the same time, hurried out, dazed at the sight, yet managing to gasp, "See, see! Dorax!"

But, behold, Dorax had turned upon the pack, and stood protectingly before the sheep, baying loud and deep defiance.

Instantly the infuriated wolves, outraged by this unexpected defection, answered the challenge by hideous howls.

The old leader of the pack rushed to the fray, gnashing and rending with teeth and claws, leaping his length to hurl himself with force upon his foe. Now erect like men, they wrestled; now prone on the earth, the gray wolf down, then Dorax underneath; now up again, they clenched. Enveloped in a haze of red dust, dripping with blood, they continued the terrific struggle. The old wolf, bleeding and torn, snorted and puffed the hair of his adversary from his mouth and nostrils; he snapped and snarled as he mangled. Dorax fought silently, with the desperation of nearly exhausted strength.

The shrill screams of the Mexican woman, crying, "Ay-e, ay-e, ay-e," mingled in chorus with the howls of the pack, and were indistinguishable from them.

Wide awake now, Ridgeway was running, pistol in hand. Dorax and the wolf stood upright again in an embrace of hatred, the wolf's teeth buried in Dorax's throat. Ridgeway fired without apparent effect. The wolf's jaws held tight. Dorax swayed beneath his weight. A second shot rang out.

Dorax, again swaying, covered his enemy, and received the ball meant for him.

They fell together. The pack vanished, and no one noticed their going.

Dorax tried in vain to free himself from the dead wolf's grip. As Ridgeway leaped the intervening fences, Dorax lifted his head, and the beautiful note for which he was famous rang out, echoing, clear and high through the hills once more. Ridgeway gave the old answering cry, but it broke in a sob as he knelt beside the dog.

PAUL WHITFIELD HORN

Professor P. W. Horn, at present superintendent of the city schools of Houston, Texas, was born in Missouri in 1870. He graduated at Central College, Missouri, in 1888, with the degree of M.A., and since that time has followed the profession of teaching. For seven years he was superintendent of the city schools of Sherman, Texas, and has held his present position for the past nine years.

His writings have been varied: educational articles and addresses, text-books, short-stories and poems. His compositions appear in the *Youth's Companion, New York Sun, Philadelphia Record, Chicago Record, St. Louis Democrat,* and other periodicals.

He is co-author with A. N. McCallum of *The New Century Speller,* and with W. S. Sutton of *School Room Essentials.* He has also prepared a reading book entitled *Our Schools Today.* His annual report of the city schools of Houston is one of the most comprehensive and interesting reports issued by any school.

The following are selections from his work:

MONDAY.

Today the work begins anew,
And, be it small or be it great,
And known to many or to few,
I know that this week's work shall wait,
With all the other work I do,
For me at last at Heaven's gate.

And when to me the King shall call,
And ask me for this week he gave,
It will not matter then at all
There, in that land beyond the grave,
If this week's work be great or small,
So it be honest work and brave.

THE POINT OF CONTACT.

(Extract from The Life of Our Schools, an address delivered to the City Teachers' Institute of Houston, 1908.)

. . . Educational life power is simply one human life touching another life. Here again it is easy to state the fact, though impossible to explain the process. The origin of life is always mysterious. We can only give a few of the names which we apply to life when we see it in touch with another life.

Chief among these names are Interest, Sympathy, Insight, and Inspiration. Sometimes we use the terms Personality, or Personal Magnetism, to include all of these. For my own part, I think that a better word to sum them all up would be Love.

It is not worth while to quibble about these terms, or to undertake to define them. They all apply in some measure to the condition of affairs when one human life really comes in vital touch with another.

It is profoundly mysterious, as all life is, and yet, essentially, it is as simple as simple can be. A Christ giving His

life to lift up a fallen world; a Socrates talking to his disciples; a Henry Grady, who, when he died, "was literally loving a nation into peace"; the oft-mentioned log in the wilderness, with Mark Hopkins on one end and Garfield on the other; a mother trying to help the child she loves; a teacher in the school room, trying to do the same thing! Simply one human life in loving, living contact with another; that is absolutely all there is to it so far as the really vital part of education is concerned. It is as simple as the touch-cure of Jesus.

It is all so simple that we have been unable to accept it as true. We have tried to make it hard. We have piled up complicated machinery until we have almost lost sight of the simple power behind it all. It is a strange shortcoming of human nature that when we need more power we invent more machinery. Is there something wrong with the state? Pass a new law. Is there something wrong with the church? Organize a new society. Is there something wrong with the school? Add a new subject to the course of study. Is there some great work to be done for humanity? Appoint a new committee. And so it goes. All this is simply an effort to find a substitute for humanity.

It is said that when Mr. Edison had invented a particularly wonderful piece of machinery to be applied to farm work, a friend said to him:

"Before long there will be no need for the farmer at all. You will make it possible for all his work to be done by machinery."

"No," said the great inventor, "if I were to invent a machine to do all the work of the farm, it would still take a farmer to run the machine."

He might have added, too, that it would take a highly trained farmer to be able to do this.

The Almighty Himself depends upon human agency to do His work, and no process that seeks to eliminate the merely human element can hope to retain the element of the divine. We may pass laws, organize societies, appoint committees,

write books, and hold conventions until doomsday, and yet never touch the heart of the matter. All these things are merely so much machinery. If the vital power of loving human lives is behind them, they may be the means of doing vastly more good than was ever accomplished in the simple, primitive days. If not, they are merely so much junk.

There is one reason why the results of modern school systems are sometimes disappointing. While undoubtedly we get better results than in the old-time schools, even the most optimistic of us must recognize that in proportion to the increased amount of time and attention and energy given to the consideration of educational subjects, we seem to get but scanty returns.

The trouble is that we have increased our educational machinery more rapidly than we have increased the power to run it. We are trying to run hundred horse power engines with ten horse power boilers; to operate hundred ohm circuits with ten volt currents. Our teachers have not grown in power to sympathize and love as rapidly as they have in power to know. It is sometimes true of us as Lowell said of Poe: "The heart sometimes seems all squeezed out by the mind." The result is that many modern schools are like the great machinery in a modern mill, with the power turned off—perfect in every detail, but absolutely dead.

After all, this tendency to substitute other things for the real vital power is not so strange as it might at first seem. It exists because manhood and womanhood are among the fair things that money cannot buy. It is possible to buy buildings and books and laboratories whenever there is more money to buy them with. The very essence of human sympathy is that it cannot be bought. It will not come at the bidding. If love be given for gold it ceases to be the holiest thing on earth, and becomes one of the basest. No millionaire can pay a salary high enough to compel a single human being to take a genuine interest in him. If sympathy is given at all, it is given without money and without price.

The highest salary that can be paid a teacher cannot pur-

chase from her a single human interest in the boys and girls under her charge; and yet, the teacher who is not in reality interested in the welfare of every child under her charge is not in any sense fit to teach them. No man can truly succeed as principal of a school if he is out of touch with the life of the community. Where this real sympathetic interest does not exist, the process that was intended to be educational becomes merely mechanical. The whole life of it is lacking. It may bring training, but not education. Indifference is the sin of modern school teachers; cynicism is their crime. . . .

THE MEANING OF MANUAL TRAINING.

(Extract from a publication entitled *A Christmas Remembrance to the Houston High School.*)

Again the Christmas season of the year comes around, and again I feel a desire to send to the boys and girls of our Houston High School some token of my kindly remembrance of them. The kindly reception which they gave to my little Christmas message last year, and the many appreciative words which they spoke and wrote to me about it, lead me now to send them these words of renewed greeting and continued encouragement.

Not that I would have them think that the great vital truths of life change in a year, or through the centuries. If the things I said to you last year about service, self-sacrifice, faithfulness, patriotism, and love were true then, they are true now. The things which were greatest and most worth while last year are greatest and most worth while now. They have been so ever since history began.

It is all right to be each year anxiously on the lookout for the good thing that is new, but it is a great mistake to look for it so anxiously that we fail to see, or lay aside, the good thing that is old. The best things never go out of date. They never become old. Like the Father who made them, they are immortal.

The same blue sky that arches over South Texas this

Christmas was over it last Christmas, and was over it when Columbus first set sail toward this New World. The same moon and stars that will light this Christmas night lit, also, the first Christmas, when the shepherds watched their flocks by night, and when the wise men brought their treasures to the Babe of Bethlehem. Even the roses that grow in the open air and that make our Southern Christmas more beautiful than any other in the wide, wide world are, in a sense at least, the same roses that were blooming last Christmas, and the Christmas before that; and the same that will be blooming in South Texas for many Christmases to come, even after you and I are not here to see them. They are not individually the same roses, but they are the same form of life, with the same radiant coloring and the same sweet fragrance that South Texas roses have had for years, and will have through years yet to come.

It is so, also, of right and wrong. The thing which was wrong last year is wrong yet. It always has been, and it always will be. There are no fashions in right and wrong. Stealing is stealing wherever and whenever you find it. Graft is graft, and no seeming respectability can make it better than it is. The higher the place in which it is found, the worse it is. The Ten Commandments never go out of fashion. They have never been repealed.

It is just as true of right as it is of wrong. If any boy in our high school has a father who is honest, patriotic and faithful to all his duties in public and in private, that boy has a heritage which is worth more to him than money can be. The boy needs to feel that this same honesty, patriotism, and fidelity which makes life glorious for his father will make life worth living for himself also.

Our girls, too, need to cultivate the same sweet virtues that their mothers cultivated. The purity, modesty, and sweet, womanly helpfulness which have made the mothers of the Southland the queens of their homes and the pride of their people, will do as much for their daughters of today. . .

I confess that to me the most interesting part of your

manual training work is that seen in the lathe room. I like to see you, each one holding his chisel against the wood rapidly whirled about, in such manner as to make it take the shape it wishes. I like to see the shavings fly and to hear the hum of the whirling lathes; for I know that each revolution means the helping to work out into tangible form somebody's ideals.

It is not a particularly quiet scene. If the wood could feel, it would doubtless not enjoy the process very much. It is a process of noise and strife, and of cutting away that which mars the symmetry of the design.

I could not think of a better picture of life—of what your own life will be. It is in quiet that ideals are formed, but it is in strife and conquest that they are made real. It is on the battle field and at the ballot box and in the shop and in the school room that characters are made. The process is not quiet and it is not pleasant. It is a process of cutting away.

And it is even true that the thing which does not cut away does not help. If you hold your chisel so that it does not touch your piece of wood, it does not shape it. It does not do it any good. The lathe may whirl ever so rapidly and hum ever so loudly, but there is no work being done.

There are a thousand things in the world that are just as useless. Many things that we fuss and fume over make us neither better nor worse. They do not touch our lives or conduct. It is the things that touch our lives—that cut into us—that shape us into form of beauty and use, or of ugliness and evil.

These are only a few of the things that our new department seems to me to mean. It would take too long to tell all of them. In concluding this letter to you I can sum up some of them as follows:

They mean that the trained hand can accomplish tasks in the world which even the trained brain could not accomplish unaided.

They mean that all honest labor is honorable. They teach that no task is menial if it is performed with a trained hand and an honest heart.

They mean system. No institution in your city has more system about it than has our manual training department or our department of domestic science.

They mean economy. Every fraction of lumber is charged to the boy who gets it, and must be used or accounted for. Every cubic foot of gas is charged to the class that uses it.

They mean absolute accuracy. A little more or less is worth no more than nothing at all. You cannot cover up your inaccurate work.

They mean absolute honesty. You can lie to your teacher of Latin or geometry or history, but you cannot lie to your manual training teacher. Your work is before him and it proclaims your lie with trumpet tones.

They mean the ability to understand directions and go by them. They mean the forming of the highest type of ideals. They mean seclusion and quiet meditation and prayer, and the study of the good and the beautiful.

They mean the working out of these ideals—not in quiet and seclusion, but in the hum and the roar of the world's work—in politics, in business, in religion.

They mean the dropping of the unessential, and the striving for those things that really shape men's lives for better or worse. They mean the willingness to be "made perfect through suffering."

Practical? Yes, doubtless more so than any other branches we teach in our high school; yet far more than practical. I have told you some of the spiritual things they seem to me to mean. If the boys and girls of our city learn these deeper lessons—as I believe they do, and will—they will receive a benefit far exceeding that of all the money spent on all these departments. They will enter more nearly into the spirit of Him whose birthday this season celebrates and who, as a boy, Himself used the plane and hammer and forever glorified them as He practically studied manual training in His father's humble carpenter shop in Nazareth.

GEORGE PATTULLO

Mr. Pattullo was born in Woodstock, Ontario, Canada, his father and uncle being prominent members of the Liberal party. George attended Toronto University, but did not graduate, as he failed to secure a course in newspaper work satisfactory to him.

After traveling extensively in the United States, Canada, and Europe, he came west, spending much of his time on ranches in Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, and Mexico. The winters he spent in Boston, Massachusetts, until, recently he has been making his home in Bonham, Texas. As he reports, "I am thirty-one and a bachelor, and keep a good cook, a good horse and a good dog." He further adds, "I have lived in Montreal, London, and Boston, so that there is very little of the city life that I have missed. My preference is for the open country. And my ambition is to have a little ranch of about five thousand acres to which I may retire in old age and raise a few good horses."

The Untamed is the title of his collection of short stories on range animals, in which he tells through the medium of the animals and the relations to man, the life, the methods, and the work of the cattle range.

From this is given *Corazón,* by permission of the publisher, Desmond Fitzgerald of New York. The *New York Evening Post* characterized it as the best horse short story ever written.

CORAZÓN

(By permission of Desmond Fitzgerald, Publishers.)

"A man is as good as his nerve."—*Cowboy maxim.*

With manes streaming in the wind, a band of bronchos fled across the grama flats, splashed through the San Pedro, and whirled sharply to the right, heading for sanctuary in the Dragoons. In the lead raced a big sorrel, his coat shimmering like polished gold where the sun touched it.

"That's Corazón," exclaimed Red. "Head him or we'll lose the bunch."

The pursuers spread out and swept round in a wide semicircle. Corazón held to his course, a dozen yards in advance of the others, his head high. The chase slackened, died away. With a blaring neigh, the sorrel eased his furious pace and the entire band came to a trot. Before them were the mountains, and Corazón knew their fastnesses as the street urchin knows the alleys that give him refuge; in the cañons the bronchos would be safe from man. Behind was no sign of the enemy. His nose in the wind, he sniffed long, but it bore him no taint. Instead, he nickered with delight, for he smelled water. They swung to the south, and in less than five minutes their hot muzzles were washed by the bubbling waters of Eternity Spring.

Corazón drew in a long breath, expanding his well-ribbed sides, and looked up from drinking. There in front of him, fifty paces away, was a horseman. He snorted the alarm and they plunged into a tangle of sagebrush. Another rider bore down and turned them back. To right and left they darted, then wheeled and sought desperately to break through the cordon at a weak spot, and failed. Wherever they turned, a cowboy appeared as by magic. At last Corazón detected an unguarded area and flew through it with the speed of light.

"Now we've got 'em," howled Reb. "Don't drive too close, but keep 'em headed for the corral."

Within a hundred yards of the gate, the sorrel halted, his ears cocked in doubt. The cowboys closed in to force the band through. Three times the bronchos broke and scattered,

for to their wild instincts the fences and that narrow aperture cried treachery and danger. They were gathered, with whoops and many imprecations, and once more approached the entrance.

"Drive the saddle bunch out," commanded the range boss.

Forth came the remunda of a hundred horses. The bronchos shrilled greeting and mingled with them, and when the cow ponies trotted meekly into the corral, Corazón and his band went too, though they shook and were afraid.

For five years Corazón had roamed the range—ever since he had discovered that grass was good to eat, and so had left the care of his tender-eyed mother. Because he dreaded the master of created things and fled him afar, only once during that time had he seen man at close quarters. That was when, as a youngster, he was caught and branded on the left hip. He had quickly forgotten that; until now it had ceased to be even a memory.

But now he and his companion rovers were prisoners, cooped in a corral by a contemptible trick.

They crowded around and around the stout enclosure, sometimes dropping to their knees in effort to discover an exit beneath the boards. And not twenty feet away, the dreaded axis of their circlings, sat a man on a horse, and he studied them calmly. Other men, astride the fence, were uncoiling ropes, and their manner was placid and businesslike. One opined dispassionately that "the sorrel is shore some horse." "You're damn whistlin'," cried the buster over his shoulder, in hearty affirmation.

Corazón was the most distracted of all the band. He was in a frenzy of nervous feat, his glossy coat wet and foam-flecked. He would not stand still for a second, but prowled about the wooden barrier like a jungle creature newly prisoned in a cage. Twice he nosed the ground and crooked his forelegs in an endeavor to slide through the six inches of clear space beneath the gate, and the outfit laughed derisively.

"Here goes," announced the buster in his expressionless tones. "You-all watch out, now. Hell 'll be poppin'."

At that moment Corazón took it into his head to dash at top speed through his friends, huddled in a bunch in a corner. A rope whined and coiled, and, when he burst out of the jam, the noose was around his neck, tightening so as to strangle him. Madly he ran against it, superb in the sureness of his might. Then he squalled with rage and pain and an awful terror. His legs flew from under him, and poor Corazón was jerked three feet into the air, coming down on his side with smashing force. The fall shook a grunt out of him, and he was stunned and breathless, but unhurt. He staggered to his feet, his breath straining like bellows, for the noose cut into his neck and he would not yield to its pressure.

Facing him was the man on the bay. His mount stood with feet braced, sitting back on the rope, and he and his rider were quite collected and cool and prepared. The sorrel's eyes were starting from his head; his nostrils flared wide, gaping from the aid that was denied him, and the breath sucked in his throat. It seemed as if he must drop. Suddenly the buster touched his horse lightly with the spur and slackened the rope. With a long sob, Corazón drew in a life-giving draught, his gaze fixed in frightened appeal on his captor. "Open the gate," said Mullins, without raising his voice. He flicked the rope over Corazón's hind quarters, and essayed to drive him into the next corral, to cut him off from his fellows. The sorrel gave a gasp of dismay and lunged forward. Again he was lifted from the ground, and came down with a thud that left him shivering.

"His laig's done bust!" exclaimed the boss. "No; he's shook up, that's all. Wait awhile."

A moment later Corazón raised his head painfully; then, life and courage coming back with a rush, he lurched to his feet. Mullins waited with unabated patience. The sorrel was beginning to respect that which encircled his neck and made naught of his strength, and when the buster flipped the rope again, he ran through the small gate, and brought up before he had reached the end of his tether.

Two of the cowboys stepped down languidly from the fence, and took position in the center of the corral.

"Hi, Corazón! Go it, boy!" they yelled, and spurred by their cries, the horse started off at a trot. Reb tossed his loop,—flung it carelessly, with a sinuous movement of the wrist,—and when Corazón had gone a few yards, he found his forefeet ensnared. Enraged at being thus cramped, he bucked and bawled; but, before Reb could settle on the rope, he came to a standstill and sank his teeth into the strands. Once, twice, thrice he tugged, but could make no impression. Then he pitched high in the air, and——

"*Now!*" shrieked Reb.

They heaved with might and main, and Corazón flopped in the dust. Quick as a cat, he sprang upright and bolted; but again they downed him, and while Reb held the head by straddling the neck, his confederate twined dexterously with a stake-rope. There lay Corazón, helpless and almost spent, trussed up like a sheep for market; they had hog-tied him.

It was the buster who put the hackamore on his head. Very deliberately he moved. Corazón sensed confidence in the touch of his fingers; they spoke a language to him, and he was soothed by the sureness of superiority they conveyed. He lay quiet. Then Reb incautiously shifted his position, and the horse heaved and raised his head, banging Mullins across the ear. The buster's senses swam, but instead of flying into a rage, he became quieter, more deliberate; in his cold eyes was a vengeful gleam, and dangerous stealth lurked in his delicate manipulation of the strands. An excruciating pain shot through the sorrel's eye: Mullins had gouged him.

"Let him up." It was the buster again, atop the bay, making the rope fast with a double half-hitch over the horn of the saddle.

Corazón arose, dazed and very sick. But his spirit was unbreakable. Again and again he strove to tear loose, rearing, falling back, plunging to the end of the rope until he was hurled off his legs to the ground. When he began to

weary, Mullins encouraged him to fight, that he might toss him.

"I'll learn you what this rope means," he remarked, as the broncho scattered the dust for the ninth time, and remained there, completely done up.

In deadly fear of his slender tether, yet alert to match his strength against it once more, should opportunity offer, Corazón followed the buster quietly enough when he rode out into the open. Beside a sturdy mesquite bush that grew apart from its brethren, Mullins dismounted and tied the sorrel. As a farewell he waved his arms and whooped. Of course Corazón gathered himself and leaped—leaped to the utmost that was in him, so that the bush vibrated to its farthest root; and of course he hit the earth with a jarring thump that temporarily paralyzed him. Mullins departed to put the thrall of human will on others.

Throughout the afternoon, and time after time during the interminable night, the sorrel tried to break away, but with each sickening failure he grew more cautious. When he ran against the rope now, he did not run blindly to its limit, but half wheeled, so that when it jerked him back he invariably landed on his feet. Corazón was learning hard, but he was learning. And what agonies of pain and suspense he went through!—for years a free rover, and now to be bound thus, by what looked to be a mere thread, for he knew not what further tortures! He sweated and shivered, seeing peril in every shadow. When a coyote slunk by with tongue lapping hungrily over his teeth, the prisoner almost broke his neck in a despairing struggle to win freedom.

In the chill of the dawn they led him into a circular corral. His sleekness had departed; the barrel-like body did not look so well nourished, and there was a red in the blazing eyes.

"I reckon he'll be mean," observed the buster, as though it concerned him but little.

"N-o-o-o. Go easy with him, Carl, and I think he'll make a good hoss," the boss cautioned.

While two men held the rope, Mullins advanced along it

foot by foot, inch by inch, one hand outstretched, and talked to Corazón in a low, careless tone of affectionate banter. "So you'd like for to kill me, would you?" he inquired, grinning. All the while he held the sorrel's gaze.

Corazón stood still, legs planted wide apart, and permitted him to approach. He trembled when the fingers touched his nose; but they were firm, confident digits, the voice was reassuring, and the gentle rubbing up, up between the eyes and ears lulled his forebodings.

"Hand me the blanket," said Mullins.

He drew it softly over Corazón's back, and the broncho swerved, pawed, and kicked with beautiful precision. Whereupon they placed a rope around his neck, dropped it behind his right hind leg, then pulled that member up close to his belly; there it was held fast. On three legs now, the sorrel was impotent for harm. Mullins once more took up the blanket, but this time the gentleness had flown. He slapped it over Corazón's backbone from side to side a dozen times. At each impact the horse humped awkwardly, but, finding that he came to no hurt, he suffered it in resignation.

That much of the second lesson learned they saddled him Strangely enough, Corazón submitted to the operation without fuss, the only untoward symptoms being a decided upward slant to the back of the saddle and the tucking of his tail. Reb waggled his head over this exhibition.

"I don't like his standing quiet that away; it ain't natural," he vouchsafed. "Look at the crick in his back. Jim-in-ee! he'll shore pitch."

Which he did. The cinches were tightened until Corazón's eyes almost popped from his head; then they released the bound leg and turned him loose. What was that galling his spine? Corazón took a startled peep at it, lowered his head between his knees, and began to bawl. Into the air he rocketed, his head and forelegs swinging to the left, his hindquarters weaving to the right. The jar of his contact with the ground was appalling. Into the air again, his head and forelegs to the right, his rump twisted to the left. Round

and round the corral he went, bleating like an angry calf; but the thing on his back stayed where it was, gripping his body cruelly. At last he was fain to stop for breath.

"Now," said Mullins, "I reckon I'll take it out of him."

There has always been for me an overwhelming fascination in watching busters at work. They have underlying traits in common when it comes to handling the horses—the garrulous one becomes coldly watchful, the Stoic moves with stern patience, the boaster soothes with soft-crooned words and confident caress. Mullins left Corazón standing in the middle of the corral, the hackamore rope strung loose on the ground, while he saw to it that his spurs were fast. We mounted the fence, not wishing to be mixed in the glorious turmoil to follow.

"I wouldn't top ol' Corazón for fifty," confessed the man on the adjoining post.

"Mullins has certainly got nerve," I conceded.

"A buster has got to have nerve." The range boss delivered himself laconically. "All nerve and no brains makes the best. But they get stove up and then——"

"And then? What then?"

"Why, don't you know," he asked in surprise. "Every buster loses his nerve at last, and then they can't ride a pack-hoss. It must be because it's one fool man with one set of nerves up ag'in a new hoss with a new devil in him every time. They wear him down. Don't you reckon?"

The explanation sounded plausible. Mullins was listening with a faintly amused smile to Reb's account of what a lady mule had done to him; he rolled a cigarette and lighted it painstakingly. The hands that held the match were steady as eternal rock. It was maddening to see him stand so coolly while the big sorrel, a dozen feet distant, was a-quake with dread, blowing harshly through his crimson nostrils whenever a cowboy stirred—and each of us knowing that the man was taking his life in his hands. An unlooked-for twist, a trifling disturbance of poise, and, with a horse like Corazón, it meant maiming or death. At last he drew the cigarette from him and walked slowly to the rope.

"So you're calling for me?" he inquired, gathering it up.

Corazón was snorting. By patient craft Reb acquired a grip on the sorrel's ears, and, while he hung there, bringing the head down so that the horse could not move, Mullins tested the stirrups and raised himself cautiously into the saddle.

"Let him go."

While one could count ten, Corazón stood expectant, his back bowed, his tail between his legs. The ears were laid flat on the head and the forefeet well advanced. The buster waited, the quirt hanging from two fingers of his right hand. Suddenly the sorrel ducked his head and emitted a harsh scream, leaping, with legs stiff, straight off the ground. He came down with the massive hips at an angle to the shoulders, thereby imparting a double shock; bounded high again, turned back with bewildering speed as he touched the earth; and then, in a circle perhaps twenty feet in diameter, sprang time after time, his heels lashing the air. Never had such pitching been seen on the Anvil Range.

"I swan, he just misses his tail a' inch when he turns back!" roared a puncher.

Mullins sat composedly in the saddle, but he was riding as never before. He whipped the sorrel at every jump and raked him down the body from shoulder to loins with the ripping spurs. The brute gave no signs of letting up. Through Mullins' tan of copper hue showed a slight pallor. He was exhausted. If Corazón did not give in soon, the man would be beaten. Just then the horse stopped, feet a-sprawl.

"Mullins,"—the range boss got down from the fence,—"you'll kill that hoss. Between the cinches belongs to you; the head and hind quarters is the company's."

For a long minute Mullins stared at the beast's ears without replying.

"I reckon that's the rule," he acquiesced heavily. "Do you want that somebody else should ride him?"

"No-o-o. Go ahead. But, remember, between the cinches you go at him as you like—nowhere else."

The buster slapped the quirt down on Corazón's shoulder,

but the broncho did not budge; then harder. With the first oath he had used, he jabbed in the spurs and lay back on the hackamore rope. Instead of bucking, Corazón reared straight up, his feet pawing like the hands of a drowning man. Before Mullins could move to step off, the sorrel flung his head round and toppled backward.

"No, he's not dead." The range boss leaned over the buster and his hands fumbled inside the shirt. "The horn got him here, but he ain't dead. Claude saddle Streak and hit for Agua Prieta for the doctor."

When we had carried the injured man to the bunk-house, Reb spoke from troubled meditation:

"Pete, I don't believe Corazón is as bad as he acts with Mullins, he didn't——"

"You take him, then; he's yours," snapped the boss, his conscience pricking because of the reproof he had administered. If the buster had ridden him his own way, this might not have happened.

That is how the sorrel came into Reb's possession. Only one man of the outfit witnessed the taming, and he would not talk; but when Reb came to dinner from the first saddle on Corazón, his hands were torn and the nail of one finger hung loose.

"I had to take to the horn and hang on some," he admitted.

Ay, he had clung there desperately while the broncho pitched about the river-bed, whither Reb had retired for safety and to escape spectators. But at the next saddle Corazón was less violent; at the third, recovering from the stunning shocks and bruisings of the first day, he was a fiend; and then, on the following morning, he did not pitch at all. Reb rode him every day to sap the superfluous vigor in Corazón's iron frame and he taught him as well as he could the first duties of a cow-horse. Finding that his new master never punished him unless he undertook to dispute his authority, the sorrel grew tractable and began to take an interest in his tasks.

"He's done broke," announced Reb; "I'll have him bridle-

wise in a week. He'll make some roping horse. Did you see him this evening? I swan——"

They scoffed good-naturedly; but Reb proceeded on the assumption that Corazón was meant to be a roping horse, and schooled him accordingly. As for the sorrel, he took to the new pastime with delight. Within a month nothing gave him keener joy than to swerve and crouch at the climax of a sprint and see a cow thrown heels over head at the end of the rope that was wrapped about his saddle-horn.

The necessity of contriving to get three meals a day took me elsewhere, and I did not see Corazón for three years. Then, one Sunday afternoon, Big John drew me from El Paso to Juarez on the pretense of seeing a grand and extraordinary, a most noble bullfight, in which the dauntless Favorita would slay three fierce bulls from the renowned El Carmen ranch, in "competency" with the fearless Morenito Chico de San Bernardo; and a youth with a megaphone drew us both to a steer-roping contest instead. We agreed that bull-fighting was brutal on the Sabbath.

"I'll bet it's rotten," remarked Big John pessimistically, as we took our seats. "I could beat 'em myself."

As he scanned the list, his face brightened. Among the seventeen ropers thereon were two champions and a possible new one in Raphael Fraustro, the redoubtable vaquero from the domain of Terranzas.

"And here's Reb!" roared John—he is accustomed to converse in the tumult of the branding-pen—"I swan, he's entered from Monument."

Shortly afterwards the contestants paraded, wonderfully arrayed in silk shirts and new handkerchiefs.

"Some of them ain't been clean before in a year," was John's caustic comment. "There's Slim; I *know* he hasn't."

They were a fine-looking body of men, and two of my neighbors complained that I trampled on their feet. The horses caught the infection of excitement from the packed stands and champed on their bits and caracoled and waltzed sideways in a manner highly unbecoming a staid cow-pony.

There was one that did not. So sluggish was his gait and general bearing, in contrast to the others, that the crowd burst into laughter. He plodded at the tail-end of the procession, his hoofs kicking up the dust in listless spurts, his nose on a level with his knees. I rubbed my eyes and John said, "No, it ain't—it can't be——"; but it was. Into that arena slouched Corazón, entered against the pick of the horses of the Southwest; and Reb was astride him.

We watched the ropers catch and tie the steers in rapid succession, but the much-heralded ones missed altogether, and to John and me the performance lagged. We are waiting for Reb and Corazón.

They came at last, at the end of the list. When Corazón ambled up the arena to enter behind the barrier, the grandstand roared a facetious welcome; the spectacle of this sad-gaited nag preparing to capture a steer touched its risibilities.

"Listen to me," bawled a fat gentleman in a wide-brimmed hat, close to my ear. "You listen to me! They're all fools. That's a cow-horse. No blasted nonsense. Knows his business, huh? You're damn whistlin'!"

Assuredly, Corazón knew his business. The instant he stepped behind the line he was a changed horse. The flopping ears pricked forward, his neck arched, and the great muscles of his shoulders and thighs rippled to his dainty prancing. He pulled and fretted on the bit, his eyes roving about in search of the quarry; he whinned an appeal to be gone. Reb made ready his coil, curbing him with light pressure.

Out from the chute sprang a steer, heading straight down the arena. Corazón was frantic. With the flash of the gun he breasted the barrier-rope and swept down on him in twenty strides. Reb stood high in the stirrups; the loop whirled and sped; and, without waiting to see how it fell, but accepting a catch in blind faith, the sorrel started off at a tangent.

Big John was standing up in his place, clawing insanely at

the hats of his neighbors and banging them on the head with his programme.

"Look at him—just look at him!" he shrieked.

The steer was tossed clear off the ground and came down on his left side. Almost before he landed, Reb was out of the saddle and speeding toward him.

"He's getting up. *He's getting up.* Go to him, Reb!" howled John and I.

The steer managed to lift his head; he was struggling to his knees. I looked away, for Reb must lose. Then a hoarse shout from the multitude turned back my gaze. Corazón had felt the slack on the rope and knew what it meant. He dug his feet into the dirt and began to walk slowly forward —very slowly and carefully, for Reb's task must not be spoiled. The steer collapsed, falling prone again but the sorrel did not stop. Once he cocked his eye, and seeing that the animal still squirmed, pulled with all his strength. The stands were rocking; they were a sea of tossing hats and gesticulating arms and flushed faces; the roar of their plaudits echoed back from the hills. And it was all for Corazón, gallant Corazón.

"Dam' his eyes—dam' his ol' eyes!" Big John babbled over and over, absolutely oblivious.

Reb stooped beside the steer, his hands looping and tying with deft darting twists even as he kept pace with his dragged victim.

"I guess it's—about—a—hour," he panted.

Then he sprang clear and tossed his hands upward, facing the judges' stand. After that he walked aimlessly about, mopping his face with a handkerchief; for to him the shoutings and the shifting colors were all a foolish dream, and he was rather sick.

Right on the cry with which his master announced his task done, Corazón eased up on the rope and waited.

"Mr. Pee-ler's time," bellowed the man with the megaphone presently, "is twenty-one seconds, ty-ing the world's record."

So weak that his knees trembled, Reb walked over to his horse. "Corazón," he said, huskily and slapped him once on the flank.

Nothing would do the joyous crowd then but that Reb should ride forth to be acclaimed the victor. We sat back and yelled ourselves weak with laughter for Corazón having done his work refused resolutely to squander time in vain parade. The steer captured and tied he had no further interest in the proceedings. The rascal dog-trotted reluctantly to the center of the arena in obedience to Reb then faced the audience; but all the time Reb was bowing his acknowledgments Corazón sulked and slouched and he was sulking and shuffling the dust when they went through the gate.

"Now," said John, who is very human, "we'll go help Reb spend that money."

As we jostled amid the outgoing crowd, several cowboys came alongside the grandstand rail, and Big John drew me aside to have a speech with them. One rider led a spare horse and when he passed a man on foot, the latter hailed him:

"Say, Ed, give me a lift to the hotel?"

"Sure," answered Ed, proffering the reins.

The man gathered them up, his hands fluttering as if with palsy, and paused with his foot raised toward the stirrup.

"He won't pitch nor nothing, Ed?" came the quavered inquiry. "You're shore he's gentle?"

"Gentler'n a dog," returned Ed, greatly surprised.

"You ain't fooling me, now, are you, Ed?" continued the man on the ground. "He looks kind of mean."

"Give him to me!" Ed exploded. "You kin walk."

From where we stood, only the man's back was visible. "Who is that fellow?" I asked. "Who? Him?" answered my neighbor. "Oh, his name's Mullins. They say he used to be able to ride anything with hair on it, and throw off the bridle at that. I expect that's just talk. Don't you reckon?"

MISS KATIE DAFFAN

Miss Daffan, at present Superintendent of the Texas Confederate Woman's Home in Austin, has served, as President of the Texas Woman's Press Association and the Texas Division of the United Daughters of the Confederacy, State Historian of the Daughters of the American Revolution, State Secretary to the General Federation of Woman's Clubs, First Vice President of the Texas State Teachers' Association, President of one of the sections of the Southern Educational Association, and Secretary of Hood's Texas Brigade Association. As a lecturer she has appeared before large audiences with such subjects as "Woman's Influence," "The American Woman," and "The Woman of the South."

Though, as a child, her energies were directed to music, it was the field of letters that issued the compelling call and determined the character of her life work. Her native taste, persistent energy, and close study of the demands of successful writing, have been decisive forces in her successful career of authorship.

Amongst her body of literary work, appear prominently her books, *Woman in History, The Woman on the Pine Springs Road, Texas Hero Stories, My Father as I Remember Him, As Thinketh a Woman.*

Woman in History includes character portrayals of those women who have influenced men and affairs from the time of Cleopatra to the Victorian era, and is especially valuable as a reference book. *The*

Woman on the Pine Springs Road is a quaint, practical philosophy, tinctured with romance and satire, and deals with many interesting phases of social life. *As Thinketh a Woman* is a volume of poems, illustrative of the noble sentiments of the heart, with occasional touches of humor and philosophy.

Selections are given from these works.

THE WOMAN ON THE PINE SPRINGS ROAD.

In the Loving.

"You have said a great deal about the best way to care for, control, coddle and entertain a husband; now, I would like you to tell me, if you please, the best way to get one," said I to the Woman on the Pine Springs Road, as I seated myself on the high-backed settee, among the soft, fragrant pillows, and watched her carefully fold her knitting and place it in the bamboo basket at her feet.

"I want to know the best thing to do, and all of the things to do in their proper order. I have thought a great deal about this, and I have decided that I have taken the required means of securing him in the incorrect order, and put the last thing first and the first thing last, according to unselfishness. I am so full of unselfishness when I leave you that I am apt to make almost any sacrifice."

"*The* woman does not live, nor has she ever been born, who could not marry somebody, child," said the Woman, becoming interested. "I have listened and listened to your theory," I continued; "now I want a little practice. I am old enough to be married and I want to be married. I have heard you say that all women are happier married. I am determined to make an excellent wife, and it does seem to me that this state of mind should invite opportunity."

"Yes, there is something in being ready," quietly spoke the Woman.

"I am ready to go after him wherever he may be. Tell

me where to look first, how to look, when to look, and please tell me what to do to make him look, for he has always been looking in the wrong direction. I have been cultivating the belief that all things come in their own good time, that our own will come to us, and all of that. Now I don't believe that it is coming or he is coming, unless I go a good deal more than halfway and usher him and encourage him, and I am willing to do that, so please give me my directions. He may have many virtues, but surely promptness is not one of them."

"You mean," said the Woman, "that the being of your imagination, a mounted knight in gold lace, jeweled belt, plumed hat and silver spurs, has not yet knelt at your feet, kissed your hand and implored you to fly away with him, as did the knights of long ago? Is that what you mean?"

"You are joking with me upon a subject in which I am actually and deeply concerned. I am very serious," said I.

"So am I concerned and serious about you, and have been for some time, for yours is a serious case. You keep your eyes upon the stars and you are not able to see the lights that shine in from near around you. You are blind to the blessings and opportunities which are really yours."

"There are no lights that I can see by. I grope in utter darkness as far as eligible lights are concerned."

"Child, we are placed in the world just exactly where we should be placed—there is no mistake about it. We are in touch and in close proximity with the men and women intended from the beginning that we should know, and yet some of us seem restless and constantly looking for other things. Keep your eyes wide open and love will do the rest. Don't be listless and absent-minded, always looking beyond."

"But I have prepared myself for a noble marriage, one of degree, one of distinction, and I have given years to study and to travel," said I.

"What are you talking about? Where is your seeing eye and your common sense? Marriage of distinction, indeed! The most terrible disaster that I ever knew to befall a girl

was one of those 'marriages of distinction.' The man was no better and no worse than the men of his kind, but his kind was a terrible kind. The girl had many worthy, substantial friends at her home, of her own circle, but she, caring not for these, tried to go above them; and she fell very far beneath them; but hers, recollect, was a 'marriage of distinction.' If this girl hadn't possessed determination and energy the like of which I have never seen, she would have remained just where the man placed her. There is one way to make a distinguished marriage, and just one. That is to marry a man of the proper metal and go up with him, sustain him, encourage him, make him believe he can accomplish anything, and the first thing you know you will realize that you have made a 'marriage of distinction.'"

"You don't know these 'lights' that shine in on me."

"Dealing with you very seriously, child, it is a remarkable condition that any woman would hesitate one moment over the question of marriage. If a woman loves a man she is sure to know it, and if she doesn't love him she is sure to know it, and there's an end of it; there is no halfway ground to loving that I have ever found."

"Oh, you can think you love him and then find out that you don't, don't you know that?"

"Then, when you find out, wait, if it be a lifetime; if he never comes you are ten thousand times better off than if you married someone else in your impatience, waiting for the right one to come. That's the way men and women get mismatched. Many a couple is married, but not mated, because they are not willing to wait for each other. Don't join the vast army of women who have married to avoid spinsterhood."

"I certainly want to avoid that in some way."

"A woman who will do such a thing is a combination of false pride and narrow-mindedness, and is not fit to be a wife or mother. Marriage is not the only thing in life, though it is the best thing. Beautiful service to the world has been given by unmarried women. They have been

blessed in compensation for wifehood and motherhood, and you know, as we all know, that the world has been blessed with the superb work of unmarried women."

"I know all of that, but I have neither the heart nor the spirit of the martyr."

"Never make a sacrifice to the god of false pride, child. You have the very common idea that the conditions distant from you are superior to those which you have at hand, and you were never more mistaken in your life. The men that you hear about, read about and rarely meet, you think are better than those you entertain in your own home. Often they are not half so good, and yet you give them the preference and set aside those who are your real friends, worth more to you than all of your imported distinctions."

"But the men who come to see me are the men I have known always. The older ones I knew when I was a child; the others, most of them, were my schoolmates, and it is absurd to think of marrying them."

"It is, to be sure, if they do not want to marry you. If you have 'known them always,' it is so much the better. But tell me why you always give preference to visitors over your home friends?"

"I like a change, and if you knew these home men, you would, too."

"But you don't get a change, except for the worse. You give a party and invite all imported men. Why? It wasn't necessary, and your men friends here deserve no such treatment. I saw you go for a drive with a stranger that is a visitor and a new friend, and leave your parlor full of home men for your visiting girl friend to entertain, and she is doing, just as fast as she can, what I knew she would do—taking your best friend unto herself."

"She is welcome to him if she can get him."

"If you don't change your methods she will certainly get him, for she is making hay and her sun is shining, while you, in a state of hazy twilight and hypnotic night, sit back and let her do it. You needn't take any comfort in saying, "If he

had loved you he wouldn't have been taken'; that won't do. A teacher once asked her young pupil to give the feminine of 'sir'; the boy promptly replied, 'siren.' That boy possessed the spirit of truth and gave a philosopher's answer. The voice of the siren in ancient times called kings from their thrones, knights from battle, and priests from their temples. She still has her seductive voice, and it isn't well to leave the field open to her."

"My friend is going home next week."

"Next week? Kingdoms and republics have been erected in less time than between now and next week. But there is no use for you to find fault now, for she is too nearly through with her work. Your splendid friend has gone from you, captured before your blinking eyes. You can prate about it being dishonest for her to come into your home and do such a thing, and your visiting friend will find a hundred avenues of escape. She can say that you didn't tell her that you cared for him, and of course you didn't, but she knew very well that you cared for him. She can say that she couldn't help his being fascinated and the charm she exercises over him, and you know that she never tried to help it. She can say that you left the field clear, and right there you are helpless and she is right. You deliberately ran away, and if you don't mind you won't get back, as did the little boy in the story book, to play again another day."

"There are plenty more men; the sea is full of fish."

"Now young lady, let me tell you something. The best fish come to your net, and the old threadbare idea that the best ones remain in the sea to be caught does not apply to the man problem. Men are looking for women, just like women are looking for men. You know the men here at home; you do not know the others. Let the others go, but you keep your eye on the prospect as it is revealed to you at your front door."

"I always love to think that a man and a woman may be born in opposite corners of the earth, oceans between them, and they will both follow their guiding star until they find

each other, and a look, a clasp of the hand, a touch will be assurance to each that the search is over," I wisely observed.

"Foolish, foolish child! You don't have to go out to look for your own. Don't estimate a man from the assumption that he is a fool. He has faults and his weak spots, but assume that he isn't a fool—and do you not know that he would know he was being pursued? Be it said to the credit of men, they talk little about this very thing. But don't you know they become disgusted when they are obliged to acknowledge that a woman is after them? That doesn't sound very elegant, but that is what we are talking about."

"That isn't exactly what I mean."

"Yes, it is; that is just exactly what it amounts to. It has a different effect upon different men. Some men fly from pursuit as though a villain followed; some are as bold as lions and invite the pursuit; but they all think alike about the poor simple woman that will flagrantly put herself upon the bargain counter and sell out so cheaply."

"How many happy marriages, child, do you suppose grow out of such feminine exertions? It is born in a man to want what is hard to get, what is very hard to get. He loves to reach for what is just out of reach and to look up, ever up. He is not constituted to look down—for his wife."

"Many a man has been gone after, and gotten, too."

"It is a very cheap man who would seek such a bargain. True men are willing to pay a full price, and men never stop at the bargain counter when they are matrimonially inclined. Do you want a cheap man? If so, there are plenty of them—one for every cheap woman. A man, child, accepts a woman at just exactly the price that she places upon herself, and never, never let yourself fall below the standard value. It is easy to fall sometimes. So be sure that you don't accept every invitation which he extends, do not let him come to visit you every time that he asks to come, and never beg him to stay when once he rises to leave. There are plenty of ways to pull down your standard."

"I'll never beg *some* of them to stay, that's certain. I'd like to beg them not to come."

"Girls are not alone in the pursuit of men. The mothers do their share. I knew a mother once, with three fine daughters, whose efforts resulted in driving every eligible man away from her home by keeping up such a hot pursuit after them. That woman was the most outright manworshiper that I have ever known. Her assiduity came near to destroying her daughters' prospects, but being resourceful girls, they began to develop their personal powers when their mother rested from her labors. And as the rosy years began to wane they each took up a line of usefulness, and when their real worth began to be known they were sought by sensible men, and they have each made wholesome, happy marriages."

"Some girls need the help of designing mothers, and need it badly," said I.

"No, child, no; they don't; some girls' lives are destroyed by such help. Observation of this matter should teach you to be just as sweet and good as it is in you to be. You don't have to look for your lover; let him look for you. It would be too bad if he knocked at your door some time and missed you while you were out looking for him; such things have happened. He will find you, never fear, and if he hasn't come, you are just not ready for him or he is not ready for you. Of all things, do not take him until he is ready—good and ready. That would be dreadful. Never force a marriage."

"Some men are a little slow and have to be helped along; there is nothing in which a man needs encouragement so much as in love-making."

"To help him along forces the marriages, and immature things are never enduring—especially marriages. Let a courtship run its full course and do not interrupt it until it reaches a finish. Whatever you sow during your courtship, you reap after you are married—remember that."

"The girls and their mothers know nothing about the men compared to the knowledge of the widows. You can see

girls with their backs to the wall at any party where there are widows to draw the men," said I.

"Yes, the pursuit of men by a widow is somewhat different from a girl's pursuit. The girl may be crude, even childish, absolutely direct, concealing her object from no one. The widow is no less in earnest, but she knows how to conceal her designs."

"A man can't dodge a widow, can he? or he may not want to."

"He has to be quick, and an expert, to dodge her, for she is a good marksman. But this observation applied to one kind of widow; the other kind is of such refined gold that she wouldn't raise her hand to tempt the greatest man in the world, and she is the one that the great man is willing to work for, wait for, fight for, while the first widow is running herself to death trying to overtake him."

"Some women, I believe, are born to be widows, for they are never at rest until they are out on their second search."

"Widows are grown-up girls; a gentle, lady-like girl is all of that even when she is a widow, for in the economy of womankind no charm is ever lost. A bold, scheming, designing woman is just what she has been all the time, though for the moment she may be dazzling everybody. Whatever is in a woman is sure to come out; just give it time. The women, many of them, certainly do give the men things to laugh about."

"What do you think of marrying widowers?" I asked.

"Do it every time, when you can, child. Training will improve everything that is worth while, and a widower has been trained. Training does wonders for a man."

"I had rather not marry a widower, trained or untrained."

"Why not, I would like to know? Is his heart any older? —though it is sure to be tenderer. Doesn't he, more than ever, crave and feel the need of a home? If he is a chivalrous man, it means a great deal to him to ask any woman to take his wife's place, and he must love her a great deal or he wouldn't do it. It is just that part of his life coming in

its own good time, not that he loved his wife less or the girl more. The girl does not really take the dead wife's place, she takes her own place ,and she can make it just as sweet and lovely, or just as disagreeable, as she wants to; there are no degrees in love."

"I know he would be sure to love one of them the best, and I don't agree with you, for I think there are several degrees in love."

"Can you think of anything more idiotic than a woman after she has married a widower to compare herself with his former wife by foolish questions, references, etc.?"

"Just one thing more idiotic, and that is for the man to refer to the virtues of his dead wife by comparing them with the frailties of the living one; I wouldn't enjoy that very much. I'd be afraid of his love for his dead wife—and I'll tell you, men love only one time. All second marriages are for convenience."

"If you were more observant and knew men better, you wouldn't make such a foolish statement. Now, suppose what you say were true; suppose, after the death of his wife, a man could not marry again, what more wretched, unhappy, sinful condition could afflict human society? Constituted as he is, what would become of him?"

"Well, then, the second wife is just a missionary, that is all, just somebody to save him."

"You'll find a good many enthusiastic missionaries ready to take up their burdens. If men were only allowed to be married one time, in the event of their wives' death, one per cent might be true to the wife's memory and spend their lives in adoring grief; two per cent might go to the lunatic asylum; three per cent might become cynics and blasphemers, but the great remainder would go straight to the devil, spiritually, mentally and physically. Every married woman looks at her husband and thinks he is of the one per cent, but he isn't, child, he isn't. It is all a part of life, and we must learn to meet life, and to deal with it."

You make a bold defense of the widowers, and I think

a widower—a fresh widower—just starting out, sheepish and coy, is the last thing anybody wants to meet. I would run from one."

"Be sure he is after you before you run; but let me tell you what you must do. Look very carefully over all of the men that you know best—you know little enough about any of them—cut the list down, prune it, erase a name here and there for the slightest objection whatever, until you have left only the choicest few."

"You mean for me to take stock of what I have on hand?"

"Yes; now, don't look on the outside, but look deep, deep into your heart. You know very well which of these men comes the nearest to understanding and appreciating you. I don't have to tell you that. You are just like every other woman in the world; you crave to be appreciated and you demand to be understood. Remember, now, you are not to look at externals. You may not want to admit it to me, but you have located him; but that is not all. Think about him and let him come to see you; then think about him and make him stay away, far away. Give yourself every opportunity to forget him. Maybe you can do it; if you can, let him go; if you cannot, do not let the united powers of the earth keep him from you, for, child, a woman's greatest happiness is not in being loved; it is in loving."

When I went home I found in my desk a letter that had waited longer than I like to admit—a letter from a home man. He has been to see me, and I have sent him away and I have given myself opportunity to forget him. I haven't control of the "united powers of the earth," but the siren visitor and her charms notwithstanding, I know that there is a happiness as well as that of being loved—there is something in the loving.

MY LEGACY.

I should like to leave one thought in the world,
Engrav'ed on standards from banners furled,
At ev'ry proud church and great house of state;
In civic palace and on temple gate;

On granite shafts that point to the sky,
In tablets of stone, on monuments high;
On the pages of books for men to read—
Not record of war or of bloody deed—
In wonderful art I would leave my thought,
Art, that only the Master hand has wrought.
In the sweetest music man ever heard—
Sweeter than notes of a full-voiced bird—
"Love Eternal!" this bold message I'd send,
All around the world and from end to end.
Let there be no unkindness, malice, hate;
Let all things be right, all good find its mate!
To bless us and guide us make heav'n of earth.
Let lover, an inheritance, bless each birth.

TELL ME A STORY.

(To Elizabeth Day Rees.)

She climbed into my arms and her gold-brown hair
Floated softly over my face
While her beautiful eyes looked up into mine,
And she said, with innocent grace:
"I want you to tell me a story tonight,
And a long one, please, won't you, now?
About robbers and Indians 'way out West
And kidnappers, you do know how!
You just make it up as you go right along
And tell me each one that you know,
Of war and red paint and bold robbers that steal,
And girls that were lost, long ago."
I told her of Sherwood and brave Robin Hood,
And his daring, perilous deeds,
Of Custer's bold charge and his Indian fights;
Then of Arabs and their magic steeds.
I began to create and weave from my mind,
Then I told her of everything
That was weird and mystic and hard to believe,

Nor to Truth or Facts did we cling.
Dear, dear little heart, how you do love it all!
Those tales so wild and so strange.
Today life for you is a glorious song;
I pray God it may never change,
But that all of your sorrows, terrors and woes
May be fancies or myths, not real,
And that Love may send robbers and bandits, too,
From your heart all trials to steal.
May you always rest in Love's fond arms, held tight,
And the story he tells to you,
Be holy and sacred and bless your young life—
No shadows, but rosy light through.
You beautiful child, with the big velvet eyes,
And heart of the rarest, pure gold,
I pray Love may give you the best that he has,
Ere life's story to you is told.

MY THRONE ROOM.

I've been visiting today, I have just returned
From my far-away castle in Spain;
A contract signed, with my architect there
For a new room, and it shall remain.
I've torn down some rooms in my castle in Spain,
And changed citadel, wall and tower;
But this is the last, no more changes I'll make,
For a king shall live there with great power.

He is noble and gentle and strong and just,
King of kindness and service, indeed,
And I'll go ev'ry morning to his throne room
To hear over and over his creed,
And the creed that he teaches is Love! Love! Love!
For all living things under the sun,
For all that God made that can see and feel,
And He'll rule 'til my serving is done.

THE PINE TREE'S SONG.

Hear the pine tree sing the still night long,
A dismal, lonesome, dolorous song.
He sings along in a plaintive strain
And sad thoughts come with his weird refrain.
He moans and sighs and whispers to you
Of false times when you could have been true.
The love you thought was buried so deep
Sits by your side a vigil to keep.
For memory's voice is loud and strong
And the pine tree knows your cruel wrong.
There's that open gate you hurried by,
And this makes the old tree sob and sigh.
That day, by a word you could have kept
Her heart from breaking, but your heart slept.
The tree knows all of these bitter things,
So a mournful hymn he softly sings.
In no tones of gladness, peace or joy,
Penitent hours are his to employ.
You're lonely and sad when the old tree sings,
For a quick remorse he softly brings.
He wails for a time, then shrieks at you,
And he's sore distressed the still night through.
And each pine note in accent and word,
Is the still small voice which will be heard

THE GYPSY PRIESTESS.

The gypsy's life is fantastic and free;
  She lives with the flowers and birds;
The streams and cataracts whisper to her,
  In murmuring, soft, tender words.
Her eyes burn bright as the calm, evening star;
  She's daring and fearless and bold;
Her castle home is the wild forest green;
  And she tells what has never been told.

She pillows her head on the earth's warm breast,
While sweet breezes their lullabys sing,
And nature, her comrade, in voice so true,
Gives her knowledge of ev'ry thing.
To her call in the trees the fleet deer bounds;
The grass parts that she may pass through;
The turrets and domes on her castle fair
Are the stars in heaven's vast blue.

She knows every course in the heavenly vault,
And she talks to the sweet south breeze;
She hears what the katydid has to tell
To the fluttering leaves on the trees.
And she knows why the frogs croak loud and long,
When the rain is fast on the way,
And the ground hog asks her advice about
Coming out on Ground Hog Day.

She watches the birds that fly to the east,
And the ones that soar to the west,
To the west, 'tis ill for lover and maid,
But the east brings an early nest.
She begins her song in staccato note,
Then she pleads in legato tone,
And it floats far out o'er city and hill
'Til it reaches your truant one.

Merrily roving she never does tire
For she studies the wild human heart,
An integral part of the universe,
And, discerning, she sees each small part.
So, bring your misgiving and doubt and fear
To this Priestess of Love's holy art;
She'll pour in the balm, bid you hope, look up,
For Love's altar rests firm on her heart.

THE ASPEN TREE.

The aspen tree is afraid all the time,
For he trembles, quivers and shakes;
Though he looks quite strong and his arms reach out,
And a right wholesome shade he makes.

I've been wondering what he must have done.
Has he injured some other tree?
Does he shake and quake because of some sin?
Has the forest made this decree?

I think, when all the trees bud and bloom
In their foliage rich and bright,
It reminds this aspen of what he did,
And he trembles the day and night,

Just the way with men and women you know,
Whose lives have been tinctured with sin,
They think those they meet or pass on the way,
Know their past, and what it has been.

So, they tremble, quiver and shake with fear,
At everything under the sun,
But the biggest scarecrow that comes to them
Is self-hate, for what they have done.

HARRY LEE MARRINER

Harry Marriner, so well known as the "Staff-Poet" of the *Galveston-Dallas News,* was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1872. According to his statement, not knowing that he was to be a 'poet,' he wasted many years of his young life in trying to sell goods on the road, in managing a timber business in the

mountains of Eastern Kentucky, in becoming a surveyor, draughtsman, stenographer, bookkeeper, and editor of a country weekly newspaper.

He has contributed to the *Chicago Dispatch, Record, Louisville Courier Journal,* and other periodicals. For many years his verse has appeared on the front page of the daily *Dallas and Galveston News,* without an interruption. He has also been Sunday Editor of these papers since 1902.

Three quaint, dainty little brochures contain his collected poems, issued as souvenirs, handsomely illustrated and decorated. Excerpts from these, being without titles, are given under their respective prefaces.

JOYOUS DAYS: THEN AND NOW.

(Issued under copyright of 1910.)

"To those who, day after day, have read those foolish verses on the front page of the *Galveston-Dallas News* for three long years, who have wept sincerely when the 'staff-poet' tried to be funny and who have laughed with equal sincerity when he ventured into the pathetic, and who, concealing their outraged feelings, have generously forborne the logical employment of the brickbat and the storage egg, this little volume is tremblingly dedicated by

THE AUTHOR."

* * * * *

There's a little old house in town that I know,
And if I am wealthy some day,
I'll buy it no matter how hard I must work,
Or how much they ask me to pay.
It's only a cottage all covered with vines,
And might be as nothing to some,
But that little cottage is all that I want,
Because once I knew it as home.

I know every picket upon the old fence;
Each tree I regard as a friend;
I love all the bushes that grow in the yard,
And gladly, how gladly I'd spend
The whole of my fortune to have it once more,
And hold it and treasure it, too—
That cheap little cottage now old and decayed—
The happy old home that I knew.

* * * * *

Back in the yard the children formed a man of yellow clay,
And left him on a bit of plank when they were through their play;
And on that clay-man beamed the sun, and to a cloud said he:
"I'll pulverize that clay-man sure, Miss Cloud, just look at me."
He beamed and glowed on that mud-man and frowned with fiery will,
But the result was but to make that clay-man harder still.

The little cloud she laughed aloud: then to the sun she said:
"Take off your heat, old Mr. Sun, and look at this instead."
She covered up her face and wept; the drops of rain fell fast,
And soon that clay-man came to be a muddy spot at last.

"No fair, no fair!" the sun cried out; "your tears were fakes and lies."
"That's how to win," the cloud rejoined. "No woman ever cries
When she would melt a man's hard heart; you've lived for many years,
But my! how much you have to learn about a woman's tears!"

* * * * *

Out on the porch the water bucket stands
Of cedar, polished smooth by time and bound by metal bands;
And in it, as with water cool it stands upon its board,

There floats—oh, days of olden time! a great, long-handled
gourd.
Take from me all your cut-glass things; your silver cups and
gold;
The water from their modern lips is never sweet and cold.
As when it drips with silver notes into that bucket's hoard,
From where you left it brimming in an old age-hardened
gourd!

* * * * *

At times we look back on the days when we would kneel
beside the bed,
And memory goes sweeping back to those sweet, childish
prayers we said—
"If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take—" . . .
Perhaps our thoughts would go astray to childhood's flower
fields, and then
We'd earnestly try to forget, and say the little prayer again—
"Now I lay me down to sleep
I pray the Lord my soul to keep—" . . .

What would you give today, oh, man, to feel, when on your
bended knees
The knowledge of a prayer God hears—the cooling sense of
utter peace
That came to you when as a child beside the old wood bed
you knelt;
What would you give, uncertain man, to have the confidence
you felt?

Perhaps God hears our prayers as then, but we who know
what life has shown
What evil since those boyhood days, in torment of the spirit
moan,
For God, we know, heeds children's prayers;
Are ours as sweet and pure as theirs?

MIRTHFUL KNIGHTS IN MODERN DAYS.

(Copyright, 1911.)

"In looking over this collection of anecdotes concerning the sayings and doings of the Mirthful Knights, the author wishes to explain that they are funny. This is because a Knight is, or was, a funny thing anyway. You may not be able to realize how funny the anecdotes are until you think how funny the Knight is—or was—and when you do you will think how funny it is that you didn't think it was funny before.

"This little work is designed to display to those familiar with King Arthur and the bunch of scrappers that surrounded him the awful difficulties and the unrecorded ventures and quests of a number of these gentlemen whose names heretofore have been suppressed by political influence and knightly jealousies and such like things, that justice may be done them and that history may be made complete.

AUTHOR."

* * * * *

The knights, with features set and stern, rose in the banquet hall;
Against gold-threaded tapestries their shields hung on the wall;
A task for them their lord had set that might have daunted some—
The Lady Geraldine, some way, had lost her chewing gum.

Across the board their swords struck fire, and each with noble air
Declared he'd find that gum or bust, and swore a mighty swear
He'd neither bathe, nor brush his teeth, nor turn his cuffs around
Until the quest had brought success—the lady's gum be found.

Then trusty squires with Polyshine their masters' pants made bright;

Their plumes, becurled with curling tongs, were pleasing to
the sight,
And to the north and west and east and south in armor
dressed
Some twenty knights with twenty squires rode on the noble
quest.

But one was left, Sir Muckamuck; he did not leave his seat,
But as they swore terrific swears, continued, calm, to eat;
And on him turned his feudal lord, his lady by his side—
"Sirrah," quoth he, "why sit you there while others questing
ride
To find your lady's chewing gum. A caitiff knight, I trow!"
"Whyfore," the knight asked, "should I seek? I'm sitting on
it now!"

* * * * *

Within his castle sat a knight and gnawed his finger nails;
His eyes were small, his nose was large, his ears stood out
like sails.
"Oddzooks!" quoth he, "sure as my name is Algernon de
Beak,
I'll sit right here where all is calm, nor go out for a week.
In all my life I never saw the like of distress;
They stop me on the street for help, expecting I'll say yes,
And, blame it all, I've struck some jobs from which a knight
should run
But like a chump I butt right in and tackle every one.

I met a woman yesterday—it may be, I was tricked—
She wanted more than anything to have her husband licked;
And, day before, another came and hard luck stories told,
Desiring me to hold her kid and lent a little gold.

What do you think I'm made of, huh? Why, one hit me today
To come out to her house and drive a drunken cook away!
I'd like to help 'em all, of course; I'm chivalrous all right,
But seems to me I'd rather be a farmer than a knight.
A farmer's work is never done, if that old saw be true,
But what do people know about the work a knight must do?"

WHEN YOU AND I WERE KIDS.

(Copyright, 1911.)

"In presenting this little book, 'When You and I Were Kids,' the author does so with full knowledge that however people may criticise the quality of the verse, they cannot accuse him of drawing upon his imagination for subjects. He was a boy once upon a time, and he wishes he were again.

"He has reached that point in life where he does not want the million dollars he wanted as a kid, and would be content now to have what he then despised.

"The saddest part of it is that he's about as close to the one as he is to the other, and every day seems to take him further away from both goals. Lots of people feel just as he does, and to them this little book is sympathetically dedicated."

* * * * *

She is gone, our dear old mammy—loving, loyal, fierce and kind;
Black of face and broad of bosom; leaving us all sad, behind.
We had known her first as babies—loved her through succeeding years,
And we see her homely features through a mist of tears.
Listen—can't you hear her singing, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul!"
Can't you hear her tell a story of "de housh built outer gold?"
Can't you see your bare feet flying from the kitchen where you'd go
Never knowing how she'd take it, asking for her scraps of dough?

Maybe, dear old mammy's happy: surely God must know her worth;
And it took so very little to complete her joy on earth;
And some day we'll hear crying when we're called to our last home,

"Praise de Lawd, de bressed Jesus! Glory, hear's mah chillun come!"

* * * * *

Don't you remember 'way back there—it seems almost another life —

How bad you felt when you would lose your sure-nuff-buck-horn knife?

And how you'd grieve and grieve for it, and think how good and sharp it was

With four blades, too, one "Congress shape," that was so sharp it whittled straws?

It used to come then like a flash—of course you'd find that knife and—spat!

You went and looked. Of course it did. It led you where your knife was at!

They tell you now that isn't so—nobody found a knife that way,

But boys all know that it is sure, no matter what some people say,

For if you went just where it told, you found out where the knife was hid.

It might be luck, but don't tell, boys—the boys who tried and know it did!

* * * * *

"Say, Ma, kin I go in swimmin'? Out there's Mac an' Tom an' Jim.

No, ma'am, not a bit of danger—why no, Tom kin almost swim!

It ain't deep; it's awful shaller—just about a foot or so;

Ma, they're waitin' out there fer me—I'll be keerful—can't I go?

Whoop! Whoo-o-o-o-e-e! I'm goin', fellers! Run like ther was wolves behind!

Ma, she's standin' watchin'—Hurry! she might change her mind!

Last one in's a sissy, fellers! There's the place by that old tree;
Tom, he's last; A-a-a-ah! Sissy! Sissy! Come on in—just look at me!"

* * * * *

Did you ever hide under the covers and listen and listen at night,
In fear there'd be ghosts come to get you—great, scary ghosts dressed all in white?
Then you'd shiver, and over and over you'd make up your mind to be good,
And then you'd call out for mother—just call her as loud as you could.

She always would come when you called her, and knelt by you smoothing your hair,
No ghost ever bothered a baby when its mother was there—
She'd promise that nothing should hurt you, and leave you asleep and at peace,
And banish all ghosts in creation before she would rise from her knees.

We've ghosts of a kind ever with us, while Mothers cannot always stay,
They come from our deeds and our doubtings, these hideous phantoms of gray—
Yet, often, just thinking of Mother will easily drive them away.

EUGENE P. LYLE, Jr.

Eugene Lyle was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1873, his parents being the first Protestant couple to be married in that place. The father was from Missouri and the mother from Louisiana. When young Lyle was six years of age the family moved to Kansas

City. The boy visited Texas with his mother, at frequent intervals, for many years. In 1892 he entered the University of Michigan, and spent his summers at San Luis, Potosi, Mexico.

After a three years' residence in Mexico, Mr. Lyle went to France on an assignment from *Everybody's Magazine.* Since that time he has been "swinging around the circle," visiting many countries, writing for different magazines, and finding time to make studies for more pretentious work in the shape of novels. His first was *The Missourian,* followed two years later by the *Lone Star.*

In 1907 he moved to Prince George County, Virginia, where in the quiet of farm life he issued his next two novels: *Blaze Derringer,* and *The Transformation of Krag.* The accompanying selection is from *The Lone Star.*

A REDLANDER GIRL.

(From *The Lone Star* by Eugene Lyle, Jr., Copyright, 1907, by Doubleday, Page and Co.).

We left the timber bottoms and piney hills behind us and came at last upon a rolling and more open country. Here were the Red Lands, and luxurious they were beyond any I had ever seen, even in Louisiana. We now skirted the Texas edge of the Neutral Ground, and were approaching Nacogdoches, the first outpost on the twenty league strip of dead line. It was an outpost, too, of every adventure, heroic, or incarnadine. Next to Bexar or San Antonio, as we now call the place—Nacogdoches was the only discernible town in the Texas of Spanish days. While Americans were yet pummeling England for freedom, a colony from Louisiana gave Nacogdoches her being, and since then every blow for the

winning of Texas had gathered its force from Louisiana or Mississippi, and from Nacogdoches, or on Nacogdoches, the blow always fell first. The Spaniards would raze the town, but in vain; for back across the Neutral Ground the Americans came again, inevitably. And these Americans would declare Mexico independent against Spain, or themselves so against either.

They seemed a different breed, the Redlanders, from the colonists who more recently had followed Stephen Austin. Mr. Austin's settlers counted on Mexican good faith, and meant to be loyal Mexicans. But the heritage of the Redlanders was turbulence. And many settlers, passing through to join Austin, breathed the Red Land air, and aspired to its heritage, and stayed on as Redlanders ever after. And now we have in convoy the noblest Redlander of them all. For Sam Houston may be reckoned as just that before he ever set foot in Texas.

The day after my encounter with Lush Yandell we came among the settlements. I remember the first emblem of civilization. Hardier than the planted flag, sturdier for conquest than garrisoned legions, there was clinging to the ground in homely tenacious grip, an ugly old zigzag worm fence. After the wilderness it was a thing of beauty and a joy to the eye. In the field on the other side a man was ploughing, though the month was December. And when he waved his hand to us, and roared out "Howdy, strangers!" we knew that he was an American.

The clearing was part of a large plantation, if I may use our Louisiana word to describe several thousand acres where cattle grazed and swine roamed almost wild in groves of oak and pecan, with here and there a patch of corn or cotton. Later in the afternoon we saw a thin column of smoke over the treetops, and knew that we were near the ranch house.

"Hope we will catch old man Buckalew at home," said Bowie to Houston. "He's *Alcalde*—mayor, you know—of Nacogdoches, and we're in his place now. For a compound

of Texian high jinks, suh, Mr. Buckalew is ceht'nly yo' man, and I want you to meet him."

The ranch house which stood off the road under the trees, was a species of overgrown, and generously overfed, log cabin. At every angle it bulged out in ells and lean-to's. A covered gallery wide enough for a stage coach ran through the middle from the front to the back. An enormous red brick chimney formed most of the wall on one side and the smoke we had seen curled lazily from its sooty muzzle, and was wafted over the roofs like a benediction. It was a very solid personality, this red pile of chimney. The rest of the house seemed an extension only, and hung upon it fondly, comfortably dispensing with responsibility, as peasant huts cluster about a cathedral tower, and are snugly assured of the hope of heaven. There was a detached kitchen, and a smoke house outlying. In the distance were cowsheds and barns; and to one side, a stone fence corral, where giddy colts thrust noses at us with inquisitive neighings. All of this was not much in the way of being imposing, but I understood later, from my own trials, what an aristocracy of effort and sacrifice the humble home meant in that region, where a plough was a rarity, and every rail split an event. Debonair French, haughty Spaniards, stolid Mexicans, each had tried it already. But no matter, they were not of the aristocracy.

As we turned off the road toward the house, with a multitude of foxhounds scampering around us in welcome, we perceived a curious assemblage on what might be called Mr. Buckalew's lawn. Human beings were of themselves an odd sight to us lately, and this numbered fifty or more. They were white and red and tawny, and some were black and slaves to the three other colors. We galloped forward to join this cosmopolis of the backwoods. Americans, Indians, Mexicans, and negroes, they were having a cock-fight.

Men in coonskin caps, men in sombreros, blanketed men, women in rebosas, in beads and fringed deerhide, some with babies wrapped to their breasts, children about in almost

nothing at all, dogs sniffling, or yelping when kicked, roosters crowing—yes, it was a community of interest. It was a cock-fight. Outside the roped-in circle they moved around or they waited stolidly. Birds were matched with argument, with gesture. Purses were made up with pennies, with measures of corn, with bear robes. Wagers were offered or taken or refused, with shrugs, with grunts. There was more decorum than at a stock exchange. A rooster strained at his cord for a preliminary peck at his feathered neighbor. We drew rein, and were at once absorbed. It was a community of interest.

The business was well forward and even the advent of strangers got only casual glances. A crusty old fellow, with shaggy, iron-gray moustache and tortoise-shell spectacles was fairly pulling Bowie off his horse, and ordering the rest of us to the ground. I had drawn a little apart, and could watch undisturbed; but it was not for the cock fight. It was for a girl.

She was a slim, exasperatingly independent and graceful little creature of a girl in short leather skirt—much too young, of course, for real interest, except that I wondered what kind of a girl it could be who was tying the gaff on a game cock. Her back was turned, and a strapping docile young fellow was holding the bird for her. She seemed very deft about it, as she fitted the weapon to the fowl's blunted spur, and wound the thong about its hock. The gaff was fully three inches and curved like a scythe. This murderous finesse was truly Mexican, I thought, and, of course, the girl, must be Mexican, too. At any rate she was an unfamiliar species of girl. It was hard enough to connect the sex with rooster fights, but still, in the matter of girls, when there are certain disconcerting tendril effects on the nape of the neck, I'm afraid that I am always hopelessly susceptible. Now, Rosalie, for instance, and—yes, and others. But this girl's hair was black, or at least only a fugitive tint of deep bronze, and it was very lustrous, and the tendrils did not have that clinging quality the word im-

plies. They were aggressive little tresses on their own account, and as her collar was turned in, they waved over a neck of russet tan. There was quaint self-reliance in each thing she did, and high mettle showed in the very poise of her girlish figure. I could not help a vague sense of uneasiness, even though her back was turned. I dreaded already any April storm of fury, because she might then take it into her head to stamp her foot.

She resigned her plumed champion to the strapping, docile young fellow at last who slipped a leather sheath over the gaff, and performed such manoeuvres, as blowing into the rooster's beak, or pulling his toes until his knuckles cracked, or holding him out to peck his adversary, so that there might be no question of love and affection between the two gladiators later on.

The girl looked around now to see who the newcomers were, and to my disappointment she was not Mexican at all. She was American from the toe of her boot to the resolute tilt of her sombrero. There were roses in the tan of her cheeks, and high upon her brow, at the roots of her hair, the skin was purest white. I saw that I was disappointed, because, never having known any Mexican girls, I was prepared to be mightily interested in one of them officiating at a cock main. But when the role was shifted to a girl of my own race—well, all the glamour faded out. Besides, she was only about sixteen.

However, there is one thing I like to believe of those half-baked days of my youth: which is, that at least, I was not a prig. Still to see an American girl tying on that deadly gaff wrought a twinge in my underdone scheme for the universe, a scheme that combined austere New England with Louisiana's soft sense for beauty. The scheme was not in the least adjusted yet to such racy unconventionalisms as Texas. But whether approbation did not glow on my countenance, or there was a hint of the touring stranger's detached curiosity, I'm sure I don't know, but I do know that high spirited retort flashed in those eyes of hers as they met

mine. I saw nothing of angry crimson under the soft tan and possibly seven freckles, although I have been given to understand since that her cheeks were on fire. However, she coldly looked me over for the space of a second, making me feel uncomfortable in my velvet-faced manga, and Hessian boots, and the rest of that overpowering Indian-killer outfit, as contrived by New Orleans furnishers. Her lips pursed up—lips that no stain from artificial roses could have made redder—and she went on to mark with the toe of her boot the starting lines for the two gamecocks. A *grande dame* could not have done it better; that is to say, the mental dismissal of myself. With the *grande dame* it would have been art. With her it was the unconscious arrogance of some woodland creature. Never, not even in the settlements, have I met so wild a girl as was this little black-eyed Redlander.

The cock fight was nothing like our long-drawn out mains at home. When released, each on his line, the two birds crouched and leaped. One, the girl's champion, went over the other, and in midair kicked his armed spur backward. The blow could no more be seen than the stab of the needle in the sewing machine, but when the cock alighted, the gaff was thinly red. The second bird leaped again and thrust. But he floundered against his adversary, and sank to the ground his eyes closing, the feathers on his breast wet and soggy. The first cock was therefore victor, but suddenly his neck crumpled forward, and the docile young farmer grabbed him up and laid him on the grass outside the ring, where he collapsed and expired before his victim did. He had been struck in the head. Both were kicked aside as useless rubbish, and Americans, Mexicans, Indians and Negroes moved around collecting winnings from the stakeholders. Affairs seemed to be quick and decisive and deadly in this new country. The matter-of-fact phase of killing gave me a pang. There should be more to do over it. For once I leaned to books and imagination by preference.

"Oh, Nan, come here!" It was the crusty old fellow of

the tortoise-shell spectacles who called. "Now," he demanded, and he appeared very severe about it, "where's the little catamo'nt now?"

The little catamount's hand had been filled with the coppers won on her champion, and she was flinging them about among the pickaninnies and Mexican youngsters. She went on placidly and paid no heed to the call. But the imperious old gentleman did not take the high hand with her that his manner led us to expect. Apparently he forgot all about her the next minute.

"I don't reckon, now," he said plaintively, suspecting a grievance in advance, "that any of you all thought to bring along a couple of churchwardens?"

He looked inquiringly from Bowie to Houston, to Deaf Smith, to Armstrong, to the others, but never a churchwarden did he see. His wants were so pious and unusual that curiosity drew me nearer.

"Of coh'se," he said, "you didn't get further than Arkansas, and I take it churchwardens are considerable scarce in these parts. But, what do you think, gentlemen," he added with a sigh, "this here's my very last one."

He meant the delicate, gracefully curved long-stemmed pipe that he held up for reverence. With his finger he tenderly pressed the tobacco in the colored bowl, and dismissed his gloom in a soothing whiff.

"Oh, Nan," he called again, abruptly remembering. "Here, Nan, girl, that ought to do 'em for today. Ain't no sense in fighting them faster'n they can hatch, nohow." His nose had a pugnacious tilt, and you would have taken oath that he yearned for nothing so much as contradiction, yet for all his bossy manner, there was grave affection in the eyes behind the tortoise-shell spectacles. "Now, Nan," he went on as if it were a good thing that she had chosen to heed his mandates at last, "here, you get Zeb to get the horses of these gentlemen, and bed 'em snug. And, Nan, you are the identical girl to see that we get the proper fixings for supper. But first off, we'll want some sherry cobbler. Here Nan—

Swear myself thunder black (which he never did), and give you salt and pepper topped off with lightning, too, and still you wouldn't stand unhitched! Here, I want you to meet our visitors here. Know Colonel Bowie, already of coh'se, and most of the rest, but here's Governor Houston. My daughter, sir, Nan Buckalew."

The girl's hand went out impulsively. Her pleasure was evident. I wondered how it must feel to have people's eyes open that way at the mention of your name. But our great man in this instance, with his Indian's blanket, his queue done up on the back of his head, his beaded moccasins, and his white hunting shirt, chose to pay honors, not to receive them. His chivalry was stately; it was Southern. He doffed his mammoth beaver, and bent over the little sun-kissed hand as gallantly as if his attire was doublet and hose and a jaunty sword.

"And this young man," the old fellow's hospitality was scrupulously impartial—"I don't reckon—"

"Why," said Bowie, presenting me as I slid from my horse, "this is Harry Ripley. You know, Buck, Judge Ripley's boy?"

Again, and to my great astonishment, the light of pleasure shone in the girl's eyes. I had to believe, moreover, that she had really not noticed me before, though she had pursed her lips. Faith, I was centuries younger than this same little miss in short skirts!

"Why, why, why," she exclaimed in a voice of the clearest quality, "why," she exclaimed again, shaking my hand, "if it wasn't your father, then, who helped Daddie and General Long and Colonel Bowie all of them, the time the Spaniards chased us—them, I mean, as I wasn't born just then—chased them out of Texas, and General Long paddled all the way from Galveston Island to New Awlinns in just a pirroque to get more men to fight them—the Spaniards—with; and if—if it wasn't for Judge Ripley he couldn't have got them. Oh, I know all about it even if I wasn't born yet, and I'm certainly mighty glad to meet you, uh, Mr. Ripley."

The girl that she was! And the sweet, clear, bell like voice, soft in our Southern accent, tinkling away. Heavens! she didn't talk half enough! And twice as much would not have been still not half enough. But she did stop at last, and looked me frankly in the eyes, and smiled, quite out of breath.

MORRIS SHEPPARD

Hon. Morris Sheppard of Texarkana, Texas, Representative to Congress from the First District, was born in 1875 in Morris County, Texas. He received the degree of A.B. from the University of Texas in 1895, and the degree of LL.B. in 1897. In 1898 he took the degree of LL.M. at Yale University. He began the practice of law in 1898, and was elected to the Fifty-seventh Congress to fill out the unexpired term of his father, Hon. John C. Sheppard, deceased. He remained in Congress until the year 1912, when he resigned on account of failing health. Before the year closed, however, he was returned to Congress as Senator from his native State.

His literary work has been principally in the form of orations and addresses on public occasions. His prominence as a Woodman of the World gives him additional opportunites for the display of his oratorical powers. The accompanying selections are from his work, *Fraternal and Other Addresses.*

A TRIBUTE TO OLD AGE.

(Delivered in the National House of Representatives, March 22, 1910.)

Mr. Chairman, I was very much interested during the early course of this debate in the discussion of the question of old age as applied to clerks in the various departments of the government. While listening to the statements of the gentlemen from Illinois, the gentleman from Michigan, the gentleman from South Dakota, and others regarding the advisability of attempting by law to establish an age limit for those who serve the government, it occurred to me that in the noisy onsweep of an intensely material era, we were perhaps not sufficiently familiar with the capabilities of age.

Indeed, sir, it has become too much a habit in recent years to disregard and put aside our older men and women. The clamor against old age not only in the departments of the government, but in nearly all the other activities of the world, is absolutely senseless and unjust. This fact I hope to demonstrate in the short time allotted to me. The idea has become too prevalent that after a certain age, by no means advanced, a man's usefulness diminishes as his years increase. A celebrated physician, Dr. Osler, expressed the opinion only a short while ago that the effective work of the world is done between the ages of twenty-five and forty. A more colossal error could not possibly have been made.

The impression has become entirely too general that our older men and women obstruct rather than facilitate the march of civilization. The truth is that the world owes infinitely more to men above the age of fifty, an age ten years beyond the Osler limit, than to men below it. Some two years ago analysis was made by a scholar of accepted standing, Mr. Newman Dorland, of the lives and achievements of 400 characters of human history. This analysis for which I am indebted for many of the names I am about to present, showed that nearly eighty per cent of the world's greatest figures closed active lives between the ages of fifty and

eighty; thirty-five per cent continuing beyond seventy; twenty-two and one-half per cent beyond eighty; six per cent beyond ninety. Let us consider what has been achieved by men beyond the age of eighty. Titian, master of Venetian painting, whose magic colors reflected the freshness and enthusiasm of a world saluting the return of art and learning, produced many of his most wonderful canvases after eighty, painting his famous battle of Lepanto at the age of ninety-eight. Fontenelle, one of the most versatile of men; Cornaro, the great disciple of temperance; Pope Leo XIII, John Adams, Theophrastus, strode into nineties with intellectual vigor unimpaired. Michael Angelo at eighty-nine still held the sky a prisoner in his brush, having executed the *Last Judgment,* perhaps the most famous single picture in the world, and his celebrated frescoes in the Sistine Chapel between sixty and seventy. See Von Moltke in full uniform at eighty-eight, still the chief of staff of the Prussian army, having crushed France at seventy-two. Hear John Wesley preaching with undiminished eloquence and power almost every day at eighty-eight, still directing the great religious movement he had founded, and closing amid unceasing activity at that remarkable age one of the most remarkable careers of his time, having traveled 250,000 miles in an age that knew neither electricity nor steam, delivered 4,000 sermons, composing hundreds of volumes covering almost every phase of literature, earning through his publications $150,000, every cent of which he gave to charity during his life. . .

See Guizot and Hobbes and Landor with active pens at eighty-seven. See Talleyrand and Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Newton and Voltaire, all fruitful in the eighties. See Bancroft, Buffon, and Ranke, writing deathless history after eighty. See Palmerston, prime minister of England at eighty-one, and John Quincy Adams, stricken in the fulness of his strength on the floor of Congress at the same age. Tennyson's Crossing the Bar, the tenderest death song in our language, was composed at eighty-three, Goethe's Faust at eighty. See Gladstone conducting one of his most

exciting political campaigns at eighty, taking control of the nation and becoming premier at eghty-three. See Cato learning Greek; Plutarch, Latin; and Socrates, music, all at eighty—and tell me no more that the old are no longer capable of high and useful achievement.

But let us proceed. Think of Joseph Jefferson portraying Rip Van Winkle with added effectiveness at seventy-five; or the Irish actor, Macklin, actually taking part in a performance in England at ninety-nine. Think of Browning, brilliant and complex as ever at seventy-seven; or Whittier and Bryant, issuing new volumes at seventy-nine. Think of Grimm, Laplace, Lamarck, completing tremendous tasks in the neighborhood of eighty. Think of Perugino, at seventy-six, painting the walls of a vast cathedral, or Humboldt, deliberately postponing until seventy-six the best work of his life, his immortal *Kosmos,* completing it at ninety. Think of Galileo discovering the daily and monthly vibrations of the moon at seventy-three. Think of Irving and Lamartine, Hugo and Holmes, Wordsworth and Longfellow, Hallam and Grote, George Buchanan and Samuel Johnson, Kant, Savigny and Littre, all astounding mankind with masterful productions between seventy and eighty. Think of Henry Clark, Calhoun, Metternich, Bismarck, Crispi, Thiers, Franklin, Morgan, Reagan, Roberts, Allison, Morrill, Cannon, all towering figures in politics after seventy. Think of Commodore Vanderbilt, increasing the mileage of his railroads from one hundred and twenty to ten thousand, adding a hundred millions to his fortunes between seventy and eighty.

Turning to the period from sixty to seventy, the list grows still more interesting and comprehensive. To this decade belong the best deductions of Confucius; Bismarck's inauguration of a colonial career for Germany; Pasteur's discovery of a cure for hydrophobia; Monroe's famous doctrine for the preservation of the South American republics, the permanent safe guard of a nation's liberties; the third and fourth voyages of Columbus resulting in the discovery of South America; and of the brightest deeds of Webster, Beaconsfield,

Jefferson, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, and Martin Luther. To this period belong many of the world's most splendid paintings. In music some of the rarest fabrics of Wagner, Haydn, Verdi, and Gounod, are the fruitage of this period. In general literature, philosophy, and science, many of the most imposing performances have been achieved by authors between sixty and seventy. Prominent among these we find many of the best compositions of Cervantes, Schopenhauer, Hugo, John Stuart Mill, Berkeley, Mommsen, Voltaire, Ruskin, Emerson, and Francis Bacon. Especial mention should be made of Michelet's great history of France; Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day, Milton's Paradise Regained, and Samson Agonistes. Edmund Burke's Reflections on the Revolution in France, and Sir Richard Burton's translation of Arabian Nights, a source of infinite delight to every English-speaking fireside.

Coming now to deeds of men between fifty and sixty, we find many of the most far-reaching achievements of all history. Between fifty and sixty Columbus made his first voyages of American discovery, perhaps the most important single event in human records. Marlborough won Blenheim, Morse invented the telegraph, Richelieu reconstructed France, Cæsar corrected the calendar and wrote his commentaries. Cromwell established his protectorate, Lincoln issued his emancipation proclamation, Bright instituted his reforms, Loyola founded his great society, Jefferson the democracy, Knox accomplished a great religious revolution, Wycliffe and Luther translated the Bible and brought its eternal truths to the hearts and hearths of the English and German masses, Schliemann made his most notable excavations, Hunter gave a fundamental impetus to surgery, Kepler contrived his table of logarithms, Chesterfield his system of social ethics, Hegel and Lotze their systems of philosophy, Leibnitz founded the Academy of Berlin, Penn negotiated his famous treaty with the Indians, Washington became the first President of the United States, Robert E. Lee made the Confederate resistance sublime, Herschel invented the reflecting telescope, Can-

ning and Peel performed their most brilliant labors, Burke devised his India bill and secured the impeachment of Warren Hastings, Garabaldi became the ruler of Italy.

Between fifty and sixty, Leidy made his most valuable contributions to biology, Cuvier to natural history; Copernicus wrote his great treatise on the revolution of celestial bodies, Adam Smith his *Wealth of Nations,* the foundation of modern political science. Between fifty and sixty, Plato and Aristotle gave their principal creations to the world. Between fifty and sixty, Kant wrote the *Critique of Pure Reason,* Bacon the *Novum Organum,* and Locke the *Essay on the Human Understanding,*—each of these three great works being veritable pillars of modern learning and progress. Between fifty and sixty, were written Bunyan's *Holy War,* and the second part of *Pilgrim's Progress,* Boswell's *Life of Johnson,* Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe,* Dante's *Divine Comedy,* Milton's *Paradise Lost,* Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales.* The first part of Cervantes' *Don Quixote,* the second part being written after sixty; La Fontaine's *Fables, Gulliver's Travels,*—all treasures that will enrich the world forever. The average age of the chief justices of the Supreme Court of the United States, perhaps the greatest legal tribunal on earth, is nearer seventy than sixty, Marshall having concluded his prodigious labors of more than three decades at eighty, Taney at eighty-eight, Waite at seventy-two, Fuller still presiding over that august body today at seventy-six. It is safe to say that the average age at which all the more than fifty associate justices who have occupied the Supreme Bench since its organization were still in the full exercise of their functions is nearer sixty-five than sixty.

Such is a partial list of the achievements of men who have passed the half century mark. Eliminate these achievements and you would blot out most of the world's advancement. Observe that we are still ten years above the Osler limit of forty. Were we to go still farther and erase the deeds of the "infants" between forty and fifty, we would destroy about all that remains of human progress. We would have to

eliminate the printing press of Gutenberg, the discoveries in electricity of Franklin and Galvani, Priestley's discovery of oxygen, the smallpox preventives of Jenner, Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, La Salle's discovery of the Mississippi, Bessemer's process for the manufacture of steel, Watts' steam engine, Stephenson's railways, the military feats of Grant and Sherman and Cromwell and Nelson, Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Principles of English Law,* the services of Washington in the American Revolution. In science, music, art, and literature, we would wipe out almost all the surviving contributors to human enlightenment, among these the compositions of Liszt and Spoler, the creations of Doré and Rubens and Blake, many of the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Gibbon, Hume, Macaulay, Carlyle, Petrarch, Pope, Dickens, Chateaubriand, Lessing, Spurgeon, Dumas, Milman, Motley and Gray. This brief and incomplete review will show that our older men are by no means to be despised; that we owe to them what is most permanent and uplifting in the civilization of the world. It shows that a man rarely reaches the full fruition of his powers until he enters the forties and the fifties, and that as life throbs in his bosom, he is capable of tremendous service to mankind, that "age is opportunity no less than youth itself."

In the words of Mr. James Q. Howard, one of the most gifted officials in our Congressional Library, himself an example of the possibilities of age, a man is as a rule "immature, unripe, callow, vealy, verdant, sappy, bumptious, batblind, and grass-green, until he reaches the age of forty years." I repeat that there has been of late too much of a disposition to neglect and disregard the old. I would not deprecate the encouragement of the young men and women; they have a high and effective mission to fulfill; but the old need encouragement as well; affection and solicitude are as welcome to their twilight years as to the radiant hours of the young. Beneath gray locks may blaze the fires of genius; perhaps a gentle word may awake in feeble eyes the vision of an eagle. Society in its fatuous adulation of mere youth is

falling into serious error. Such an attitude is a contradiction of the truth of history, a violation of all the teachings of experience. There are advantages of which age alone may boast. The passions that lashed the early years now lie obedient at the feet of reason. The impulses that stirred the youthful soul to violence and sin are sleeping in the cradle of a mature philosophy. No more does anger break in curses or envy hiss its shameful whispers. Revenge no longer prompts the uplifted arm; on the venerable countenance there broods prophetic peace.

The weaknesses of men and governments stand out in startling contrast with the ideals that experience alone develops and age alone may understand. Contemplation imparts a glory to the furrowed brow as in the silent sunset of a noble life, the storms and follies of a world become mere distant echoes. Society must learn again that services of unmeasured value may be rendered by the old. It must learn again that in neglecting the old it is wasting one of its most valuable assets. It is the general complaint of students of human institutions that each generation repeats in large measure the blunders of former ones; that if each generation could begin at the exact point in knowledge and experience where the other left off, the progress of the world would be wonderfully accelerated. This complaint would have far smaller basis if we but learned to heed and love and glorify our older men and women.

And, after all, old age is but a fiction; there is no old age of the soul.

The hands of youth are smooth and beautiful
And round and firmly formed and white and cool.

But I have known two old and twisted hands,
With knotted veins and fingers bent with work;
No grace of form is left those wasted frames
Wherein the hidden grace of life doth lurk.

But thin and old and cramped, they on them bear
The marks and signs of those who struggle much;
The patient strength of all the earth is theirs,
And tenderness untold is in their touch.

The hands of youth are smooth and white with ease,
But God hath clasped such twisted hands as these!

Oh, sir, let the crusade against our older men and women cease. The world needs and Heaven consecrates the ripened wisdom of the mellow year.

ERNEST POWELL

Ernest Powell was born on August 10, 1876, in Harrison County, Texas, near Marshall. When he was about five years of age, his family moved to Marshall, and he has since resided there. He was educated in the public schools of Harrison County, and also at Austin, Texas, where he graduated in literature and music, in Chicago and Boston, where he remained several years. Since returning to Marshall he has been constantly engaged in teaching music, and in literary work. During some years past, a number of his poems have been published in various periodicals, and he has lately published a volume of poems.

MY POEM.

If there is nought in anything I write,
Of truth or joy, or hope beyond the grave—
Then let it sink, all sink, beneath time's wave,
And from men's eyes be buried out of sight;
But if like knights of old in armor bright,

My thoughts go forth to comfort and to save,
To shield the weak from harm, to cheer the brave—
Then let them live and gather strength and might,
The fate of what I sing I know is just,
Whate'er it be, whate'er that fate may be;
And so I am content, for life is sweet,
And so I sing because I must—I must,
When beauty takes my hand and walks with me,
My heart must either sing or cease to beat.

JOY OF LIFE.

A thousand hopes are budding in my heart,
As roses bud in June, and countless joys
Go singing through my soul, as happy birds
Go piping through the world. In love with life,
The whole green earth becomes a vital thing,
And beauty reaches up from clod to star,
And glory, like a monarch's robe of state,
Is thrown in shining folds about the globe.

I cannot pine for olden times and seers,
And miss the joy of living well today;
I dare not yearn for future days to come,
And lose the bliss the present offers me.
The ancients owned the past and filled it well;
'Tis now my turn to brim the present up;
And brim it up I shall with joy and song—
Ay, even as a jar is filled with wine!
Some other day 'twas Plato's time to think,
Some other way 'twas Shakespeare's time to sing;
'Tis now my time, and think and sing I must,
Or miss the very heart of happiness;
'Tis now my time, and live and love I must,
Or forfeit all my rights to vital joy;
And wheresoever placed beneath the sun,
In Marshall or in Rome, it matters not—
In India or Greece, 'tis all the same—

Wherever green things grow and men are found,
Content am I to toil and hope and dream;
Content am I to live and love and sing.

I press my face among the lilac blooms,
And know that life is sweeter far than they;
I stretch my arms and clasp the mighty trees,
And know that life is stronger far than oaks;
I gaze at stars that seem so far away,
And know that life is higher far than stars;
And last of all and best of all on earth,
I look into the hearts and souls of men,
And know beyond all doubt that life is good,
Containing mighty forces yet untried.

I let the fairest blossoms fall to earth,
To take the little hand of boys and girls;
I turn from stars to read a shining face;
I leave my prayers to talk with God in men.
What need to know the source of life, its cause?
Fulfilling function here is wisdom's crown;
What need to know life's destiny, its end?
To live completely now is bliss supreme!

EARTH SONG.

Sunlight and starlight, moonlight and dreaming,
Earth thou art beautiful—real, not seeming;
Leaf-green thou art, and ocean green, too,
Snow white thou art, and violet blue;
Beautiful earth, thou art real not seeming!

Bird-song and wind-song, love-song and dreaming,
Earth, thou art glorious—real, not seeming;
Rose-sweet thou art, and music-sweet, too,
Life-sweet, and wine-sweet, and sweet through and through;
Glorious earth, thou art real, not seeming!

Man-love and woman-love, love and its dreaming,
Earth thou art ravishing—real, not seeming;
Life thou hast given me, ecstasy, too;
Books thou hast blest me with, friends who are true—
Ravishing earth, thou art real, not seeming!

LINES TO A VIOLIN.

Like one who seeks a cloistered cell,
His sins on bended knees to tell,
I come to thee with brimming heart,
For thou my true confessor art,
Sweet violin, sweet violin.

I tell thee all, I tell thee all—
My joys and sorrows, great and small;
And thou alone of all thy kind
Canst tranquillize my heart and mind,
Sweet violin, sweet violin.

No master I, to sway the crowd,
With wild cascade of music loud,
But here between my garret walls,
I come to thee when twilight falls,
Sweet violin, sweet violin.

I touch thee as a lover might
His lady's hand, all snowy white;
I take thee in my arms and press
Thy form with many a fond caress,
Sweet violin, sweet violin.

My pent-up tears unseen can flow,
While thou art singing, soft and low—
Ay, grief that I have stayed for years
Can freely vent itself in tears,
Sweet violin, sweet violin.

Thou art my truer, higher self,
That dreams no dreams of fame, of peli;
And, oh, I come with brimming heart,
For thou my true confessor art,
Sweet violin, sweet violin.

SABINE BOAT SONG.

The moon above, like a maiden in love,
Looks timidly down at her face in the stream,
While together we two in our open canoe
Glide away from the shore, in a dream, in a dream,
Glide away from the shore in a dream.

With the moon overhead and the stars overhead,
And the moon and the stars in the mirroring stream,
Oh, love we will float in our Indian boat,
Away from the world in a dream, in a dream,
Away from the world in a dream.

Oh, hark to the song, as we hurry along,
The song from the cypress that leans to the stream;
'Tis the same magic bird that the Indians heard,
And called it the bird of a dream, of a dream,
And called it the bird of a dream.

Oh, love it is here, in the Southland dear,
That the waters are sweetest in life's deep stream;
It is here, that we, 'neath the orange tree,
Will make it come true, our dream, our dream,
Will make it come true,—our dream!

SONNET: TO SIDNEY LANIER.

Although the South has never raised to thee
A monument of stone that shall endure,
She loves thee none the less, thou poet pure,
And in her homes she keeps thy minstrelsy

Although thy name is carved in majesty
Above no college hall, young men to lure,
Yet in thy native land thy fame is sure,
And shall be surer still in years to be.
Thou hast a monument not made with hands,
That grows in strength and beauty, day by day;
Thou hast a fame well based on life and art,
That shall increase and conquer other lands;
But even more than all, thou hast for aye
A place, sweet Bard, within the South's great heart.

SONNET: TO HENRY TIMROD.

Sweet Southern Bard, thy songs are tinted shells,
Cast high upon the golden sands of time,
And bending low to catch their mournful rhyme,
I muse on ocean caves and pearl-strewn cells.
What sad sea melody is this that wells
From out their colored depths—what hint of crime—
What muffled chords of strife in marching time
Are these that o'er my spirit cast their spells?
Oh, Bard, thy well-beloved South today
In beauty stands erect, and year by year
Her tender love shall grow in strength for thee,
For thou didst comfort her when skies were gray,
And oh, in peace or war, unto her ear
She holds thy pearly shell of poesy!

SPRING.

With a bud in her hand, and a song in her mouth,
She is come, she is here, from her home in the South,
And birds fly before her, and as they sing fly
And hope, like an angel of glory, draws nigh;
The little blue daisies embroider the ground
Wherever the print of her sandal is found,
And buttercups, violets, hyacinths—all,

Just bloom and bloom where her glances fall,
And above and below and around and about,
There steals a thrill no heart can shut out.
A thrill, did I say?—A passionate strife,
A cry of the soul and the body for life!
You know how your lips in African sands
Are parched for the waters of cool green lands;
You know how your body just aches with pain,
For the gushing fount and the cooling rain;
The thirst of the desert is nought, I swear,
The thirst for life that is everywhere;
Oh, rapture of raptures, more life to give!
Oh, glory of glories, to love and to live!

With a rose in her hand and a song in her mouth,
She is come, she is here, from her home in the South,
And birds fly before her, and sing as they fly,
And hope like an angel of glory draws nigh;
The soft tender grass that carpets the ground
Is a proof that the root of things is sound;
The little green buds are a sign to me
That the heart of things is as true as can be;
And I know, I know, by the light from above,
That back of it all there is light, there is Love!

ROSES.

Dear heart, there are roses all over the south,
Some white as your hand, some red as your mouth;
Wherever you wander, soft petals unclose,
And you smile at the thought that the world is a rose.

They climb to your window and peep in your room,
They crowd to your doorstep and burst into bloom,
They scatter soft petals wherever you tread—
Rosy petals, as thick as the stars overhead.

There are roses to group in your tall, slender vase,
There are roses to brighten the invalid's face,
There are roses to stand at the altar of God,
There are roses and tears for the grave's holy sod.

And heart, dearest heart, there are roses to give
To the strong, to the weak, as we toil, as we live;
I have looked the world over, and looked the world through,
And roses and love I am bringing to you.

MEXICAN HOME SONG.

O sun-kissed land of Manana
  O rose-blooming garden of rest,
I come, I come to thy bosom,
  As a dove flies home to its nest!

The world is vast, it is mighty,
  And its wheels of trade never cease,
But thou, oh land of Manana,
  Art the cradle, the kingdom, of peace.

What a Grecian once felt for his Athens,
  What a Roman once felt for his Rome,
I feel in my innermost being
  For thee, my Aztec home!

I have sighed for thy skies and thy mountains,
  I have yearned for thy valleys and streams,
I have wept like a child in the darkness,
  For thine arms, O Mother of Dreams!

Wherever on earth I have wandered,
  At morn, at noon, at night,
I have turned my face to thy temples,
  As a Persian priest turns to the light.

O, beautiful land of Manana,
O glorious kingdom of rest,
I come, I come to thy bosom,
As a dove flies home to its nest!

As a dove flies back to the forest,
As a dove flies home to its nest,
O beautiful land of Manana
I come, I come to thy breast!

TO THE MOCKING BIRD.

Sing to me tenderly, bird of the night,
Sing to my passionate heart of delight;
Tell me the secret of forest and grove,—
Now, while the stars in the heavens are bright,
Tell me of love.

Deep in the amorous vines overhead,
Just where the blossoms are red, deepest red,
There thou art singing of love in the night,
Soothing thy little ones tucked in the bed,
Safe out of sight.

Sweet is thy voice as a Dorian flute,
Played to the sound of Appollo's own lute;
Sweet is thy rapturous song of the south,
Sweet as the vine of a nectarous fruit
Pressed to the mouth.

Here in the forest thou reignest alone,
Carelessly perched on a dew-spangled throne;
Here thou art first to welcome the spring,
Thrilling the wood with a ravishing tone;
Here thou art king!

WHITNEY MONTGOMERY

Whitney Montgomery was born in 1877, in Navarro County, Texas. He is unmarried, but for some years past has been paying assiduous court to the Muse of Poetry. His poems have found a welcome in the leading publications of the State.

Mr. Montgomery is a product of the common schools and the soil, and inherits a love for poetry from his parents. "As a child, between the cotton rows, or on the creek bank," he writes, "I often listened to my father recite by heart whole pages from Shakespere and Byron." Mr. Montgomery's home is at Eureka, Texas.

ALWAYS A WAY.

The longest drought that ever came was broken with a rain,
And through the darkest rack of clouds the sunlight shone again;
For Nature has a primal law that all things must obey
Though sun may bake, and storm may shake, there'll always be a way.

I've stood with failure face to face, and looked him o'er and o'er,
A dozen times I've heard the wolf a-scratching at the door,
I've stood upon the slippery brink where Ruin's chasm lay,
But just before my feet went over there always came a way.

I'm not advising any man to just sit down and wait,
'Til fortune brings a lump of gold and lays it at his gate;
This world is just a battleground where men must fight to win,
And life will generally give back about what you put in.

But I would give a word of cheer to those who do their best,
To those whom fate has hardly cursed or fortune's hand caressed,
When ruin stares you in the face, and trouble turns you gray,
Just smile at fate, and work and wait, there'll always be a way.

SIMPLY BELIEVE.

You simply must believe, child, you cannot understand
Salvation and eternal life that God for us has planned.
The things we all so long to know will never be made plain
Till sin shall cease to rule the heart, and Christ shall come again.

You simply must believe, child, for God would have it so;
He told us only what he knew was best for us to know.
His plans are very wise, child, tho' strange they may appear,
For we would have no need of faith, if He had made them clear.

You simply must believe, child, 'tis all that you can do,
The wisest heads in all the land can know no more than you.
The ones that try to fathom God are most in darkness lost;
The ones that see the most of God are those that trust Him most.

REMEMBRANCE OF MOTHER.

Good morning to you, Mr. Artist,
  Here's a picture I want you to paint;
Just a small photograph of my mother,
  In a style that is olden and quaint.

'Twas caught in a pocket camera
  One day when she sat all alone;
The shades of the evening were falling,
  And all of her work had been done.

Don't try to leave out any wrinkles,
  Or bind up a straggling hair,
'Tis just as she looked that evening,
  And I want everyone to be there.

Her pictures at home in the album
  Are fairer than this one will be—
As she looked in the bloom of her youth—
  But this one is dearest to me.

I can look at all those and remember
  Her beauty and numberless charms;
I can look at this one and remember
  How she rocked me to sleep in her arms.

Then make it as plain as this picture,
  Nor think I will love it the less.
The dearest thing under the heavens
  Is a mother in everyday dress.

THE MAGIC OF A NAME.

There lived a man, and when the trance
Of death had closed his brief romance
He left me this inheritance—
  P. K.

No fame these letters ever won;
In simple life his race was run,
But never fell dishonor on—
  P. K.

And when ambition, or delight,
Has lured me from the paths of right
These letters burn before me bright—
  P. K.

And I would rather lay my frame
Upon an altar red with flame
Than bring dishonor on that name—
P. K.

THE LAST BOB WHITE.

("Clean your guns" is the greeting already going around among the hunters of Texas, hundreds of whom are now making active preparations for the opening of the game season, which will start Friday, Nov. 1. News Item.)

Oh, how they murdered poor Bob White today!
The booming guns were heard on every side,
From early morn till evening passed away
The frightened coveys scattered far and wide.

No spot on earth could hide him from his foes
For keen of scent the eager pointer came,
And flushed him from the ground, and as he rose
He fell before the hunter's deadly aim.

But when the day was done, and all was still,
And twilight's purple shades began to fall,
From off the summit of yon leafy hill
I heard the echo of a lonely call.

It called into the night, but all in vain;
For none of all his feathered mates was there
To send the call responsive back again,
And come to meet him through the chill night air.

They say this wanton slaughter is not sin—
That birds and beasts were made for man's delight.
But oh! there is such lonely sadness in
The plaintive calling of the last Bob White.

HILTON ROSS GREER

Mr. Greer was born December 10, 1878, in Hawkins, Wood County, Texas. He was reared in Pittsburg, Texas, receiving his principal schooling under the tutelage of his mother, a teacher by profession after widowhood, and a woman of marked literary talent. He entered newspaper work on his home town weekly, *The Pittsburg Gazette,* but severed connection after three months, to join the staff of the Shreveport (La.) *Times* as reporter. Later he was connected with the Denison *Herald* and the Sherman *Register* in Texas. In 1907 he became the managing editor of the Austin *Daily Tribune,* and is now managing editor of the *Daily News* at Amarillo.

His literary work consists of published poems in the American magazines and three volumes of verse, *Sun-Gleams and Gossamers* (1904), *The Spider and Other Poems* (1906), and *A Prairie Prayer and Other Poems* (1912). The following are of his selection.

SPRING ON THE COLORADO.

Through all the echoing aisles today
A blithe wind whistles like a boy;
The long, gray mosses swing and sway,
The ripples sing a song of joy.

Here where my live-oak, leaning o'er,
To scan the quiet pool's expanse,
Sees, gliding down the crystal floor,
The leaves in rhythmic shadow dance,

Outstretched on the silken sward I lie,
And while I quaff from lyric streams
Low flute notes from some covert nigh
Make music for my April dreams.

Above me bends a sky as soft
As love's deep eyes, when rapture-wet;
Afar the dark hills lift aloft
Their misted peaks of violet.

The Time's mad fever throbs not here,
Where slow white sunbeams filter down,
It pulses yonder where uprear
The cluster towers of the town.

But here the truant dreamer flees
A cramping world of little men,
Beneath these brave, unselfish trees,
Clasps heart with good, warm earth again.

CACTUS BLOOMS.

Lo, what wild beauty the morn doth disclose!
Beauty, new-born
Of the clustering thorn,
Silkenly scarlet and satiny rose!

Life—so I muse—like a cactus grows,
Thorny (God's pity) with infinite woes:
But Beauty and Love
Are the blossoms thereof,
Silkenly scarlet and satiny rose.

HEROES.

One dared to die. In a swift moment's space
Fell in War's forefront, laughter on his face;
Bronze tells his fame in many a market place.
Another dared to live. The long years through
Felt his slow heart's-blood ooze, like crimson dew,
For Duty's sake and smiled. And no one knew.

AT A MOCKBIRD MATINEE.

Ever spend an afternoon
Of a day in Jocund June
At a mockbird matinee?
Never? Honest? Well-a-day!
Where've you lived, sir, anyway?

There's no hint of trade or town
In the path one loiters down;
Not a thought of shops and desks
Where the sun weaves arabesques,
Fragile-fair and fairy-hued,
In the wood's deep solitude;
Not a thing but God's pure air,
Shine and shadow everywhere!

Pick yourself a mossy seat
In some dim and cool retreat,
And, with sighs of deep content,
Settle down, all indolent,
With your head against the trunk
Of some hoary forest monk;
Bare your forehead while the breeze
Plies its gentle ministries;
Close your eyes in rapture deep,
Feel yourself grow sleepy-sleep—
Then a-sudden—hist! a stir
From the hidden chorister,
As along a branchy spray
Where the sunbeams plash and play,
Fares he forth in modest coat,
Flinging from his throbbing throat
Clear cascades of tinkling song,
Silver-sweet and subtle-strong;
Strains of soul-compelling sound;
Streams of symphony unbound,

Lures of lyric riotry,
Miracles of melody,
Soft at times and sweet and low,
As the slow and measured flow
Of some placid river tide,
Through warm meadows, lush and wide;
Or from breast aflame, afire,
Wild with passion, hot desire,
High and high and high and higher
Leap the frantic notes until
Fen and forest, haunt and hill,
Pulse and pant and throb and thrill,
Overawed and overcome
By the keen delirium!

Then, as if such riotings
Had consumed symphonic springs,
For a solemn space, a hush!
But once more a rhythmic gush
Flashing downward, fleet and free,
Mad with mirthful minstrelsy;
Ravishing the raptured ear
With a cadence, crystal, clear
As the lisp of limpid rain
In autumnal fields of grain;
Stilling spirit-strife and stress
With a rune of restfulness;
Purging blood and breast and brain
Of their poignant pangs of pain;
Rousing noble aims and true
In the slumbrous soul of you!

THE SPIDERS.

Close by life's gardenside
Silently, ceaselessly,
Tangling the hearts of men
Deep in the meshes,
Spinneth a spider.

Silently, ceaselessly,
Weaving a web that is
Fashioned with filminess,
Sun-gleams and gossamers
Dew-pearled and odorous;
Weaving a web that is
Frailer than mist at times,
Steel-strong at others,
Tangling the hearts of men
Ever and hopelessly
In its soft thonging
Spinneth the blithe-footed
Spider of Love!

Close by life's gardenside,
Swiftly, relentlessly,
Stifling the hearts of men
In its thick meshes,
Spinneth a spider
Silently, ceaselessly,
Swiftly, relentlessly,
Weaving a web that is
Dull-hued and lustreless;
Weaving a web so dense
Yet so impalpable,
Soft and insidious,
None may escape it—
Spinneth the thousand-eyed,
Eager, implacable,
Grey, gaunt, and terrible,
Spider of Death!

A SMILE AND A SONG.

Give to the world a smile. There is enough,
God knows of sullen scowls and churlishness!
What if thy footsteps fare through highways rough—

Can futile frowning make thy burdens less?
Nay, though thy secret soul be sad the while,
Give to the world a smile!

Give to the world a song. The very air
Seems charged with keen complainings and with sighs
That are but echoings of dark despair.
What if a surly sun forsake the skies,
Or if thy pilgrimage be overlong?
Give to the world a song!

INTER-PINES.

Far from the fevered fret of trade and town
Far from the noontide's pulsing hum and heat,
Past stream and stile, up shaly slope and down,
A dim path winds
And, winding finds
Deep in the pines a cloistering retreat
Where ripened cones and needles crisp and brown
Outspread a fragrant carpet for the feet.

Like ancient monks, uplifting priestly arms
High overhead in blessings murmured low,
The pine trees stand; and all life's vain alarms,
Its wild unrest
Of brain and breast,
Speed swift as blooms when winds of autumn blow,
And in their stead, as silence after storms,
Glides gentle Peace, with noiseless tread and slow.

The cravings keen for all the vain may vaunt,
The tense desires for worldly power and place,
Find sweet surcease within this holy haunt
Where, spreading wings
From sordid things,
The soul mounts upward for a fleeting space,
While winds and pines lift grand cathedral chaunt,
And meets its God and Maker face to face.

THE THUNDERSTORM.

Like hostile armies cassing for the fray,
Sombre and dark the western storm clouds swarm
And line on line in threatening array,
Low-muttering, their grim battalions form.
Then, like to wrath-dumb furies, black and still,
They crouch one death-tense space with bated breath
And hurl them headlong from their highmost hill
To grapple in the fearful lists of death!
Hark! how their hoarse artillery rends the air
With peal on peal and deafening crash on crash!
Hark! how their shrill-lipped battle trumpets blare!
Look! where their sheathless lightning sabres flash!
Then faint, then fierce and fiercer yet again—
Listen! a sweeping enfilade of rain!

CARITA.

Do you ever dream, Carita, of a twilight long ago,
When the stars rained silver splendor from the skies of Mexico?

When the moonbeam on the plaza traced a shimmering brocade,
And the fountain's tinkling tumult seemed a rippling serenade?

When the velvet-petaled pansies, lifting light lips in the gloom,
Breathed their yearning for the night winds in a passion of perfume?

When in soft cascades of cadence from a garden dim and far,
Came the mournful, mellow music of a murmurous guitar?

Years have flown since then, Carita, fleet as orchard blooms in May,
But the hour that fills my dreaming—was it only yesterday?

Stood we two a space in silence while the southern sun
slipped down,
And the gray dove, Dusk, with brooding pinions wrapped the
little town.

Then you raised your tender glances darkily, dreamily, to
mine,
And my pulses clashed like cymbals in a rhapsody divine.

And the pent-up fires of longing burst their prison's weak
control,
And in wild, hot words, came leaping madly from my burn-
ing soul;

Wild, hot words that told of passion hitherto but half-ex-
pressed;
And I caught you close, Carita, clasped you, strained you, to
my breast.

While the twilight-purpled heavens ruled around us as we
stood,
And a tide of bliss swept surging through the currents of
our blood!

And I spent my soul in kisses, crushed upon your scarlet
mouth!
O Carita! Senorita! Dark-eyed daughter of the South!

It was well that Fate should part us; it was well my path
should lead
Back to the slopes of high endeavor—nay, and was it well, in-
deed?

You were of a tropic people, steeped in roses and romance,
Lovers of the gay fiesta, music, and the mazy dance!

I was from that northern country, scion of that colder race
Who have missed the most of living in their foolish phantom
chase!

You have wed some swarthy Southron; long have learned his every whim,
Rolled cigarros, poured the mescal, sung the Southern songs for him;

I have fought my fight and triumphed; all the world repeats my name;
But I prize one hour of loving more than fifty years of fame!

It was but a summer madness that possessed me, men will hold,
That the mellow moon bewitched me with its wizardry of gold.

As they will! But oft, when wearied of the world, I close my eyes
And in dreams drift back where stars rain silver splendor from the skies.

And I clasp you close, Carita, while each vibrant pulse is thrilled
With a low and mournful cadence that shall nevermore be stilled!

MRS. KARLE WILSON BAKER

Mrs. Baker, known to the magazine world as "Charlotte Wilson," was born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1878. Inclination to authorship has been for generations a family trait, and her earliest aspiration was to be a writer. Her first poem, *The Poet,* appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in 1903.

Miss Wilson, after finishing the schools of Little Rock, took a course at the University of Chicago,

where she studied under Robert Herrick the novelist, and also under the late William Vaughn Moody. She came to Nacogdoches, Texas, in 1901, and in 1907 married Thomas E. Baker. She has the entré of the leading Eastern magazines and periodicals, but has not collected her writings. The following are her own selections.

A CHILD'S GAME.

Nor sleep, nor journey, nor affray,
Can justly image death to me;
I am a little child, and Death
The one who lets you go and see.

All children in a darkened room;
And Death stands smiling at the door,
His finger on his lips, and says
So quietly, "Now, one child more!"

I have so longed and longed to know
What lovely things the children find
When they have gone beyond the door;
But not a child that's left behind

Has ever been; for when they go
He will not ever let them back;
And when he beckons them, and we
Stand tiptoe, watching for the crack,

Our strange sweet playmate steps between
And will not let us see at all;
He smiles at our expectancy
With "You may come, too, when I call."

And oh, within the darkened room
I have so longed and longed to know
Just what it is they see and learn
The other children, when they go!

Do you suppose that I shall feel
  Afraid, to see him look at me
At last, and beckon with his hand,
  And smile, "Now *you* may go and see?"

THE HEART KNOWETH.

Sometimes my little woe is lulled to rest,
Its clamor shamed by some old poet's rage—
Tumult of hurrying hoof, and battle rage,
And dying knight, and trampled warrior crest,
Stern faces old heroic souls unblest,
Eye me with scorn, as they my grief would gaze,
A mere child, schooled to weep upon the stage,
Tricked for a part of woe and sombre drest.
"Lo, who art thou," they ask, "that thou shouldst fret
To find forsooth one single heart undone?
The page thou turnest there is purple wet
With blood that gushed from Cæsar overthrown!
"Lo, who art thou to prate of sorrow?" Yet,
This little woe, it is my own, my own!

THE LOST ONE.

There are so many kinds of me,
  Indeed I cannot say
Just which of many I shall be
  On any given day.

Whence are they—princess, witch, or nun?
  I know not; this I know;
The gravest, gentlest simplest one
  Was buried long ago.

There, by his hand all covered o'er,
  It slumbers, as it is fit;
And nothing tells the name it bore
  Or marks the place of it.

But all the other kinds of me,
They know, and turn aside,
And check their laughter soberly
Above the one that died.

HARRY VAN DEMARK

Harry VanDemark, one of the most prolific of Texas authors, was born in New York in 1881, and early entered the journalistic field. After spending some time in Nebraska, he came to Texas in 1893.

In 1901 he moved to Houston, where he is still actively engaged in all matters literary. He is the editor and manager of the *Texas Magazine,* one of the strongest of Southern periodicals. Besides this, he edits the *Texas Tradesman,* and each year issues *Texas in a Nutshell,* a current review of the resources and conditions of the state.

He is an indefatigable writer of both prose and verse. Under the pseudonym of "Ralph Victor," he has written the *Comrade Series* for boys, ten volumes in number, and expects shortly to have ready his volume of poems, *Rhymes of the Range.* Under various *noms de plume,* he has written more than one hundred short stories, besides plays, critiques, industrial and other journalistic matter.

THE VANISHING DIPLOMAT.

(Permission of the *Short Story Company.*)

Though Lieutenant Peyton Rackworth was the youngest man in the British diplomatic service, that did not deter his friends from singing his praises. Possessed of a healthy,

vigorous mind, well-tuned to the vibrations of a magnificent physique, he was a man upon whom women gazed in admiration and men in envy.

On the ninth of March, 1908, he left Hong Kong in the ship *Vandalasia,* with orders to proceed to Winnipeg, where he would be met by Captain Alwyn Damon, also in the service of his majesty's government, who would relieve him of certain papers relating to the unpopularity of the Anglo-Japanese alliance among the English of the Orient. In view of the fact that relations between the United States and Japan were strained almost to the breaking point, the papers were deemed unusually important.

Exactly ten days and a few hours later he landed in Vancouver, where he reported to the British authorities, and shook the hand of an old chum, Charley Warmley, whom he had not seen since his senior year at Oxford. He left at two o'clock for Winnipeg.

Having taken berth eight on a Pullman sleeper, he retired at nine o'clock. At ten-thirty the negro porter answered his ring and fetched him a glass of water. At midnight the bell in the porter's quarters tinkled again registering from the same berth—lower eight. The darkey hurried to obey the summons, for the lieutenant had been lavish with his tips. Reaching the berth, he spoke to Rackworth and, failing to get an answer, spoke again; still receiving no response, he parted the curtains and looked into the berth, which he saw to be empty.

He reported the matter to the Pullman conductor, who made an investigation. Before the investigation was over, every passenger had been routed from his berth; but none could shed any light on Lieutenant Rackworth's disappearance. No one had seen him after he had retired. Among the passengers were a Jewish merchant, the advance respresentative of a traveling troupe, and a little Jap, all of whom seemed highly indignant that they should have had their slumber disturbed for what they termed so insignificant matter.

The car was searched high and low, but no trace of the

Englishman was discovered. It was then suggested that he had probably dressed and gone forward into the smoker; but the porter pulled aside the curtains of berth eight, revealing the lieutenant's clothes—beyond all question the suit he had worn when last seen—as mute evidence to the contrary. At any rate the porter had been in the front end of the car. He had not slept a wink, and no one could have passed him unobserved. Had the lieutenant, then, not gone into a coach to the rear? The conductor had replied to this query by saying that this was the last car on the train; furthermore, he, the conductor, had just been writing just inside the door and no one passed him.

The windows of berth eight were found upon examination to be securely fastened upon the inside, instantly doing away with the theory that Rackworth had met his fate by falling from the swiftly-moving train, which had not paused in its flight since leaving a small watering place—Harley's Gulch—in the late afternoon. At that time Lieutenant Rackworth had been sitting in the car perusing the pages of a magazine.

The lieutenant had disappeared as completely and mysteriously as if he had dissolved into thin air, and it was with a feeling akin to awe that the passengers again sought their berths.

Morning shed no light on the situation. The lieutenant's Gladstone bag, packed to the brim with toilet articles and clean linen, was reposing under berth eight where the porter had placed it the night before. It showed no evidence of having been tampered with.

After a short consultation the matter was telegraphed to Inspector Graham of the Winnipeg police, though just what he was expected to do in advance of the train's arrival was not apparent.

* * * * *

Mr. Colgate Barker, known in police circles as "Captain Cool," on account of the many escapades through which he had passed unharmed while a member of the Chicago detec-

tive force, ascended the steps leading to Inspector Graham's office, was admitted, and warmly welcomed by the latter.

"I had heard you were in the city," said the inspector "and was about to send for you."

"Anticipating that my services might be useful, I have called of my own free will," responded Captain Cool, smiling lazily as he leaned back in his chair and blew great clouds of smoke from his cigar.

"Then you have heard——?"

"Of the disappearance of Lieutenant Rackworth? Yes."

"Well, now, if a big sum of money would be any inducement to you——"

"My dear fellow, you cannot buy my services. I am in Winnipeg on purely private business; but this mystery has piqued me. I have had Bob out all the morning."

"Ah—then you have a theory?'

"Well, I don't mind admitting that I have formed an opinion."

"May I inquire——?"

"Pardon me if I say nothing till I have seen Bob again."

"Oh, thats all right, Captain, only—er—ahem!—I suppose you have inspected the Pullman car?"

"Yes."

"You know, then, that there was no way for the Englishman to get off that train?"

"In answer to that I shall merely apply the rule of common sense. If he wasn't in the car, he must have been out of it. We know that he was in the car at ten-thirty, and we are just as sure that he was not in it at midnight. So he got out —that point is clear."

There was no mistaking the detective's earnestness. It lurked in the very poise of his head, the squareness of his shoulders, the sharpness of his features.

"But," persisted Graham, "there were men at both doors, and the windows were fastened on the inside."

"Granted. Yet he left the car by means of the window.'

"Why do you say that he went through the window?"

"Because he could have left the train in no other manner without being observed."

"Can you prove this?"

"I hope to prove it to your satisfaction within an hour."

There suddenly sounded a tumultuous rush in the corridor, rapid feet clattered up the stairs to the accompaniment of many voices, and then a youth of perhaps twenty years, bareheaded and disheveled, burst into the room.

Captain Cool seemed in no way disturbed by this unceremonious entry, but favored the newcomer with a frigid stare.

"Well, Bob?" he inquired, taking the cigar from his mouth and allowing his tilted chair to rest easily on the floor.

"I've spotted him, sir," said the boy breathlessly; "but I think he's about to leave the city. I heard him asking in the hotel office what time the next train went west."

"Where is he?"

"There, sir." Bob handed his employer a card.

"Graham, will you perform a service for me?" The detective turned to the inspector.

"Certainly."

"Send a man to Hotel Dale, then, and arrest a Jap who is registered under the name of K. Kishyoma. Have them hold his baggage till further notice."

"What charge?"

"Conspiracy to abduct Lieutenant Rackworth."

"What?"

"And when you have him," Captain Cool went on, ignoring Graham's surprise, "bring him here. I have something to say to him."

The inspector looked wonderingly at his visitor, but pressed a button and summoned a deputy.

"Go up to Hotel Dale, Morgan, and arrest that party," he ordered, handing the man a card, "and when you get him, bring him here."

"How do you know this Jap is implicated?" asked Graham, when Morgan had departed, taking Bob with him.

"Because he was on the train the night Rackworth disappeared."

"What! I didn't know that."

"Shows there was something lacking in your investigation," returned the detective in the most matter-of-fact tone.

"What had the Jap against Rackworth?"

"Rackworth carried papers which would have raised merry Ned if they had been allowed to reach England."

"You seem to have a way of picking up threads without clues."

"Yet I merely interviewed Captain Alwyn Damon and formed my conclusions on the basis of common sense."

"Who is Captain Alwyn?" queried Graham, blankly.

"The man Rackworth was to meet in Winnipeg—the man who was to take the papers and carry them on to London. I saw him at the train. The questions he asked the conductor led me to believe him deeply interested, so I introduced myself. He took me into his confidence enough to—well, to prove conclusively to my mind that the Japs were responsible for Rackworth's disappearance."

"But would Japan be justified in antagonizing her new ally to that extent?"

"Not openly; but had the scheme gone through as they planned it, no one would have been the wiser."

"Have they murdered Rackworth, do you think?"

"No. Had they contemplated such a thing, they would have killed him in his berth, instead of adbducting him."

"You seem very much in earnest about your abduction theory; but for the life of me I can't see how the Japs could have taken Rackworth through that window and fastened it on the inside, and how, even if they had been able to accomplish such an impossible feat, they could have alighted safely from a train moving at the speed of forty miles an hour."

"You have forgotten that the little Jap, Kishyoma, could have fastened the window on the inside before the absence of Rackworth was discovered. As the mode of leaving the train, I shall have something to say about that later."

"Well, heaven knows, I wish you luck; if I did not know your reputation for apprehending criminals, I should say you were crazy to advance such theories as these."

"My theories sound strange and unreal to you, Graham, because you have not yet got into my scientific way of reasoning. At no time do I enter the realm of conjecture—where even the most logical mind may be at fault—but simply form my hypothesis upon the only thing that could have happened under the circumstances."

"The only thing that could have happened under the circumstances?" repeated Graham, vaguely.

"Ah, my dear fellow, that sounds indefinite, does it not? Yet it is a rule that rarely fails me."

"Well, here's our man, unless he's given them the slip," said the inspector, as footsteps sounded in the corridor. Then the door was flung open, and Bob and Morgan came, the Jap between them.

The Oriental eyed his captors calmly, shifting his gaze from them to the inspector and thence to Captain Cool, where he allowed it to remain an instant. Then he shrugged his shoulders and smiled, calmly, inscrutably.

Captain Cool moved deliberately around where he might view the left side of the prisoner's head.

"Yes—I thought so. You are Adashi Nankanomi, who gave Uncle Sam a deal of trouble last year by prying into his secrets, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, you're going to answer to his majesty, King Edward, for a similar offense. Were you on the Canadian express the night Lientenant Rackworth disappeared?'

The Jap gave the detective a defiant look, then shrugged his shoulders again, but said nothing.

"Mr. Cutter, the Pullman conductor, is in the corridor, inspector. Will you have him brought in?"

"Certainly, Captain, certainly."

"Now look at this man keenly, Mr. Cutter," said Captain Cool, when the conductor stood before him. "Is he the man

who traveled in your car from Vancouver, and complained that his slumbers were disturbed?"

"Yes, sir, that's the man."

"You are positive?'

"I'd stake my life on it."

"Thank you, that is all," and Mr. Cutter seemed glad to escape. The detective turned to Kishyoma again.

"Let me freshen your memory a little," said he. "About ten days ago, the secret agents of Japan in Vancouver, yourself among them, received a cablegram from one of your men in Hong Kong, telling you to intercept certain dispatches carried by Lieutenant Rackworth, who was sailing that day on the *Vandalasia*. You were thus able to lay the plans of an ingenious scheme. Lieutenant Rackworth was so unprepared for your audacious move that he proved a comparatively easy victim. Not satisfied with securing the papers, you decided to get the lieutenant out of the way, knowing that if the news of your robbery reached London it would precipitate a—well, an unpleasantness. Lieutenant Rackworth struggled fiercely for a moment but could make no outcry, you having foreseen this emergency, by gagging him. Finally, pulling a knife from your pocket, and raising it above your helpless victim, you plunged——"

"No, no!' said the Jap in staccato tones. "He is not dead!"

"Thank you," said Captain Cool. "That's all I wanted to know." He nodded to the inspector.

"Lock him up," directed the latter, and Kishyoma was led from the room. As soon as the door was closed and they were alone, the detective turned again to Graham.

"Now, if you have a couple of reliable men, inspector,—men who will fight at the drop of a hat—and who can go immediately to the Canadian Rockies, I think you can wind up this case in short order."

"I can spare Morgan and Conolly—but what do you expect them to do?"

"They will alight at a little watering place known as Devil's Knoll, on the eastern slope of the mountains, and

work on foot toward the crest, keeping an eye out for trouble. At some point in this vicinity the Japs have a secret rendezvous."

"What! a rendezvous in the Dominion?'

"Surely. I don't believe they will attempt violence on men known to have gone into the mountains, and who could be traced, yet it is best to go prepared."

"How long have you known of this?"

"What, the rendezvous? Oh, for some time. I have said nothing, feeling that sooner or later the Japs would do something to give us a hold on them, and now my suspicions are verified. This will mean the breaking up of the band, and it will hit them hard, Graham, for, from these mountains they have sent spies into all parts of the United States, as well as your own dominion."

"And when we find the rendezvous—?"

"Your men will release Rackworth," said Captain Cool.

"You mean that Rackworth is there—a prisoner?"

"Surely. This was a case of abduction—abduction as a natural shield for one of the most daring robberies I have ever heard of. You see, they were afraid to kill Rackworth, and they were afraid to turn him loose, minus the papers. So they hit upon a happy medium."

"Well, admitting all that to be true, you haven't explained how the Japs got Rackworth off a train running at the rate of forty miles an hour."

"Oh, that's the easiest part of the problem, my dear fellow."

"Well, I can't quite see it," growled Inspector Graham."

"You know very well, Graham, that it would have been an impossible feat to have taken a man from a train going at that speed. Then what follows? Why, the train must have slowed down at some point on the slope of the Rockies. Hand me that map over there. Now, see here. Imagine we are traveling east from Vancouver. Here is Harley's Gulch, the little watering place at the foot of the western slope. That's where we begin our ascent. Here, then, over half way down the eastern slop is Devil's Knoll. Somwhere between these

points Lieutenant Rackworth disappeared. When the train left Harley's Gulch, remember, he was sitting in the sleeper, reading a magazine. His berth had not been made up. When the train stopped at Devil's Knoll, he had been missed for over an hour. At this point, then, say midway between the watering tanks, the ascent is steepest, and no wonder, for when the train passes over the crest of the Rockies it is many thousand feet above the level of the sea. Common sense tells us, then, that no speed of forty miles could be attained while negotiating that western slope; on the contrary, there are points where a six mile speed would be considered a piece of luck. So far, so good. Now we know that Pullman car windows cannot be opened from without; we know, also, that Kishyoma could not pull off a deal like this alone; we know the Japs have a rendezvous near the apex of the range, and,—well, don't you see the connection?"

"Yes; you figure that, it being dark, some of Kishyoma's comrades met the train at this spot."

"Not necessarily. Let us say, rather, that there was a Jap in one of the coaches farther forward. Let us say, merely for the sake of argument, that he had in his satchel a finely woven net, such as fishermen use for their small casts. Instead of having weights at intervals around the outer edge, there are ropes running from these spots into a group; or, to be plainer, picture in your mind a parachute, with the ropes hanging downward, and you'll catch my idea, I think. Well, the train is approaching the summit of the range; it is moving slowly; a Jap comes stealthily out of the car immediately ahead of the sleeper in which are Rackworth and Kishyoma; he has this net. By aid of the brake and iron work on the platform, he crawls to the top of the Pullman, thence along the roof until he is directly over berth eight. Kishyoma, remember, is in upper eight, over Rackworth. He hears a preconceived signal on the roof, which he answers by rapping on the woodwork on the inside. From that minute it is a comparatively easy matter to put their plan into execution. Kishyoma slips easily down into lower eight, inside

the curtains, gagging Rackworth before he is sufficiently awake to make an outcry, and forcing his continued silence by means of a revolver. Then, after feeling through the lieutenant's underclothes, to make sure that the papers are not concealed in some secret pocket, he forces Rackworth to raise the window and crawl into the net, promising that no harm is intended. The train is moving at a snail's pace, the danger reduced to a minimum, and Rackworth sees the folly of resistance. Once he is in the net, the window is closed and fastened on the inside by Kishyoma, who searches the lieutenant's clothes and finds the papers,—but accidentally touches the button which rings the porter's bell—and crawls back into upper eight, just in time to turn out when the other passengers are aroused by the Pullman conductor. In the meantime, Rackworth is lowered little by little until the net is but a foot or so above the ground; then, finally he feels himself swinging out and falls into the soft grass of the railroad ditch, uninjured. The little Jap crawls down from the roof, swings himself off the platform, assumes charge of his prisoner, whom he knows to be unarmed, and leads him to the rendezvous, and—well, there's an end to your mystery."

Captain Cool, a half-cynical smile playing about his mouth, leaned against the inspector's roll-top desk and casually relit his cigar.

"Good heavens, man! you act as if solving such a mystery were the most insignificant thing in the world," cried the inspector, in admiration. "I know now why they call you Captain Cool."

"You flatter me, Graham," laughed the detective.

"Say, but that was a clever thing—that net business," said Graham, smiling at the recollection.

"Yes, an admirable and unique contrivance for the purpose, we must admit. There's genius in it, my dear fellow; for who would expect a man to vanish from a moving train by means of a fish net?"

"No one but you, Captain, would have entertained such an

idea for a moment. Yes, yes,—I see where you get your reputation."

"Oh, my dear fellow——" began Captain Cool with a gesture of restraint.

"Oh, I know now," Graham interrupted. "If I find that this is true,—and it all looks plausible—I'll never doubt your word again, no matter what you tell me. But it sounds like a fairy tale."

"Yet it happened just as I have related it, except, possibly, for a few minor details. For instance, there might have been two Japs on the car instead of one. But you will find the facts essentially as I have told them to you."

"And now about the papers, Captain——"

"Oh, yes, the papers! You will find them either on Kishyoma, or among his effects at the hotel—more likely the latter."

"By Jove! I'll wager you are right. I'll stand you a bully supper for this."

"Sorry I won't be here to enjoy it; I leave for Chicago tonight."

"But suppose we trip up on this rendezvous business?"

"Oh, that's your lookout, you know. I've told you where your man is. It's up to your men to find him. In other words, I've supplied the brain; now you supply the brawn."

As he went out a moment later, Graham was sitting in his desk chair, his mouth half-open in astonishment.

* * * * *

When Lieutenant Rackworth was discovered in a cave in the Canadian Rockies by Morgan and Conolly, he confirmed in practically every particular the story of Captain Cool. A single Jap had been left to guard him and he had fled at the officers' approach.

The papers were found among Kishyoma's effects in Hotel Dale and placed in the hands of Captain Alwyn Damon, at Rackworth's request, and the matter of reporting the case to the British government was also left to him.

And when Captain Cool, already engaged in solving a new

mystery on the Great Lakes, received Graham's telegram of congratulation, he merely smiled. The next minute the matter of the vanishing diplomat had been banished from his mind.

STARK YOUNG

Professor Stark Young, of the English department of the University of Texas since 1907, was born in Mississippi in 1881. He received the degree of A.B. from the University of Mississippi in 1901; and the degree of A.M. from Columbia University in 1902. He studied in Italy in 1904, 1907, 1908.

His writings are extensive and varied. Lyric poetry is his preference, though he has composed a number of dramas. The strongest, perhaps, is *Guinevere* (1906), dealing with the myth of King Arthur. In 1906 he issued a volume of lyrics under title of *The Blind Man at the Window,* from which some selections are subjoined.

SONNET.

I saw a blind man at his window sitting
At dusk, and always his poor eager face
Turned upward where the sweepers voiced the space
Aud rustled all the dim air with their flitting.
He could not see the wind move o'er the ground,
Nor the faint yellow light upon the hill,
But only leaned his poor hands upon the sill
To draw the lovely evening from the sound.
Dear God, within this window to the sky,
From shadowed chamber of our life we watch,
Likewise eager and blind, and haply catch
Now airy strain or angel wing brushed by,
Or silence rich from the glory of Thy day,
And, sightless, only hear and feel and pray.

WHIPPOORWILL.

Lo, again there in the wood
And shadows of wings he sings,
And out of his secret covert
The night air softly brings
His long wail, under the hill,
"Whippoorwill."

The stream, it runneth by
And murmurs, "Sing, whippoorwill!"
And from the dusk of the grass
It flashes and glitters, and still
The golden song and the stream
Echoing as in a dream—
"Whippoorwill."

And risen above the hill
To travel the wide heaven
The fair round moon, and again
The bird, and haply even
The queen moon hearkens his singing
To her silent plain upwinging.
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,"
Under the hill.

Methinketh where
Thou leanest on the ledge
Haply the moon looketh fair
From this same heaven and shineth
On the braids of thy pale hair.
Ah, lady, from thy heaven,
Takest no thought of me
Who lift my song up here?
But time and the stream do flee,
And never long will hear the song
Under the summer hill,
"Whippoorwill, whippoorwill,"

REAPER'S SONG.

The sunlight breaks across the waste,
And lights the purpled-shadowed fen,
Oho, my reapers, reapers, wake,
And swing the scythe with me again!

What though to merchants be the gain,
And labor starve to father trade,
To richen us the golden sheaves
And music of the clanging blade.

What though the money make the man,
And conscience knuckle into wrong,
To us the majesty of toil,
And God within the sunrise song.

So up, my reapers, with the sun,
And follow me across the fen,
Oho, my reapers, reapers, wake,
And swing the scythe with me again!

RAIN AT NIGHT.

The rain falls in the empty streets tonight,
Gray and fine, the street lamps overhead
Glimmer through the aspen trees and shed
Upon the tremulous leaves a strange white light;
The lower lamps weave on the cobble stones
A magic mail, e'en such as fishes meet,
When love goes questing down a Venice street
At dusk, and torch to purple water loans
His tresses splendour. Ah, what sails to scan
Upon this looming sea, what caravan
Of dreams doth pass on nights like this!
Yet they were poor if wholly I did miss
The city's roar and travail from the rain
Whose witching presence haunts the chambered brain.

THE ALAMO.

Is then Thermopylæ come from the shade
Of ancient death and oblivion?
Ere dawn they charge. Stand, little garrison!
On, Fail not God and Texas! They have made
The wall—hold then your church and carronade.
The loop-holes flame, the aqueducts will run
Crimson with blood—ye fight a score with one.
The smoke dies down, your glory cannot fade.
The rising sun finds death and silence there.
Beside the wall Travis lies slain, and nigh
The chapel glorious Crockett, fallen among
The hostile hundreds and our few. Hear,
O Mexico! this is no victory,
For from these veins are wells of freedom sprung!

THE BALLAD OF THE BELLS OF BOSCASTLE.

The sky is vanished from the world,
Nor even a shadow lingers more,
But through the dark upon the wind
I hear the winds upon the shore.

It was four hundred years agone,
The bay, it mirrored every star,
And 'mid the stars the captain saw
The lights upon the harbor bar.

The captain smote his brawny chest,
"'Tis I that brought," quoth he,
"The bells from Fraunce, nor asked for help
Christi's moder dear, Mari."

The captain glared, the seamen stared,
The wind is on the waste,
The stars are dimmer one by one
The pilot crosseth him in haste.

The fierce wind bringeth thicker night,
The black waves beat against the sky,
Ye cannot see the signal lights,
Ye cannot hear the sailors cry.

The bells of Fraunce upon the prow
Will never in the belfry hang,
And now they jangle as they toss
A mad, wild clang.

Upon the sands the seamen's bones
'Mid the white corals lie,
And in their midst the bells of Fraunce
Still ring them ceaselessly.

The lithe sea-maidens circle round,
And dance within their wake,
And strange sea-things abide to hear
The melodies they make.

And thus for sinful souls they pray
Christi's moder dear, Mari,
And sailors hear them far and near
Go ringing in the sea.

LAST LEAVES.

When I pass out
Let me be not a broken leaf that dies
And falls at night through the inmost gloom,
But catch the color of the evening skies
And drift out on the after-glow and bloom
As I pass out.

ADDIO.

MONKEY TOM	FRITZ
HARRY BOYD	SUSA

An eating room in Fritz's bakery and restaurant, New Orleans. A few tables; showcases with bread and cakes; a faded palm or so, and ribands of colored paper, compose the furnishings of the place. Two screens stretch across the back; a door on the left opens into the street.

Fritz is seen putting the loaves into one of the cases and humming to himself a broken air. He is a big German, easy-going, blond, with a slight accent.

Harry enters, fanning himself with his hat.

Fritz—Hello, Harry! How's your character? Ya, ya, ain't it hot!

Harry—Fritz, how goes it? I thought I was going to be late. (*He sits down by a table to the right*) I promised to meet Susa here at six.

Fritz—It's just that now.

Harry—Just six?

Fritz—Ya, you're all right. How iss Susa. I haven't seen her in weeks.

Harry—Straight and quick as ever, and full of spirit.

Fritz—Susa's all right!

Harry—Yes, Susa'll come out all right, though——

Fritz—Is she still at the Market yet?

Harry—Yes, at her mother's stand, the second to the left as you go in. But I'm afraid business is slow for them.

Fritz—Ach, a pretty girl like dat ought'n to have no business but a husband. And how is your business?

Harry—Booming, Fritz! I'm making fifty dollars a week with my teams now, clear.

Fritz—Fifty dollars! Ach himmel! Why—den you can marry!

Harry—If Susa will only say the word, I'm ready for it. She seems to love me sometimes, Fritz, and sometimes she doesn't.

Fritz—Ach, dat's all right. Dey's all dat way. Sometimes dey do and dey don't and sometimes dey don't and dey do.

Harry—She had a sweetheart in Sicily once, and I think she remembers him sometimes; but then——

Fritz—Ach, nein, she's forgotten him.

Harry—You never can tell about those things, it may be——

(*Tomasso's hand-organ is heard outside playing the "Merry Widow Waltz."*)

Fritz—Pat! Listen, dere's Monkey Tom——

Harry—Who?

Fritz—Monkey Tom, here he iss!

(*Tomasso enters from the street, carrying by a strap his organ, which is supported from beneath by a pole.*)

Tomasso—Buon giorno, signore—howdy!

Fritz—Well—hello, Tom! Don't he speak der English now? Mr. Boyd, Signor Tomasso.

Harry—Howdy, how are you?

(*Tomasso bows.*)

Fritz—How iss dis for weather, Tom? nearly as hot as Sicily, eh?

Tomasso—Sicilia, that is not hot!

Fritz—Ach, Herr Gott, dat is where dey haf dose cool liddle volcanoes, yes. Didn' you tell me, Tom, dat Sicilly vas hot und ugly?

Tomasso—Hot and ugly—oh, cielo, oh, signore! Na na, signore, I see, signore, you make of me fun.

Fritz—All right, Tom. You want your bread and the cake for Gigia, eh?

Harry—Does he buy cake for the monkey?

Tomasso—How Gigia did love de cake!

Fritz—Why, phere iss Gigia? Harry, you saw Gigia dance, yes?

Harry (*shaking his head*)—No, never did.

Tomasso—No, no cake today, signore. Gigia, Gigia's dead dieda last night—poor Gigia—all I had!

Fritz—Ach, nein, nein, cheer up yourself, you will pick up less money but you will need less to buy. What is der brod, long or short? Today's or yesterday's? Today's is five cents, yesterday's two cents.

Tomasso—Short, it is too mucha wivout Gigia.

Fritz—Yesterday's?

Tomasso—Si, si, me no lika today's bread. It is too—too—hot.

Fritz—Ya, ya, I see—(*laughing*)—I see Tommie. Today's brod iss too hot, yes.

Harry—How do you like America, Tom?

Tomasso—Me? Oh, I no like America. Fast, so fasta. I say, "Permeeso, signore,"—he say "Git out de way"—(*he comes to the front*)—and Dio! domenico, Sunday, no festa, no wine, no——

Harry—How long have you been over?

Tomasso—Two year and half. Longa, per la Madonna!

Harry—You've played the organ all the time, eh? Made any money?

Tomasso—Si, si, but only a little, poco, poco, signore. You see, Signore, I am lame and weaka——

Fritz—Ach, himmel, Tom is getting rich!

(*He finds his wire brush and stands guard over the bread.*)

Tomasso—Na, na!

Harry—Why do you stay then, if you make no money?

Tomasso—Ah, signore, I didna come for money.

Fritz—Ach, lieber, what den? (*striking at a fly*) for lof?

Tomasso—Lova (*excitedly*) Listen, signore—me—I—am lookinga for someone.

Harry—A vendetta, eh? to kill?

Tomasso—No, signore, no kill—to love.

Harry—A woman?

Tomasso—Si, justo.

Fritz—Ach (*he hits hard and gets his fly*) dese vomen!

Harry—And have you found her?

Tomasso—Found her—no, signore, mai, never found.

Susa's Voice (*outside*)—Eh, Pietro, ecco! Domani arancie e cirassi——"

(*At the sound of her voice Tomasso starts violently, and as she enters, retreats to the rear of the shop.*)

A Man's Voice (*from the street*)—Si, si ho capito, domani mattina a buon ora.

Susa (*in the door*)—Si, senza mancanza, va bene.

(*She enters hastily and angrily.*)

Harry (*going towards her*)—Susa! Why. I thought you had forgotten.

Susa (*motioning him back from her*)—Forgotten—io—I? You have forgotten—you say you come for me by the Market—and I—(*half sobbing*) I wait, wait till every one goes away—waita, wait, wait and was afraid to stay longer—and so—so I came—epoi, senta, listen—!

Harry—No, no, Susa, I'm sorry. You got it wrong. I said I'd meet you here at Fritz's. (*She turns her back on him.*) Why, you're not mad, are you? Are you, Susa?

(*Tomasso meantime at the back has set down his organ against the showcase, and stares at Susa with wild, eager large eyes.*)

Harry—Are you, Susa?

Tomasso (*under his breath*)—Susa, oh!

Harry—Susa, it wasn't my fault.

Susa—Oh, basta, basta, it's a lie!

Fritz—Ach, Gott, dese lovers and loveresses! und di lofe! Gif me my ofen and der furnace for mine! Come, come, don't you be scrappin'—I've got a nice supper for you—all hot.

Tomasso (*at the back, stretching out his hands to her and speaking to himself*)—Susa, Susa, Susa!

Harry (*by the table on the right*)—Come, Susa, you're wrong! (*She stamps her foot.*) Come, let's eat a bite. All right, Fritz, let's have your feast.

(*Susa stands with her back to him, without moving. Tomasso at the back looks steadily at Harry, studying him from head to foot, then at himself; back to Harry, then at himself again, and down at his crippled leg; and shakes his head.*)

Harry (*reminding him*)—Fritz——

Fritz (*going out*)—All rightsky, zwei minute!

(*Fritz goes out. Tomasso puts on his hat and walks over toward the organ.*)

Susa—I won't eat any supper!

Harry—Why, Susa, you ain't really mad, are you? Oh, come now, honest, I said I'd wait here.

Susa—It's a lie—you dodged me—you lie to me—oh, I hate you! (*Fritz comes in with a tray of plates.*)

Fritz—All rightsky— waffles, crab gumbo a la (*Susa moves toward the door*)—Hello, where you goin'? Ain't you goin' to eat anythink?

Susa—I'm going home.

Harry—Susa, you don't mean it! Then I'll go, too.

Susa—No, sacramento, mai—never—e senta, senta, Harry, listen! Don't you come near me again—don't touch me—or—or I'll kill you, bricanaccio—let me be! (*She thrusts him aside and starts for the door.*)

Harry—Susa——

Fritz—Susa!

Tomasso—No, no! (*He moves quickly in front of her and stands across the door, his hat still down over his eyes.*) No, no you musta not go. You too quicka——

Susa—Che-la, who are you to stop me, let me pass!

Tomasso—You are too quicka—there's no mucha love in dis world—don'ta throw it away—don't throw it away. Pardone—be gentile——

Susa—I'll show you how to move!

Tomasso (*his manner gathering force as he stops her with his hand outstretched*)—Aspetti, wait, waita, wait till you hear——

Susa—Hear what? Fritz, he is crazy!

Tomasso—There was once a man in my country—Italia—who loved a woman,—anda she loved him. And one other personne madè lies to them. And she taka and crede the lies—and leave him and go to America—epoi—and so—dey lose each oder.

Fritz—Why, man!——

(*Susa comes down nearer the table on the right and stands looking into space, clasping and unclasping her hands. Harry watches her anxiously.*)

Fritz (*speaking low to Tomasso*)—Why, man, I see, I see—take her—speak! (*Tomasso looks at Harry, then at himself; then points to his crippled leg, and shakes his head.*)

Fritz—Fight for your rights—speak up!

Tomasso—Shh! Hush, signore, hush!

Susa (*raising her head*)—Well?—che ha fatto? What did that man do?

Tomasso—What do? She go to America, and he cry and cry for her, but never, never found——

Susa—And then?

Tomasso—And then the fever take him and muche doloro, trouble——

Susa (*excitedly*)—And then did he follow her?

Tomasso—Si, when he was well again, long time after—to America.

Susa—And found?

Tomasso (*slowly*)—And never found.

(*Fritz makes an impatient step forward.*)

Susa (*whispering to herself*)—Ah, nevre! Madonna!

Tomasso—But if she hadna been so quicka, so fast, so angry—dey had not lost each oder.

Susa—No, maybe not (*facing him*). What was his name?

Tomasso—Tomasso.

(*Fritz and Harry look at each other, but remain as they were standing.*)

Susa (*taking a step forward to him*)—Tomasso?

Tomasso—Si, Tomasso.

Susa—How do you know? Let me see your face—your voice is—oh, are you Tomasso? Have you followed me thena, all this way? Oh, tell me!

Tomasso—I speaka to make you not to leave you man, there——

Susa—But you, but you, what is your name?

Tomasso (*slowly, with a great effort*)—My name? Luigi—is my name.

(*Harry and Fritz look suddenly at one another, but seem unable to act.*)

Harry—Why, why, you will not——?

Tomasso (*in a firm voice*)—Luigi.

Susa—But—how did you know the story?

Tomasso—How did I know?—I saw it in a play at—Pisa.

Susa (*leaning against the table*)—Ah, Dio, I was a fool to think that! I mus' have known—Tomasso, my Tomasso was straight and strong—not (*looking at Tomasso*) not—

Fritz—Oh, Susa!

Tomasso—Not broke like me, eh? No, not like dis me. Allora—I go. Ricorda, remember the storia!

Fritz—Stay, stay, To—old chap—and take some zupper wid me—free—I infite you!

Tomasso—No. I will not eat. I am a little sicka today. I think I'll just taka the bread.

(*Susa stands on the right, looking at the floor, struggling to master herself. Tomasso raises his hat from his face and takes one long look at her. Then he goes back and puts the strap over his shoulder; and then leans suddenly against the organ and buries his face in his arms.*)

Fritz—Hey, kiddo!

Tomasso (*rousing gaily and striking up the waltz*)—Si, si, addio! Where's Gigia? Goodabye—(*outside*)—*gooda* bye!

Susa—Goodbye—Luigi.

(*The organ plays farther and farther away.*)

Fritz—Ach, his brod!

(*He takes up the bread that Tomasso had left and starts after him, stops, puts the bread back on the show-case, and without turning wipes his eyes on his sleeves.*)

Susa—Harry——

Harry—Yes?

Susa—Perdonnami—I'm sorry.

(*She gives him her hand. The strains of the waltz die away in a far-off street.*)

[CURTAIN.]

THE STORY OF MINERAL WELLS

(The author of the following poem, who signs himself, "G. Herb Palin," visited Mineral Wells several years ago. While there on a visit, he handed the poem to the Commercial Club, and it appeared in the Mineral Wells *Daily Index* of May 10, 1908. Nothing more is known of the author save that he is from South Carolina.)

I'll tell you a story strange and quaint,
But a story, they say, that's true;
Of healing wells where strong health dwells
'Neath Texas skies of blue.

'Tis a wonderful tale, as the legend runs,
Of a beauteous Indian maid
And a warrior brave, who his life to save,
To a sun kissed valley strayed.

It happened, oh, ever so long ago,
Far back in the dimming past
That Running Fawn one day at dawn
A glance 'cross the prairie cast.

As the sun rays brightened the eastern sky
And the gray dawn turned to day,
She saw War Cloud and his warriors proud
To the war trail ride away.

The war paint gleamed on each bronzed face
And the war plumes waved on high,
While the war steed neighed and the war plumes swayed
As the warriors passed her by.

Far out on the prairie then they rode,
And War Cloud waved his hand
To Running Fawn—then he was gone,
To fight in a far off land.

Then the maiden waited for moons and moons,
While the green corn turned to gold,
And the hot sun beat in summer heat,—
She waited 'till days grew cold.

She gazed from her lodge 'cross the rolling plain
From dawn till the night birds sang;
And her love was true and stronger grew
As she thought of the war bow's twang.

And the moon grew old and the moon grew young,
The moon grew old again;
From the green corn dance to the great bear dance
She waited, her heart in pain.

Then Running Fawn from her lodge set forth
Her lover chief to find,
And far 'cross the plain in sun and rain
Her tribe was left behind.

She journeyed afar o'er hill and dale,
  Crossed rushing streams, and sand,
Past deep abyss where serpents hiss,
  To a strange and mystic land.

The seasons changed as she wandered on,
  And faltering grew her tread,
But her love was strong the whole time long,
  As she passed through the land of dread.

To a starlit plain at last came she,
  In the midst of a witching night,
Lying billowy green 'neath the ghostly sheen
  Of the pale moon's amber light.

She found him there, her chief, War Cloud,
  With his warriors all around;
Lying still and weak, unable to speak,
  At the top of a green clad mound.

The braves no more would war whoop shout,
  No more their arrows fly;
They had fought their fight that very night
  And died as warriors die.

Then Running Fawn by her chieftain knelt,
  She kissed his hair, his face;
And all night long she chanted a song,
  A song of love and the chase.

The flush of dawn was in the sky,
  When War Cloud raised his head
And gazed at his love, at the skies above,—
  At his warriors lying dead.

A mist that was dark dimmed eyes once bright,
  His red blood darked the ground,
But the glory of fight, of that hard fought night,
  Still filled his ears with sound.

No light in his eye for Running Fawn,
No thought of the breaking day;
Not a shadow of thought for his tribe who sought
For them both in the far away.

Then the maiden lifted her voice and sang
To the Spirit Great above;
Just chanted a prayer while kneeling there
For the life of her long lost love.

As the soft notes rang through the morning air,
And the sun the sky did greet,
An open trail through the misty veil
Appeared at War Cloud's feet.

Then Running Fawn grasped the Chieftain's hand,
And led him along the way;
With tenderest care from every snare,
In the light of the newborn day.

To a valley of green came they at last,
Where the birds sang loud and free,
Where sweet flowers grew of gorgeous hue,
Each kissed by the honey bee.

A soft wind blew from the hills around,
And the sky gleamed bright above;
'Twas a valley of rest by Nature blest—
A valley of rest and love.

In the midst of it all, clear, sparkling, bright,
A spring from the white sands welled,
'Twas a Fountain of Youth in very truth,
A fount where strong health dwelled.

They knelt on the gleaming sands, the two,
And drank of the waters clear;
Just splashed in the pool, in its healing cool,
With never a thought of fear.

Then, lo! with a shout they sprang afoot,
A mystic thing was done;
Their blood coursed free, they danced with glee,
For health and strength was near.

Then strong in youth and hand in hand,
With never an ache or pain,
They started away that very day
For tribe and lodge again.

Came they at last to their tribe one day,
'Twas a day in the warm, sweet Spring;
And told of the fight, of the valley bright,
Of the cure that its waters bring.

They sang of the water's healing power
They told of its mystic worth,
'Til fame ran wide on every side,
And spread throughout the earth.

Then far away from fair Castile
Great Ponce de Leon came
To seek out the truth, the Fountain of Youth,
For he had heard of its fame.

The red men guarded the secret well,
He searched, but never found;
And for many a day it was hid away
By the green clad hills around.

But the white man searched till he found at last
The wonderful fount that heals;
And Mineral Wells the story tells,
The secret now reveals.

HARVE PRESTON NELSON

Mr. Nelson was born in Alabama, in 1872. When four years of age he came with his parents to Dallas County, Texas. After receiving his training in local schools, he entered upon his career of journalism at twenty-four years of age. Seven years were spent in Wolfe City, six at Farmersville, and for the last five years he has been editor of the Greenville *Evening Banner*. The following verses are of his own selection.

THE VIOLETS.

When sweet low breezes from the southern seas
Wander so softly, silently, among the trees,
I stroll there; and, among the grasses hid,
Burst into bloom the children of the breeze
And earth and sky. The morn-touched violets amid
The herbage of the earth, so purple with their light,—
I feel the inspiration of the seas—
I feel the divinity that lives eternally,
That moves the heart of all the years that be—
I love its love, the violets among the trees.

BECAUSE YOU LOVE ME.

Sweetheart, the purple fields are glad,
The far blue sky above me;
The gypsy winds are filled with joy—
It's all because you love me.

Sweetheart, my life is filled with song,
The boughs that bend above me;
And so the dawn and so the dark—
It's all because you love me.

The day is song, the night is sweet—
The sun of love above me
Robes summer in a splendid garb—
It's all because you love me.

THE DEW-BELL.

When the dew-bell's on the rose bush,
The moon up in the sky,
The mock-bird wakes
The blossom brakes
That through the garden lie,
While here and there the breezes shake
A honeyed melody.

When the dew-bell's on the rose bush,
I hear the welcomed strain,
The mock-bird tide
Rise far and wide—
The sweet notes of the rain,
The raptures fine of riotings
Along the blossomy lane.

When the dew-bell's on the rose bush,
The stars blaze through the deep,
The mock-bird sings
The blessed things
Where splendored poppies sleep
Entranced with smoke-like purplings
That from the sunset sweeps.

OFF TO SLUMBERTOWN.

Two little eyes grow weary, grow sleepy;
They wink and they blink with a nod between,
And half adoze at the coming of dream,
Far down the valley o' summer green,

The baby eyes have caught the gleam
Of happy sails that fill the stream—
Take off his clothes,
Put on his gown,
For off he sails for Slumbertown.

Two little eyes grow drowsy, grow sleepy,
While mother low croons a lullaby sweet,
As soft and low as the lulled summer rain,
As soft and low as the breezes in wheat,
And down the stream in sweet refrain
Move dream-sails like the golden grain—
Take off his clothes,
Put on his gown,
Away he sails for Slumbertown.

O baby eyes, so drowsy, so sleepy,
Sail on to the islands of treasure blest,
Where race and ripple the golden streams,
Far down the rim of the purple West.
I'll wait for thee when sunrise beams
Blaze down the highway of thy dreams,
So loose the clothes,
Put on the gown,
I hear the songs o' Slumbertown.

JUDGE JOHN A. KIRLICKS

Judge Kirlicks writes: "I was born in the kingdom of Prussia on the second day of October, 1852, and came to Texas with my parents in 1858, landing at Galveston." He has been Judge of the Corporation Court of the City of Houston, and is now practising law in that city. His poetry is firm and musical,

breathing the sentiment of one who feels. Three selections are here given.

REVERIE.

Now the dreary dripping of the winter's rain
Comes amain,
From the dank and humid curtain of the skies,
As it lies,
Low'ring dark and dismal like a gloomy pall,
Over all.

And the sharp and icy breath of winter heaves
All the leaves,
In the swirl of muddy rivulets that run,
As in fun,
With their load of rotted herbage from the lea,
To the sea.

Not a sign of living verdure is around
On the ground,
Nor a promise of a sheltered nook
For the rook,
As he wings his dusky way and woos with cries
Gentler skies.

There is gloom and sorrow in the winter's breath,
As if Death
Sought admittance at each threshold of our mirth,
And that earth,
Never had an idol it could e'er withhold
From its fold.

Hark! My baby's laughter in her cozy room
Breaks the gloom
That hath slowly wound around me unawares,
And declares
That pure love, man's only guest from Paradise,
Never dies.

TO MARK TWAIN.

We crave, as guerdon of our unsought birth,
  Some height to scale, some glory to attain;
And in our march we fill the wayward earth,
  With monuments portraying joy or pain—
The fleeting records of some loss or gain,
  As Selfishness or Love our being sways.
How few are they who reach that higher plane
  Of Life's broad triumph, where its quiet days
  Shine with more light and hope, and far serener rays.

But thou hast gained an eminence thine own,
  Beyond the reach of envy or of blame;
And of all human passions, Love alone
  Will cherish and perpetuate thy name,
With other mortals of immortal fame,
  As bearer of the tidings that on earth
Our hopes, our dreads, our sorrows are the same,
  And he the only gainer from his birth,
  Who mingles with his toil God's boon of joy and mirth.

The sunny humor of thy useful life
  Hath filled with gladness many a cheerless mind,
Equipped it for a nobler, better strife
  Against the faults and follies of mankind.
Philosopher and humorist combined,
  To whom at last a Voice shall call, "Well done."
Through thee e'en wretchedness will solace find,
  For thou hast brought—and thereby glory won—
  Good will to all thy kind, and malice unto none.

The world is happier in that thou wert born,
  Thy gift to man is never draped in woe,
But diamonded in laughter, as the morn
  With dewdrops greets the Day-King's early glow;

And we would have, thee, while in life, to know
How strong, from every warm and buoyant breast,
Love and love's attributes around thee grow.
If these beget a blessing—thou art blessed,
As in our hearts thou liv'st an ever-welcome guest.

THE TWO SPIRITS.

Two spirits lure us on in life—
And will, until this life shall cease;
One urging conquest but through strife,
The other through all scenes of peace.
They are the guides that forge our fate,
Through sufferance of some power above;
The one is grim, enduring Hate,
The other sweet, unchanging Love.

They're blended oft in one alloy,
Yet each its power cannot conceal;
The one toils fiercely to destroy,
The other to exalt and heal.
Whose influence here will first abate?
One drags us down, one leads above;
The fallen angel's armed with Hate,
The Savior of mankind with Love.

Wherever deeds of human wrath
Prevail to shame some spot of earth,
There Love will seek the stricken path,
To turn its sorrows into mirth.
There is no kinder, sweeter breath
Than that of Love, whence peace is rife;
Hate fosters grief and garners death,
Love leads us to eternal life.

MRS. JENNIE KENDRICK COLLINS

Mrs. Collins was born in Mississippi. Her father, John Warren Kendrick, was a prominent planter of the northern portion of the State. She grew up, "in a thoughtless, impractical way," her instruction including the "elegant accomplishments" of the time. Early in life she exhibited a talent for the languages and painting.

After the war she married Lucas H. Byfn, and wrote for the *Detroit Free Press,* the *Sunny South,* the *San Antonio Express,* and the *Taylor-Trotwood Magazine.*

In the seventies, Mr. Byfn moved his family to San Antonio, where he died. Some time after, she married James Edwin Collins, and spent much time with him in travel. She has written both prose and verse, and was the first Texas President of the Southern Interstate Association. She also organized the *"Bohemian Scribblers."* She is vice-president of the San Antonio *Pen Women.* Her present home is in Alamo Heights, San Antonio.

APRIL.

'Tis April:
Her spiced breath is on the breeeze;
An incense sweet and holy,
Of cherry, pear, and balsam trees,
Fine blending, fresh and lowly.

Rainbow tints in April tears
Tell of showers passing;
And darkly, in the West, appears,
A pile of dark clouds massing.

Lady April's mood is chance,
From freshness, rosy, beaming—
To dark and cold,—and yet, perchance,
She plays at "Love lies Dreaming"!

THE HUNT.

A wreath of rifle smoke—and then
A charge of horses, dog, and men,
A fluff of grey lies on the ground,—
So late ahead of steed and hound:
So late was full of pulsing life,
Ne'er dreaming harm, or cause of strife
A brush is flourished high o'erhead
By one who just now wildly led.
The fluff of grey was e'en just now
God's creature—even so art thou.

A FANTASY OF REINCARNATION.

When you were a princess and I was a slave,
Aeons and aeons ago;
When I knelt below as you swept up the nave,
The lights swinging to and fro
To blazon your conquering, imperial way
To the sacred, mystical shrine;
Your mantle of ermine begemmed with bright stars,
Brushed the coarse texture of mine.

Then over my soul came the fullness of love,
Blooming again and again,
Your eyes looked on me from your soul far above,
Darkening and deepening with pain.
You met at the altar your Emperor, mate,
So cold in his majesty,—
Your hands were united by reasons of state—
No thought of felicity.

* * * * *

Oh, "Truth is a fixed star," and ever it reigns,—
  Yes, 'twas long aeons ago,—
And Love, reincarnate, triumphant, regains
  His throne, his realm—and oh,
My soul that was wandering through ages agone,
  Adrift on the sea of despair,—
No longer a weathercock, battling alone,
  To escaped the hazard and the snare,—

Has found you, my Love, my queenly one, Sweet!
  No royalty parts us now;
The crown of Love's splendor, my royal one, Sweet!
  Is shining upon your brow.

A DREAM OF THE WEST.

I love your blue waters
  That ripple in sunshine,
I sigh for your hills and your calm sky so blue;
  I love your broad prairies,
  Fit home of the fairies,
I wake in the morning from dreaming of you.

  I dream of the sunrise,
  When roses are blooming,—
I cull them and twine them around a bright head.
  I dream of the shadows
  That fall o'er the meadows
Along a dim pathway that from the woods led.

  I dream of the music
  That floats o'er the waters
When the flag of our country comes slow-floating down;
  And the bugle sounds shrill
  From the barracks-crowned hill,
Like a glamor of chivalry o'er the old town.

MRS. SHARLIE F. ACREE

As a biographical sketch Mrs. Acree writes: "As to the sketch of my humble self, there is very little to tell. Although a native Texan, I was reared among the green hills of Tennessee, in the picturesque village in which our own David Crockett was born, Rogersville, and educated in the Synodical College there. That is all there is to say." Her present home is Whitesboro, Texas.

AMONG THE BARLEY SHEAVES.

The breezes from the salty sea
Across the inland crept,
And fanned the brows of Bethlehem,
As on her slopes she slept.
Lay on the blue, Judean hills
The veil that distance weaves,—
When Ruth, sweet Ruth, went forth to glean
Among the barley sheaves.

The sacred songs of Zion's land
The happy reapers sang;
And, flashing through the golden grain,
The shining sickles rang.

The lord of all those pleasant fields
Came striding up the glade,
And saw among the gleaners there,
The timid, stranger maid.

The sunlight crowned her waving hair,
As brown as autumn leaves;
And Cupid lurked, with bended bow,
Behind the barley sheaves,—
And Cupid trained his arrow true,
Behind the barley sheaves.

Oh, trice a thousand years have passed,
Since that sweet tale was told
Beneath the dim Judean hills,—
But still, it grows not old.
It lies a chaplet, fresh and green,
Upon the sacred leaves,
The story of that wooing brief,
Among the barley sheaves.

THE NEW YEAR.

Look forth! Behold! the daydawn gilds the east,
And in the west the silver crescent pales.
The rosy light is breaking on the everlasting hills,
And stealing o'er the dark and dewy vales;
And yonder, through the golden gates of morn,
One cometh, with a brow serene and clear,
Lift up thy heavy eyelids and behold,
And give thy greeting to the newborn year.

Let us greet the coming New Year with a song
Glad and loud, to drown the undertone of woe,—
Lo! the grassy graves we heaped in yester year
They are covered by a wintry waste of snow,
And the wreathes of solemn cypress that we wound,
They are hidden 'neath the holly's crimson glow.

There are vain regrets that come to vex the soul,
There are bitter, unavailing tears that start,
There are ghosts of buried sorrows that arise
To walk the haunted chambers of the heart.

Let us turn our faces forward for today,
Let us put away our hidden griefs awhile,
Let us check the burning teardrops as they fall,—
Let us greet the coming New Year with a smile!

Let us greet the coming New Year with a song,
Glad and loud, to drown the undertone of woe,—
Lo! the grassy graves we heaped in yester year,
They are covered by a wintry waste of snow,
And the wreathes of solemn cypress that we wound,
They are hidden 'neath the holly's crimson glow!

POSSESSION.

(This poem was awarded the prize in the literary contest of the literature committee of the second district, *Texas Federation of Woman's Clubs,* of which Mrs. Charles Tidwell Phelan of Dallas is chairman. It appeared in the *Dallas News* of April 14, 1913.)

They gave to earth your lifeless form
And o'er you heaped the churchyard clay;
And brought to deck your resting place
The fairest blossoms of the May.
But through the sound of solemn hymn
And mournful dirge and wailing sore,
My heart sang out triumphantly,
"Now he is mine forevermore!
For evermore—for evermore!"

And they forgot. Before the sod
Upon your narrow bed was green
The living ceased to speak your name—
You were as one who had not been.
But I remember happily.
For, since the others care no more,
My heart has ceased to ache and throb
With jealous pain it felt before.

The world shut out, alone with night,
I dream, and in a vision sweet,
I see you in the mellow light
Sit in your old place at my feet.
I feel your hand close over mine,
Your loving arms about me pressed,
Your clinging lips against my throat,
Your shining head upon my breast.

Oh, death is kind! In olden days
New comrades called you, and you went;
They do not need or want you now,
And you are mine—I rest content!
Without, the careless throng goes by,
And changes come and tempests roar;
But naught can mar my perfect peace,—
For you are mine for evermore!
For evermore—for evermore!

ACCEPTANCE OF STATUES OF AUSTIN AND HOUSTON

TRIBUTES TO AUSTIN AND HOUSTON.

On January 20, 1905, the House of Representatives of the National Congress passed the following resolution:

"That the exercises appropriate to the reception and acceptance from the State of Texas of the statues of Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin, erected in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol, be made the special order for Saturday, the 25th of February, at 3 o'clock p.m."

At that time speeches were made by a number of prominent Texas members. The following are extracts from speeches delivered on that occasion.

ADDRESS OF HON. S. B. COOPER.

MR. SPEAKER:

All civilized and semi-civilized peoples have made the effort to perpetuate in some tangible form the memory of their great and noble dead. This memorial sometimes assumes the form of a tomb, or temple, or a pyramid, or a relief upon the walls of a palace, temple, or tomb. Often, however, it takes the form of a statue chiseled from stone or hammered from metal. . . .

The government of the United States, appreciating the historical value to future generations of the collection of the statues of those who were prominent in our earliest history, has invited each State in the Federal Union to erect in Statuary Hall two statues in honor of those two of her citizens whom she might deem most worthy of that distinguished honor.

In hearty compliance with this invitation, the State of Texas has placed in that hall the statues of Sam Houston and Stephen F. Austin. . . .

The two distinguished men whose statues have been presented here were born in the same State (Virginia) in the same year, 1793. Though thus of the same age, yet Austin's connection with Texas history began many years before the arrival of his great colleague, and death removed him from the scene of their common labors more than a quarter of a century before the career of Houston was ended. Yet in the forty-three years of his life, he earned as sound a title as that of any man of his generation to the grateful remembrance of the people of Texas.

A popular historian, in contemplating the work of this famous pioneer, said:

"If he who, by conquest, wins an empire, receives the world's applause, how much more is due to those who, by unceasing toil, lay in the wilderness the foundations for an infant colony, and build thereon a vigorous and happy State! Surely there is not among men a more honorable destiny than to be the peaceful founder and builder of a new Commonwealth. Such was the destiny of Stephen F. Austin."

No truer estimate than this can be made of the work of Austin. While he was yet a young man, the dying request of his father, Moses Austin, led him to come to Texas to complete a scheme of colonization into which his father had entered. Soon after his arrival in Texas, in the summer of 1821, changes in the organic form of the Mexican government made it necessary for him to go in person, by the most primitive modes of travel, to the city of Mexico, more than one thousand miles distant, to secure a confirmation of the contract made with his father. Successive revolutions brought on several forms of government, each of which invalidated the acts of his predecessor; and Austin was thus compelled to remain at the Mexican capitol more than two years. Such, however, was his diplomatic ability that he succeeded in securing from each dominant faction, in due succession, a

full ratification of the contract originally made with his father by the Mexican government.

Returning to Texas he found his colony rapidly disintegrating through the influence of a lawless element that had entered Texas during his absence. His contract with Mexico had conferred upon him judicial and military powers which rendered him almost independent of the local government. This fortunate circumstance not only gave free scope for the exercise of his great administrative abilities, but he brought order, peace and prosperity to the colonies. Violence and lawlessness disappeared under his rigid but just rule. Industry was encouraged, providence and thrift were inculcated, trade was fostered, public spirit awakened, civic pride developed by his precept and example. He neglected marriage. He built no home for himself, but lived among his colonists as a common guest of the community, heartily welcome at every fireside. He lived among them as father and friend, a trusted counselor in every trouble, a faithful nurse in sickness, a provider in the time of need, a guard in the hour of danger, an umpire whose ever-just and ever-satisfactory award settled disputes, a judge whose decision ever found unquestioned acceptance among the litigants, a patriarch whose paternal influence bound together his widely scattered people in the bonds of a common brotherhood. . . .

His life was indeed that "simple life" of which we have heard so much in praise, and yet it was one of ceaseless toil, varied duties, great responsibilities, arduous privation, dangerous adventure, and frequent disappointment. It called for great industry, unlimited patience, high diplomatic talent, unwearied persistence, a broad sympathy for his fellow men, and a sublime effacement of self and self interest that he might the more thoroughly consecrate himself to his noble mission. How well he succeeded the world knows.

He left no wife and children to perpetuate his name and race; but a nation wept at the news of the death of their gentle, patient, sympathetic self-denying friend and counselor; and today, after the lapse of threescore years and ten, no

name is more fragrant with pleasant memories in Texan hearts, or evokes a more ardent sense of gratitude and regret than that of Stephen F. Austin. . . .

The time and place of Houston's early life concurred to fit him for the career which subsequently opened up to him. During his early youth and young manhood there raged about him and throughout the entire country a storm of discussion of the meaning and interpretation of the provisions of the lately adopted Federal Constitution. . . . He was the pupil, if not the protégé of Jackson and his lifelong friend, personally and politically; and from Jackson, to some extent, was gathered that spirit of independence and firmness which strongly marked his whole official life. . . . The closing act of his official life was in strict keeping with the character of the man. Being required to take the oath of allegiance to the new Confederacy into which Texas had entered, he could not stultify himself by casting lightly aside the fruits of that union for which he had long and successfully labored. He declined to take the oath, resigned his position as Governor of Texas, and retired to the shades of private life, carrying with him the unstinted respect, the high admiration, and the profound gratitude of all his fellow citizens.

In 1863, amid the fierce clamor of that great civil war, which perhaps forms the most memorable landmark in the march of the Anglo-Saxon people up the centuries of political progress, Houston passed into the calm and peace of that world peopled by the spirits of "the just made perfect." In a simple grave, devoid of show, lie the remains of the plain man, who in life shunned all pretense and display. Around him spread out in the golden glory of the Southern sun, stretches out in boundless reaches of plain and prairie and plateau the magnificent State he helped into being, protected in its infancy, and ably represented in these halls in its early maturity.

Mr. Speaker, the generation that knew these men and loved them and honored them has nearly passed away, and a swarm-

ing population is now building the superstructure of a mighty State on the foundation so solidly laid by Austin and Houston. Two beautiful cities and two populous counties preserve on Texas soil the names of her two noble sons; and their statues, chiseled in marble, perpetuate their memories here. But if, as has been said, the most enduring monuments are those we build in the hearts of men, then the fame of Austin and Houston is indeed secure, for as long as the great Commonwealth of the Southern sea stands as a bulwark of freedom and a monument of heroic achievement, so long will the names of these two men endure.

Austin and Houston! The founder and the liberator! Fellow citizens of the United States, admit these statues to their rightful place in this Hall of Fame. Texas offers them as her proud contribution to this impressive symposium of American greatness. As the countless hosts of visitors from every land pass through this Hall, these memorials will impress upon them the fact that, despite all our commercialism and love of wealth and show, the American people still measure men by their merit, and that they honor, without respect to birth or class, those who have served their country well. And if an evil day ever come—in some far-off century, if at all, we hope—when our ideals shall have changed and our free Republic shall be replaced by the rule of a man or class, may these statues still look down from their pedestals into the upturned faces below and tell in speechless eloquence of that happy long ago when this circle of heroes and statesmen and sages lived upon earth and each gave his life's best work to found and perpetuate a government which, ruled by right and justice, will reflect the glory of God and promote the good of man.

ADDRESS OF HON. GEO. F. BURGESS.

MR. SPEAKER:

. . . Perhaps no Commonwealth owes a deeper or wider debt of gratitude to other States or other lands for the gift of splendid sons and daughters to uplift and adorn her citi-

zenship than does the State which, in part, I have the honor to represent. Almost every State in the Union, and almost every civilized country in Europe, has contributed to the best of the citizenship of Texas, and we have, doubtless, the most commingled blood on the face of the earth. The deepest debt of gratitude, perhaps, she owes for such gifts is to those two splendid Commonwealths, Tennessee and Missouri: for the first gave her Sam Houston and the second Stephen F. Austin. . . .

These two great men are gone. If they could return now to the scene of their heroic action and behold the State which they founded and for which they fought, what joy would animate them! Now they would behold a great State of the Union, inhabited by more than 3,000,000 people, cultivating more acres of land than any other State of the American Union; the greatest agricultural and stock raising State in this Union; a State annually bringing into the channels of American commerce more gold from Europe than any other State; a State whose population is more happily distributed than any other territory in the world; a State whose internal government, whose low taxation, whose educational funds and institutions, whose administration of justice, are second to none. And, standing in the proud present, thinking of the glorious past the contemplation of the future would stagger even those far-seeing intellects. For no human vision can foretell what the resistless sweep of civilization and progress shall accomplish in the coming years in the State of the Lone Star, with a territory comprising so much fertile soil, of such various adaptability to all the forms of agriculture possible on the Western continent; with a great gulf trade upon which mouths to the open sea are calling for the commerce of so vast an area to pour it out into the markets of the world, and which invite in return so much of imports to so large a section. When the Gulf of Mexico becomes, as it surely will, the Mediterranean of the Western continent, and factories mingle with agriculture, a progress and a power will be ours far beyond our ken. Those of us who live there

pray that our patriotism and that of our posterity may be equal to the discharge of all the great tasks that our great future will hold for us. May the spirit of our fathers fall with tender benediction and inspiring purpose upon us and our children forever.

Texas has not only a glorious but a unique history. She comprises the only territory upon the surface of the globe which has a history that parallels in patriotic purpose, struggle and achievement that of the thirteen colonies of America. . . . The same love of liberty, the same reckless devotion to human rights, throbbed in the bosoms of these colonists that had been potent among those of the thirteen colonies. Revolution came here as the result. These colonists met in the open and they wrote a declaration of independence, and achieved it by a short, desperate, but decisive war. They ordained a Constitution, they selected a flag typical of the Republic which they had founded. This flag had a blue field, wherein gleamed a lone star, which stood for the sovereignty of the Republic for which they had sacrificed so much. They had their Gonzales, where the first shot was fired in resistance to tyranny and lit a fire of freedom that could not be quenched: their Alamo and Goliad. The desperate valor of the one and the merciless butchery of the other made the glory of their San Jacinto possible, for they gave that battle cry, "Remember the Alamo and Goliad" to Sam Houston's army—the most stirring, vengeful, animating war cry that ever fell from patriot warriors' lips since the dawn of history.

As I believe, in the providence of God, the time came when the people of the United States and the people of the Republic of Texas agreed to unite under one flag of the United States and the Republic of Texas took its lone star from the flag of its republic and pinned it in the blue field with the stars of the States of the Union, to mingle with them in the same flag and under the same Constitution, in a common, glorious destiny. May the radiance of these stars light the liberty for which they stand, to the remotest corners of the

earth. May the sweet lilies of peace, rooted in the blood of revolution shed for freedom's sake, exhale their fragrance in the hearts of men, till the nations of the world shall catch step to that sacred song which in the long ago echoed over Judea's hills, "On earth, peace, good will toward men."

ADDRESS OF HON. SCOTT FIELD.

MR. SPEAKER:

In the Memorial Hall of the Republic, in the silent assemblage of the world's great ones, in sculptured marble, wearing the garb of the pioneers of the wilderness, typical of the age and time in which they lived, stand Stephen F. Austin, the father of Texas, and Sam Houston, the right arm of the Republic, placed there by the wishes of 3,000,000 of happy, prosperous people, their beneficiaries, as evidence of their admiration and devotion, and as a declaration to all the world that these are the greatest of all Texas' mighty dead. Their brave hearts no longer beat, their strong arms are rigid, their lips forever sealed; and yet, eloquent in marble, they bring back to memory the most luminous and glorious pages in American history. But for the courage, the statesmanship and self-sacrificing devotion of Stephen F. Austin to the early colonists of Texas, they would have been driven from the fair land to which he had led them, and Texas, like her sister Coahuila, would now be a state of the Mexican Republic; and but for the wise counsel, the strong arm, and bright blade of Sam Houston at San Jacinto, the lone star of the infant Republic, dazzling in beauty as it was, would have faded from the galaxy of nations before it added new lustre to the flag of our great Republic.

These statues of Texas' greatest heroes, however, were not placed in the nation's Pantheon as reminders of their heroic acts and deeds alone, but as the grandest types of the age and scenes in which they lived and moved and the most perfect exponents of the glory of the past—the heroic days of Texas. Far back in the remote ages of romance and chivalry

the Spanish conqueror with bloody sword, rifled the treasures of the Montezumas, and in his eager march and search for gold, faced the rising sun and crossed the great river of the north far into the plains of Texas, where since creation's dawn silence and peace had reigned; and following close in the soldier's wake came the devout, mysterious wake, to heal the wounds of war, to bear the Messiah's message and teach the arts of speech, whose monuments remain in those quaint mission castles from the Rio Grande to the Salado, and "whose dismantled ruins still keep the memory of those adventurous days." . . .

Did time permit me, I should like to speak at length of the battles and the heroes of the revolution; how old Ben Milam, to settle controversy, cut the Gordian knot by drawing a line upon the ground, stepping across, and calling, "Who will follow old Ben Milam?"—and three hundred more, as brave as he, stepped across, and the storming of Bexar commenced. Five days and nights the assault went on, from house to house, through narrow streets and plazas broad. Old Milam fell, but Johnson onward led the charge until the victory was won, and five hundred Mexicans marched out with banners trailing, across the Rio Grande, and there remained no hostile foe in Texas.

At the Alamo, liberty's purest shrine, the fruitful theme of eloquence, poetry, and song; how Travis and his immortals, conscious of their doom, sent the last message back that they would never surrender nor retreat, and when surrender was demanded answered back with a cannon shot; how the "stillness of that Sabbath dawn was broken by the trumpet's blast and every band broke forth in the shrill and terrible strains of the deguello, the music of merciless murder;" and ten thousand Mexicans rushed on; at last broke down the southern gate, and like a stream long pent up, the murderous tide poured in. Brave Travis fell near the outer wall by his cannon, no longer useful; Bowie though sick, piled many a ghastly corpse around him ere he died; and where the dead lay thickest old Davy Crockett fell. In thirty min-

utes 182 Texans fell, with gun in hand; none escaped, and none in flight sought safety, but round them lay five hundred of the foe. I should like to speak, too, of Goliad, of Fannin and his murdered martyrs, and then of Houston, of Burleson, and Lamar, and San Jacinto's field, where the twin sisters spoke in deadly chorus—where Goliad and the Alamo were avenged, and Texas, in heroic battle, achieved her sovereign independence. But those fruitful themes of eloquence I must leave to others, for want of time.

Mr. President, Texas was not bought with gold, but by the blood of heroes won; and she is worth the price, every drop, as precious as it was. Look at the fair land,—an empire in vast extent, reaching northward from the Gulf, seven hundred miles from east to west, nine hundred north and south, as beautiful and productive as any part of earth. In the south and east, when the earth was new, with the profuse hand of nature was scattered abroad the seed of the pine tree, the cypress, and the oak, from whose great forests come the thousands of happy homes of the Western settlers. Moving to the North rolls out those beautiful prairies where, in the dim distance, the verdure of the earth seems to mingle itself with the azure of the sky; stretching far, far to the west those immense plains, where countless cattle roam, behind whose mountain barriers the setting sun descends; and when the tide comes in at early night, the Gulf breeze unobstructed moves far to the north, bringing refreshing sleep to weary man and beast, and gentle showers quickening into life all nature's growth. Her fertile bosom would feed all the hungry of the nation and clothe them, too, and give them shelter from the winter's storm. Deep down within her bosom she holds the treasures of her mines, and gas, and gushing oil and, like a rich and prudent mother, gives them to her children from time to time as her treasures they explore; and huge granite mountains to build and beautify her future cities, too. In this fair land there is no place for any future State. Here three million people dwell; in many things of different minds and views, each

intent upon his own,—in one thing only in mind, in heart, in firm resolve united, that in the superstructure of that great State no contractions shall be made, but they will build as long and wide as are the foundations which their fathers laid and cemented with their blood, from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, from the Red River to the rolling Gulf.

FLAG SONG OF TEXAS

(Composed by Mrs. Lee C. Harby, formerly of Texas, now of South Carolina. This won the prize of $100 offered by President William T. Prather of the University of Texas, through the Daughters of the Republic of Texas. It was dedicated to Hon. Wm. L. Prather of the University of Texas.)

Oh, prairie breeze, blow sweet and pure,
And, Southern sun, shine bright
To bless our flag where'er may gleam
Its single star of light;
But should thy sky grow dark with wrath,
The tempest burst and rave,
It still shall float undauntedly—
The standard of the brave!

CHORUS.

Flag of our State, Oh, glorious Flag!
Unsullied in peace, and triumphant in war;
Heroes have fought for you,
Statesmen have wrought for you—
Emblazoned in glory, you wear the Lone Star.

By deeds of arms our land was won
And priceless the reward!
Brave Milam died and Fannin fell
Her sacred rights to guard;

Our patriot force with mighty will
  Triumphant set her free,
And Travis, Bowie, Crockett, gave
  Their lives for liberty!

And when on San Jacinto's plain
  The Texans heard the cry,
"Remember, men, the Alamo!"
  They swore to win or die;
Resistless in their high resolve,
  They forced the foe to yield,
And freedom crowned the victory gained
  On that illustrious field!

Oh! Texas, tell the story o'er,
  With pride recall each name,
And teach your sons to emulate
  Their virtues and their fame;
So shall your grandeur still increase,
  Your glory shine afar—
For deathless honor guards the flag
  Where gleams the proud Lone Star!

THE TEXAS FLAG

(Composed by Mrs. Laura V. Grinnan and dedicated to the Twenty-eighth Senate of Texas.)

Flag of a great State, unfurl thy folds and float
Over people free, even as her winds are free.
Wherever beats a Texan heart thou shalt recall
The crimson morning of our liberty,
When, 'mid the carnage of the battle field, blazed forth
From Texan valor, which no force could stem,
The shining star which crowns with beauty rare
And lights with ray serene our Nation's diadem.

The *red* upon thy folds, dear Flag, recalls to loving hearts,
The blood that flowed from Texan veins within the Alamo,
The gory field of Goliad, immortal Fannin's death;
Wherever our heroes met with the lurking foe—
Brings back the echo of that ringing battle cry—
When, breast to breast, and flashing knife to knife,
To craven horde on San Jacinto's plain
They dealt sure death blows, 'mid the reeling strife.

And in thy *blue* we see the incense smoke
From Freedom's shrine, to skies that soft bend down
Our vast prairies, mountains, vales and streams,
Over many a city fair, o'er busy mart and town—
One mighty heart pulsates from shore to shore;
One patriot glory e'er broodeth o'er this sod,
On whose soft bosom Heroes nameless sleep,
Their requiem ever chanted by the winds of God.

And the Peace Angel brushed thee with her wing
And left thy *white* a token far and near,
But dearer yet than red or white or blue,
With leaping heart we greet our emblem, "The Lone Star"
God help us ever guard secure the sacred trust
Bequeathed by patriot sires, whatever betide,
That one and undivided this great State shall be
A Texan's birthright and a Nation's pride!

THE TEXAS CAPITOL

(Lines by L. M. Ward, Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Sherman.)

O'erawed I stand before this granite pile;
Above, Dame Justice lifts the Texas star
With grace and beauty clothed. Thy massive walls
Stand sure, as stand the battlements of war.

As firmly fixed as Granite Mountain, thou
Her child, torn from the breast that gave thee grace;
For thou didst take unto thyself her strength.
The tan of countless suns is in thy face.

The Colorado glistens at thy feet;
Her fertile valley is thy resting place.
The walls of thine estate are rambling hills;
And cultured Austin nestles at thy base.

But what the price that fashioned thee? Ah, me,
What price, indeed! Six years of ceaseless toil;
Three million acres—priceless acres they—
Three million acres of most fertile soil.

But who will rise to say the price too great?
Should Texas with her vast expanse, disdain
To pay such price, to build a capitol
In keeping with her widely spread domain?

Stand firm upon thy base throughout the years.
No voice condemns the price that fashioned thee.
And may the Justice of thy spacious halls
As strong as thou, as broad, as lofty be!

SUPPLEMENT

LIST OF AUTHORS

Acree, Mrs. Sharlie F. See text.

Adams, Andy. *The Log of a Cowboy,* 1903; *The Outlook,* 1905; *A Texas Matchmaker.*

Afflick, Anna Marie. Poem, *The Texas Flag.*

Afflick, Mrs. Mary Hunt, b. Kentucky, 1847; Texas, 1874. *Gates Ajar and Other Poems;* Poem, *A Mother's Question;* Short Stories.

Allan, Francis D. Galveston. Home burned at Brenham, 1886. *Lone Star Ballads,* 1874.

Allen, D.D., John Robert, b. N. C. Chair of Mental and Moral Philosophy, Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas. *Man, Money and the Bible; The Itinerant Guide.*

Allison, Dr. J. T. Gladewater, Texas. Poem, *Della Dorne; or, Struggles of the Boers.* A story in verse, in sympathy with those unfortunate people.

Archer, Dr. Branch T., b. Va., 1790; Texas, 1831; d. Brazoria County, 1856. Secretary of War and Navy, Speaker of House, Republic of Texas. Commissioner to United States. Orator.

Archer, Dr. G. W., b. Md. *Tales of Texas; More Than She Could Bear.*

Arrington, Alfred W. ("Charles Summerfield"), b. N. C., 1810; Texas, 1845; d. Chicago, 1867. Judge in Texas, 1850-1856. *Desperadoes of the Southwest,* 1849; *The Rangers and Regulators of the Tenaha,* 1857; *Poems,* 1869.

Austin, Mrs. Maude Mason. Real life stories; Novel, *Cension.*

Austin, Stephen Fuller. See text.

Bacon, Miss Julia. Beaumont, Texas; b. Ga., 1835. Children's stories. Poems: *Looking for the Fairies, Eleven Years Ago,* etc. Novels: *The Phantom Wife; Broken Links,* 1882; *Guy Newton's Revenge,* 1884.

Badger, Mrs. Elizabeth May Wyatt, b. Fla., 1841; d. Gonzales, Texas, 1881. *Silent Influence and Other Poems.*

Bailey, George. Editorial writer for *Houston Post.*

Bailey, William Henry, Sr., Houston, Texas; b. N. C., 1831. *North Carolina Court Decisions; Law Works; The Detective Faculty.*

Bailey, Rufus W. Clergyman, former President of Austin College. Works: *The Issue; Letters on Slavery; The Family Preacher; The Mother's Request; An English Grammar.*

Baker, Daniel, D.D., LL.D., b. Ga., 1791; Texas, 1840; d. Austin, Texas, 1857. Founded Austin College, Huntsville, 1849. Works: *Baker on Baptism; Baptism in a Nutshell; Address to Children; Address to Fathers; Revival Sermons.*

Baker, Rev. D. W. C., son of preceding; b. Maine, 1834; d. Austin, Texas. Works: *A Brief History of Texas; The Texas Scrap Book,* 1875; *Chronological Compend of Texas History.*

Baker, Mrs. Karle Wilson ("Charlotte Wilson"). See text.

Baker, Rev. Wm. Mumford, b. Washington, D. C., 1825; d. Mass., 1883. Pastor in Texas 15 years. Works: *Life of Rev. Daniel Baker; Inside, a Chronicle of Secession,* 1866; *Oak Mot; Mose Evans; Virginians in Texas; Carter Quarterman; Colonel Dunwodie; His Majesty Myself; The Ten Theophanies; The Making of a Man.*

Baldwin, Joseph, D.D. University of Texas. Works: *The Art of School Management; Elementary Psychology and Education; Psychology Applied to the Art of Teaching.*

Barber, John W. *Our Whole Country,* 1863, 2 vols.

Barr, Mrs. Amelia Edith Huddleston, b. England, 1831. Texas, 1850. Ten years in Austin. To Galveston, 1870. Later to New York City. 59 novels: *Remember the Alamo; A Bow of Orange Ribbon; A Daughter of Fife;* etc.

Barrett, Mrs. Charles Farris, Huntsville, Texas. State Historian of Daughters of Confederacy, 1911. Writer of articles on Confederacy; Prose and Verse.

Barrett, Rev. Robt. N., b. Ky., 1868. Works: *The Child of the Ganges,* 1890; *In the Land of the Sunrise,* 1895; *The Story of Christian Missions,* 1898; *Our Missionary Problem.*

Barron, S. B. Member of Ross' brigade. Work: *The Lone Star Defenders,* 1906.

Barton, Wm. Near Austin. Poem: *The Texan's Song of Liberty,* 1836.

Baylor, Robert Emmett Bledsoe, lawyer, clergyman; b. Ky., 1793. Moved into the Republic of Texas. Buried at Independence in the campus of the College which he founded. Lectures and Papers.

Beach, Miss Katie, Luling, Texas. *A New Year's Ode; Christmas on the Frontier.*

Bean, Ellis P., b. Tenn., 1782; d. Texas, 1846. Memoir *of Adventures in Texas and Mexico.*

Beauchamp, Mrs. Jennie Bland, Denton, Texas. Poems.

Bedford, Mrs. Lou Singletary, b. Ky. Works: *A Vision and Other Poems; Gathered Leaves; Driftwood and Drifting.*

Benson, B. K., Austin, Texas. Agent for D. C. Heath Publishing Company, b. S. C., 1845. Works: *Who Goes There? The Story of a Spy in the Civil War; A Friend with the Countersign,* 1901; *Bayard's Courier,* 1902; *Old Squire,* 1903.

Beveridge, Mrs. T. H. Poet. Poems published in *East Texian,* July 18, 1857.

Billings, Mrs. Mary C., Hico, Texas. Works: *Emma Clermont; The Wonderful Christmas Tree.*

Bishop, Mrs. Julia Truitt, b. La. To Texas, 1877. Poems: *Birds of Passage, etc.,* 1890. Novel: *Kathleen Doug-*

las. Editor of *The Home Corner,* Austin. Writer of short stories.

Bledsoe, Jesse, jurist, educator; b. Va., 1776. To Texas, 1835; d. near Nacogdoches, 1837. Prepared data in manuscript for a history of Texas.

Blount, Edward A., Nacogdoches, Texas. Poems, 1898.

Roll, Jacob, Educator and Naturalist; b. Switzerland, 1828; d. Wilbarger County, Texas, 1880. Works: *Texas in Its Geognostic and Agricultural Aspects,* 1879; *Geological Examination in Texas,* 1880.

Bonner, Sherwood (Katherine Sherwood Bonner McDowell), b. Miss., 1849. To Texas, 1870; d. Miss., 1884. Works: Poem, *The Radical Club; Like Unto Like, a Story of Reconstruction Days,* 1881; *Valcours; Sewanee River Tales,* 1883; *Dialect Tales,* 1883.

Borden, Gail, Jr., editor, scientist; b. New York, 1801. To San Felipe, Texas, 1829; d. 1874. Connected with S. F. Austin as clerk in land office. Collector of dues, 1835. Established *Telegraph and Texas Register,* Newspaper work.

Bowen, W. A. ("Ike Philkins")., b. Fla., 1855. Newspaper correspondent, Austin. Contributor to *Texas Siftings.* Works: *Chained Lightning,* 1880 (Humor); *Nacogdoches and Its Marvelous History,* 1892; *A New Year Eve,* a poem.

Bremond, Mrs. Paul, Houston, Texas. Musical composer and poet. *Raffelo's Wedding Day,* an operetta; *Lillian's Promise,* a drama.

Bringhurst, Mrs. Nettie Powers Houston, San Antonio, Texas. Poet.

Briscoe, Mrs. Mary Jane, b. Mo., 1819. To Texas, 1833; d. Houston, 1903. Member state historical association, etc. "A graceful and forcible writer."

Brooks, Samuel Palmer, LL.D., President Baylor University, Waco, Texas; b. Ga., 1863. Platform Lectures. Magazine articles.

Brown, Mrs. Jennie Hagan, El Campo. Deceased. Improvisatrice. Volume of Poems.

Brown, John Henry, b. Mo., 1820; d. Dallas, 1895. Pio-

neer, ranger, journalist, legislator, historian. Works: *Two Years in Mexico; Encyclopedia of the New West,* 1881; *The History of Texas,* 1892; *History of Dallas County,* 1887; *Life and Times of Henry Smith,* 1887; *Early Life in the Southwest.*

Brown, Mrs. Mary Mitchell, educator and author. Works: *School History.*

Browne, J. R. Works: *Old Texan Days; A Ride on the Frontier of Texas.*

Bryan, Guy M., orator, author; b. Mo., 1821. To Texas, 1831; d. in Houston. Nephew of S. F. Austin. Served in State legislature and Congress. Speeches, State papers.

Bryan, Mrs. Mary E., Houston, Texas, journalist, member of Daughters of Confederacy, Women's Press Association. Society editor *Houston Chronicle.*

Buchanan, Mrs. S. E., editor *Cousin's League* and Household Department of *Farm and Ranch.*

Bugbee, Lester G., educator, historian; b. Texas, 1869; d. 1902. Faculty University of Texas. Member Texas State Historical Association. Works: *The Old Three Hundred; The Real St. Denis; Slavery in Early Texas;* etc.

Burleson, Rufus C., D.D., LL.D., clergyman, educator; b. Ala., 1823. To Texas, 1848; d. Waco, 1901. Long President Baylor University. Addresses, educational articles, sermons.

Burnet, David G. See text.

Burton, Mrs. Margaret Sealy, Galveston, Texas. Magazine stories. *A Cluster of Marguerites and Other Poems.*

Byars, N. T., Washington, Texas. A poem, 1836, in reply to Santa Anna's proclamation. (See *Texas Scrap Book.*)

Cagneau, Mrs. Wm. L. ("Cora Montgomery"). Pioneer poet.

Callaway, Morgan, Jr., Ph.D., educator; b. Ga., 1862. Department, University of Texas. Works: *The Absolute Participle in Anglo-Saxon; The Appositive Participle in Anglo-Saxon; Select Poems of Sidney Lanier;* Magazine articles; educational addresses.

Canaday, Mrs. L. W., Lampasas, Texas, poet.

Carey, Wm. Henry, clergyman, educator; former President of Baylor University; b. Va., 1816, d. Texas, 1885. Literary Discourses. *Life and Select Remains of Sam Houston.*

Carlisle, James M., b. Texas, 1851. Principal Arlington Military Academy. Former State Superintendent of Public Instruction. Official reports and public addresses.

Carnes, J. E., Galveston. Poet.

Carroll, Benajah Harvey, D.D., Waco; b. Miss., 1843. To Texas, 1858. *Book of Sermons; The Mirror; S. S. Prentiss;* etc.

Carrol, Harvey, Houston. Connected with *Houston Chronicle.* Journalist.

Casler, John Overton, Oklahoma City, Okla.; b. Va,. 1866. In Texas after civil war. Works: *Four Years in the Stonewall Brigade; Lillian Stuart.*

Cave, E. W. Secretary of State, 1859-1861. War correspondence. Addresses. Songs (St. Allan's *Lone Star Ballads.*)

Chittenden, William Lawrence. See text.

Claiborne, Col. John M. Texas Senate, 1886-1890; b. Tenn., 1839. *History of Terry's Texas Rangers.*

Cody, Claude Carr, Ph.D. Faculty Southwestern University, Georgetown; b. Ga., 1854. Works: *Life and Labors of Francis Asbury Mood;* educational articles and addresses.

Coke, Governor Richard, b. Va., 1829. To Texas, 1850; d. Waco. Messages, speeches, decisions.

Collins, Mrs. Jennie Kendrick. See text.

Cooke, Mrs. Grace MacGowan. Western stories.

Cooper, Oscar Henry LL.D. Educator. Former State Superintendent Public Instruction; b. Texas, 1849. *Reports of State Department of Education; Universities and Schools; Ten Years' Progress in Education in Texas.*

Craddock, Mrs. Kate Hunt, Terrell, Texas. Works: *Memoir of Belle Hunt; Letters on Art; Literature and Literary Aspirants; Charles the Renegade.*

Crockett, David, b. Tenn., 1786; d. in Alamo, 1836. Member of Legislature, 1821, 1823; Member of Congress,

1827-1832. Works: *Life of David Crockett; Col. Crockett's Tour to the North; Life of Martin Van Buren; Col. Crockett's Exploits and Adventures in Texas; Leisure Hour Musings in Rhyme.*

Crowell, Chester T., Austin, Texas, b. Clevland, Ohio, 1888. On *San Antonio Express,* later manager of *Austin Statesman.* Short story writer.

Crozier, Rev. R. H., Palestine, Texas, b. Miss., d. Texas, 1913. Works: *The Confederate Spy,* 1867; *The Bloody Junto,* 1867; *Fiery Trials,* 1882; *Araphel, or Falling Stars,* 1884; *The Cave of Hegobar,* 1885; *Deep Waters,* 1887; etc.

Cummings, Stephen, b. Md., 1810. To Texas, 1839. Judge of Travis County. Pioneer poet.

Dabney, Robert L., D.D. Clergyman and author; b. Va., 1820. Spent the latter portion of his life in Texas; d. in Austin. In Faculty of University of Texas. Works: *Life of Stonewall Jackson; Sacred Rhetoric; Sensualistic Philosophy; The Christian Sabbath;* etc.

Daffan, Miss Katie. See text.

Danelly, Mrs. Elizabeth Otis, b. Ga., 1836. Spent many years in Texas. Poet. Works: *Cactus, or Thorns and Blossoms; Wayside Flowers.*

Daniel, Ferdinand Eugene, M.D. Surgeon and author; b. Va., 1839. To Galveston, Texas, 1866. Later to Austin where he edited the *Texas Medical Journal.* Works: *Recollections of a Rebel Surgeon; The Strange Case of Dr. Bruno; Monographs.*

Dargan, Mrs. Fannie Baker, b. Ala., 1829. To Texas, 1837. Contributor to *Houston Telegram, The Prairie Flower, Northern Periodicals; Romance of the Texas Revolution.* Poems: *Grandmother's Baby, Nature's Festival,* etc.

Dargan, Mrs. Olive Tilford, play writer; b. Ky., 1870. Lived in Ark., Mo., Boston, Cambridge, Canada. Later in Houston, San Antonio. Married, 1878. Works: *Semiramis and Other Plays,* 1903; *Lords and Lovers; The Siege; The Shepherd;* etc.

Davis, Judge J. H. ("Cyclone"). *A Political Revelation,* etc. Addresses.

Davis, Mrs. Mollie Moore. See text.

De Bracy, Col. X. B. (1825-1895). Works: *Sketch of 26th Regiment of Texas Cavalry,* 1884. *Early Land Grants in Texas,* 1885.

De Cordova, Jacob, b. Penn. To Texas, 1837. Works: *The Texas Immigrant and Traveler's Guide Book,* 1856; *Texas, Her Resources and Her Public Men,* 1858; *With Phineas De Cordova.*

Denney, Marie Louise. Author. Story: *The Doctor and the Parson.*

De Shields, J. T., b. La., 1861. Works: *Cynthia Ann Parker,* 1883; *Frontier Sketches,* 1883; *Life and Times of Stephen F. Austin.*

De Zavala, Mrs. Adina, San Antonio, Texas. Prose writer.

Dixon, Sam H. Works: *Ten Nights with Big Foot Wallace,* 1876; *Agnes Dale, or a Virginian in Texas,* 1882; *Poets and Poetry of Texas,* 1883.

Dixon, Wm. H., b. England, 1821; d. 1879. Works: *The White Conquest; The American Indians; Missions; The Mormons; Texas and the Texans.* (The above in two volumes, 1876.)

Dumble, Edwin, T., b. Ind., 1852. State Geologist of Texas. Works: *Mineral Resources of Texas,* 1888; *The Armadillo of Texas,* 1892; *Sources of the Texas Drift,* 1892; *Volcanic Dust in Texas,* 1892.

Duval, John C. See text.

Dwyer, Miss Bessie Agnes, San Antonio, Texas; b. on Texas ranch. Connected with *National Economist,* Washington, D. C., 1891. Stories: *A Daughter of Eve; Bruck Simrall, Congressman, Mr. Moore of Alberquerque.*

Edward, David B., educator; b. Scotland. *The History* of Texas, 1836.

Edwards, Charles. Texas and Coahuila, 1834.

Edwards, Frank S. *A Campaign in New Mexico with Col. Doniphan,* 1848.

Efnor, Mrs. Lottie, Cameron, Texas. To Velasco, Texas, 1837. Short Stories. Poems: *San Jacinto; Old Letters; Dreaming,* 1876.

Elliott, Col. John F., Dallas. Journalist. Works: *All About Texas; Avenged,* a poem; *Translations from the French.*

Ellis, A. Caswell, Faculty of University of Texas; b. N. C., 1871. A. B., University of N. C., 1894; Ph.D., Harvard, 1897. Educational articles: *Dolls, a Study in Child Psychology; The Pedagogy of a Religious Education;* etc.

Ezzell, S. R., clergyman. Author of *The Great Legacy;,* 1885; *Bombardment and Battles of Galveston.*

Fannin, Col. J. W.; b. Ga. To Texas, 1835. Works: *The Battle of Conception,* 1835; *Proclamation,* 1836. *Official Papers.*

Farris, Mrs. M. D., Huntsville, Texas. Confederate stories; verse.

Fay, Edwin Whitfield, Faculty University of Texas; b. La., 1865. A. B., Southwestern Presbyterian University, 1883; Ph.D., Johns Hopkins, 1890. Works: *The Mostellario of Plautus; Indo-Iranian Nasal Verbs;* etc.

Farwell, Miss M. A. E., Galveston, Texas. Prose and verse.

Fielder, Herbert, Meridian, Texas. Poet: *Love in Autumn,* etc.

Finney, Rev. L. E., Baptist clergyman, Midland, Texas. Author of *Dean's Ministry, Sequel to Dan Matthews,* and other books.

Finty, Tom, Jr., Dallas Texas. Correspondent *Dallas News.*

Fisher, George. *The Mexia Expedition Against Tampico,* 1840.

Fisher, Mrs. Rebecca J., Austin, Texas. State President of Daughters of Republic, 1911. *Stories of Early Texas.*

Fitzhugh, George, sociologist; b. Va., 1807; d. Hunts-

ville, 1881. Author of *Sociology for the South,* 1854; *Cannibals All;* etc.

Fontaine, Lamar, engineer and poet; b. Laberde Prairie, Austin's Colony, 1829; with Russian Army at Siege of Sebastopol; Civil Engineer in South America, 1860; d. Columbus, Ga. Poems: *Only a Soldier; The Dying Prisoner at Camp Chase, All Quiet Along the Potomac; In Memoriam; Oenone;* etc.

Foote, Henry Stuart, historian; b. Miss., 1800; d. 1880. *Texas and the Texans,* 1841.

Ford, Col. John S. Memoirs: *Origin and Fall of the Alamo,* 1895.

Foute, Mrs. Laura Bibb. See text.

Franklin, Miss Willie ("Almer Ney"), b. Tenn. Wrote poems.

Franklin, Miss Nora Clifton, San Antonio; b. La. Wrote *Between the Lines; After Life's Storm; What Answer?*

Fowler, Littleton, missionary, educator; b. 1802. To San Augustine, Texas, 1837. Assisted in establishing Rutersville College, 1838. Founded Wesley College, San Augustine, 1842. *Sermons; Educational Addresses.*

Fulmore, Zachary Taylor, Austin. Statistician. *Plea for Texas Literature; Historical Papers; Articles on Statistics;* Maps, etc..

Gallagher, Rev. James. Wrote *The Western Sketch Book.*

Garrett, Rev. Alexander Charles, b. Ireland, 1832. To Texas, 1874. Wrote *A Charge to the Clergy and Laity of Northern Texas; Historical Continuity,* 1875; *Homes for the People,* 1882.

Garrison, George Pierce, Faculty of University of Texas; b. Ga., 1853; d. Austin, 1909. Ph.D. University of Chicago, 1896. Wrote *The Civil Government of Texas,* 1898; *Texas; Westward Extension; Diplomatic Correspondence.*

Gay, Col. J. L., Round Rock, Texas. Writer of verse.

George, Mrs. Mattie D. ("Lima Benton"), Belton, Texas. Novel. *Paul Irvin.*

Gerald, Miss Florence M., b. Miss. To Texas, 1869. Now in New York. Writer of plays. Author of *The Lays of the Republic; Adenheim and Oother Poems; A Friend,* (a drama).

Gibson, J. M., lawyer, poet; b. Miss. To Houston, Texas, 1881. Poems, *Madaline; Zurline; Vita et Mors;* etc.

Gilbert, R. R. ("High Private"). Correspondent of *Houston Telegraph.* Author of *Confederate Letters; The Secret of Success,* 1894.

Gilleland, Wm. M., b. Ireland, 1835. To San Antonio. Wrote *Burial March of Gen. Thomas Green; Memorial Verses on Gen. Ben McCullough;* etc.

Gillespie, Mrs. Helena Webb, b. Tenn. Came to Texas a child; d. in Dallas Co., 1862. Poems: *Tennyson's Picture; A Dress to Make;* etc.

Girardieu, Miss Claudia L., author; b. S. C. Moved to Houston. Poems.

Gorham, Miss Iona Oakley, Galveston, Texas. On staff of New York *Evening Telegram.* Story: *Auf Wiedersehen.* Novels: *Naval Cadet Carlyle's Glove; The Paces of Three Seasons.*

Gorham, Mrs. H. C. L. ("Clara Leclere"), Fort Worth, Texas. Stories: *Uncle Plenty; Aunt Clara's Friday Afternoon Stories.*

Green, Thos. Jefferson, b. N. C., 1801. Brigadier General in War of Texas Independence; d. N. C., 1863. Works based on personal experience: *The Mier Expedition,* 1845; *Letters and Addresses.*

Gould, Judge Robert S., b. N. C., 1826. Faculty of University of Texas. Chief Justice of Supreme Court of Texas. Judicial Decisions, etc.

Greenleaf, Miss Sue, Fort Worth, Texas. Works: *Palmistry; Through Texas on Foot; A Texas Ranch.*

Greer, Hilton Ross. See text.

Greer, Mrs. Mary Autrey, Beaumont, Texas. Prose and verse.

Gregg, Alexander, Protestant Methodist Bishop; b. S

C., 1819. Bishop of Texas, 1859. Works: *History of Old Cheraw; Sketch of the Church in Texas; Journals of the Diocese of Texas.*

Griffin, Mrs. T. M. ("Myrtle"); b. Ala., 1849. To Texas, 1859. Works: *Haunted; The Fountain; The Land That's Far Away.* Prose and verse.

Griffith, Mrs. Augusta B., Terrell, Texas. Prose articles.

Grinstead, Jesse Edward. See text.

Guilot, Miss May Eugenia, b. Dallas, 1865. Poet of Texas Press Association. Poems: *Venice; Origin of the Willow Tree;* etc.

Halbert, Henry Sale, educator and archaeologist, b. Ala., 1837. *History of the Creek War,* 1813-4.

Hamberlin, L. B., b. Miss., 1861. Faculty of University of Texas. Poems: *Lyrics,* 1881; *Alumni Hilts,* 1892; *A Batch of Rhymes,* 1893; *Verses,* 1895.

Hamlett, Mrs. Lizzie, teacher, poet; b. Miss., 1842. To Texas, 1882. Poems: *Shall We Divide the States?* etc.

Hammett, Sam A. ("Phil Paxton"), humorist. Works: *A Stray Yankee in Texas,* 1853; *The Wonderful Adventures of Capt. Priest,* 1856; *Piney Woods Tavern, or Sam Slick in Texas,* 1858.

Harby, Mrs. Lee Cohen, b. S. C., 1850. To Texas 1869. Won the Prather prize for the Flag Song of Texas (see text). Contributor to *Ladies' Home Journal,* etc. Member of Historical Association of Texas. Novel: *Judy Robinson, Milliner.* Short stories: *Christmas Before the War,* etc. Poems: *Rain, Welcome, The Book of Life, The Old Stone Fort of Nacogdoches, The Earliest Texas,* 1891; etc.

Hargrove, Mrs. Lottie H., Cooper, Texas; teacher and poet; b. Mich. Rhymes, short articles for school periodicals. Book: *Texas History in Rhyme.*

Harrison, Jacob Hayne. See text.

Harrison, Mrs. Jacob, Dallas, Texas. Poet.

Harrison, Miss N. Hillary, Waco, Texas. Volume of poetry.

Harris, Mrs. Mary Upthegrove, Greenville, Texas. Now of Los Angeles, Cal. Writes under nom de plume.

Hartman, Miss Sarah, formerly associate editor of *Gulf Messenger,* San Antonio. Poems: *My Taylor,* etc.

Hassell, Mrs. Wm., Dallas. Member of Women's Press Association.

Heard, Thos. Jefferson, M.D.; b. Ga., 1814; d. Galveston, 1899. Faculty of Medical School, Galveston. Works: *Epidemics; Topography and Climatology of Texas,* 1868; etc

Helm, Mrs. Mary S. Author of *Scraps from Texas History,* 1884.

Henderson, James Pinckney, publicist; b. N. C., 1808. to Texas, 1833; d. in Washington, D. C., 1859. Governor of Texas, etc. State Papers, Addresses.

Hill, Clyde, poet. Contributor to *Century Magazine,* etc.

Hereford, Mrs. Elizabeth J., author; b. Ky. Located in Texas. Wrote *Rebel Rhymes.*

Holly, Col. Alfred M., b. Ga. In Texas early in life; d. in Mexico, 1881. Author of *The Frontier from the Saddle,* 1875. Poems: *The Sentinel's Dream of Home,* etc. *Life and Times of David Burnet,* 1871.

Hogg, Alexander, educator. Addresses and Papers: *Practical Education,* 1874; *A Plea for our Mother Tongue,* 1882; *The Railroad in Education,* 1883.

Hogg, Thos. E. (1842-1880). Poet: *The Fate of Marvin,* etc.

Holland, Mrs. Annie Jefferson, Austin. Story: *The Refugees* (dramatized).

Holley, Mrs. Mary Austin. Cousin of Stephen F. Austin and member of his colony; d. New Orleans, 1846. Wrote *History of Texas* (*letters*), 1831; *Texas,* 1836.

Holman, Charles. Writes for *Farm and Ranch.* Rural studies; agricultural papers; stories and magazine articles.

Holland, S. J., Austin, Texas. Volume: *Heart to Heart Poems.*

Hood, Mrs. Emma Nelson, Austin, Texas. Story writer: *Bob Dean, or Our Other Boarder,* 1882.

Horn, Paul Whitfield. See text.

Houston, Mrs. Margaret Moffet Lea, b. Ala., 1819; married Gen. Sam Houston; d. Independence, Texas, 1867. Poems.

Houston, Gen. Sam. See text.

Houston, Sam, Jr., M.D., Waco, Texas. *Random Rustlings,* a collection of original sketches, short stories, poems.

Hubbard, Richard Bennett. See text.

Huck, Miss Olive. See text.

Hume, Charles F., jurist; b. Texas, 1843. Educated at Austin College and University of Va. Member State Legislature. Speeches and Addresses: *The Supreme Court of the United States; Texas Welcome; Austin College in Texas History.*

Hunter, John Dunn. Writings concerning the Indians.

Hutchison, J. R., D.D. (1807-1878). *Reminiscences During a Ministry of Forty-five Years in Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas,* 1874.

Hutson, Charles Woodward, New Orleans, La.; educator; b. S. C., 1840. Faculty of A and M College of Texas. Works: *Out of a Besieged City; The Beginnings of Civilization; The Story of Beryl; French Literature; The Story of Language.*

Iglehart, Mrs. Fannie Gooch, San Antonio, Texas; b. in Texas. Author of *Face to Face with the Mexicans,* 1890; *The Boy Captive of the Mier Expedition; Christmas in Old Mexico.*

Ingraham, J. H. Author of *Lafitte, the Pirate of the Gulf,* 1889; *The Prairie Guide, or The Rose of the Rio Grande;* and its sequel, *The Texas Ranger,* 1849.

Ireland, John, statesman and jurist; b. Ky., 1827. Governor of Texas. *Judicial Decisions. Progress of Texas; Addresses.*

Jackson, Mrs. Willa Floyd, Houston, Texas. Stories: *The Great Green Diamond; My Lady Whitaker; The Silent Witness; Beyond the Finnet;* etc.

Jackson, Mrs. Mary V., Paris, Texas. Poet and story writer.

Jackson, Pearl Cashel, Austin, Texas. Author of *The Legend of the Poinsettia; Travels, Sketches,* etc.

James, W. S. Author of *Twenty-seven Years a Maverick, or Life on a Texas Range.*

Jarrel, W. A., D.D., b. Ind., 1849. Wrote *Old Testament Ethics Vindicated,* 1882; *Election and Predestination,* 1881.

Jarvis, Mrs. Ida Van Zandt, Fort Worth, Texas. Volume of poems: *Texas Posies.*

Jamison, Mrs. Louisa ("Ellery Sinclair"), b. Ala. Stories: *Christie's Choice,* 1886; *Mavournit,* 1892.

Jobe, Mrs. Eugenia, Lockhart, Texas. Wrote *The Black Lace Collar, The Cowboy's Bride,* etc.

Johnson, Mrs. Cone, Tyler, Texas; b. Salado, Texas. Member of State Federation of Women's Clubs, etc. "A forceful writer."

Johnson, Ella S., Houston, Texas. Poems: *To Merinda; With a Rose,* etc.

Johnson, Col. Frank M., b. Va., 1799. To Texas, 1824. Surveyor General of Austin's Colony. Wrote *History of Texas; Expedition West.*

Johnson, R. M., journalist. Editor *Houston Post.*

Jones, Anson, b. Mass., 1798; d. Texas 1858. President Republic of Texas Messages; *Addresses; Official Correspondence.*

Jordan, Mrs. Clara Boone, b. Bremond, Texas. Poems

Josselyn, Robert ("The Goldsmith of Texas"), b. Mass., 1810; d. Austin, 1884. Journalist, State Librarian, Poet. Poems: *Faded Flowers and Other Poems,* 1848; *A Satire on the Times,* 1873; *The Coquette,* a Drama, 1878.

Jouvenat, Mrs. M. M. See text.

Julian, I. H., San Marcos. Prose: *San Marcos Springs.*

Kaufman, Mrs. Margaret Belle Houston, Dallas, Texas. Regular contributor to Southern periodicals. Poems: *Prairie Flowers, One to Texas, Aftermath.* Dramatic work.

Kendall, George Wilkins, journalist; b. New England, 1800; d. Bowie, Texas, 1867. In Santa Fé Expedition, 1841. Associate Editor *New Orleans Picayune.* Wrote *Narrative of Santa Fé Expedition;* two vols., 1844; *War Between United States and Mexico,* 1851; *Letters on Sheep Raising.*

Kennedy, Wm. b. Scotland 1799. British Consul, Galveston; d. England, 1848. Author of *Rise, Progress, Prospects of Texas;* two vols., 1841; *Texas, Its Geography, Natural History and Topography,* 1844. Poems.

Kerr, Hugh, b. Ireland, 1795. To Texas, 1832; d. Washington County, 1843. Author of *Poetical Description of Texas,* 24 chapters, 1838; *The Texas Heroes.*

King, Wilburn Hill, Sulphur Springs, Texas; b. Ga., 1839. Member Texas Legislature, etc. *Official Reports as Adjustant General* (in Confederate Service); *A History of the Texas Rangers.*

Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Elenita T., San Antonio, Texas. *Critiques and Verses.*

Kirlicks, Judge John A., Houston Texas. See text.

Kittrell, Judge Norman G., Houston, Texas; jurist, author. Novel: *Ned, Nigger an' Gent'man; A Primer of the Government of Texas.*

Kuykendall, J. H., Rockport, Texas. Author of *Aboriginal Antiquities of Texas; The Karankawa Indians.*

Lamar, Mirabeau Buonaparte. See text.

Lancaster, Mrs. Eva. In 1849, settled in Washington on the Brazos and began the publication of *The Texas Ranger.*

Lane, J. J., educator; b. Miss., 1833. Author of *The History of the Educational System of Texas; The Railways and the Politicians.*

Lane, Gen. Walter P., b. Ireland; d. 1887. "A raw youth at San Jacinto, he won honors in the Mexican War, and became a general in the Civil War." Wrote *Adventures and Recollections, an Autobiography.*

Lawhon, Luther, Austin, Texas. Poems: *A Wreath of Immortelles; I'm Old.*

Leachman, Mrs. Welthea Bryant, b. Galveston, Texas, 1847. Poems: *Bitter Sweet; The Hollow of the Flare;* other poems.

Leavell, Miss Lizzie Smith ("Bessie Smith"), San Marcos. Poems, 1847.

Lefevre, Arthur, educator, Austin, Texas; b. Baltimore, Md. To Texas, 1890. State Superintendent Public Instruction; Superintendent Dallas City Schools; Editor *Texas School Journal.* Author of text books, contributions to educational journals, addresses, etc.

Lemmon, Leonard, educator, author. *History of Our Country* (Co-Editor); *Series of Our Country's Readers;* Co-Editor with Julian Hawthorne of *American Literature.*

Lesesne, Mrs. Mary Richardson. Works: *Torpedons, or Dynamite in Society; Silk Culture; Chester Wynne;* etc.

Lesle, Lella Maud, Brookshire, Texas. Poems: *Mother's Grave,* etc.

Lessing, Mrs. Edith, Waco, Texas. Poet: *Beautiful Hands,* etc.

Lewis, Judd Mortimer. See text.

Lincecum, Gideon, M.D., b. Ga., 1793; d. Long Point, Texas, 1874. Author of *The Traditions of the Choctaw Indians; Medical History of the Southern States; Scorpions of Texas;* etc.

Lightfoot, Jewel P., Austin, Texas, Attorney General. *State papers, Addresses.*

Linn, John J., b. Ireland, 1798; d. Texas, 1885. Author of *Fifty Years in Texas,* 1883.

Lipscomb, Judge Abner Smith, b. S. C., 1789; d. near Austin, 1857. Secretary of State, Associate Judge of Supreme Court;, assisted in framing Constitution of Texas. *Decisions. State Papers.*

Lippard, George. Author of *Adventures of the Texas Rangers in the Mexican War,* 1849; *Bel of Prairie Eden.*

Lloyd, Miss Willa D., b. Houston, Texas, 1866. *Sketches. Christmas Chimes and Other Poems.*

Lockett, Mrs. Alice V. R., Washington County, Texas Poet.

Lockhart, W. P., Waco, Texas. Poems.

Lomax, John Avery, educator, author; b. Miss., 1872. Faculty of University of Texas. Magazine articles. *Cowboy Songs and Frontier Ballads.*

Looscan, Adele Briscoe. Wrote *The Fifty-seventh Anniversary of Texas Independence,* 1893; etc.

Loughery, Fannie L. Volume of Verse: *Pleasant Thoughts.*

Lowbar, Rev. J. W., Ph.D., Galveston, Texas. Author of *Struggles and Triumphs of Truth,* 1888; *The Devil in Modern Society,* 1888; *Culture, or The Relation of Culture to Christianity,* 1893.

Lubbock, Francis Richard, b. S. C., 1815. To Texas, 1836; d. Austin, 1905. State Comptroller, Lieutenant Governor, Governor of Texas. Author of *Six Decades in Texas,* 1900; *Military Correspondence.*

Luther, Rev. John Hill, b. R. I., 1824. Former President Baylor College. Wrote *Sermons; My Verses,* 1885.

Lyle, Eugene P., Jr. See text.

Lyne, Monroe. Novel: *Grito, From the Alamo to San Jacinto.*

Lyon, Mrs. Cora DeLyle, Bastrop, Texas. Poet.

Maillard, N. Doran. Author of *History of Republic of Texas,* 1842.

Malone, Miss Alba, Waco, Texas. Short stories. Various noms de plume.

Marriner, Harry Lee. See text.

Maxey, Sam Bell, b. Ky., 1825. After Mexican War settled in Paris, Texas. Wrote *Annexation of Texas; The Mexican War;* etc.

Maynard, Mrs. Sallie Ballard Hillyer ("Halooloh"), b. Ga., 1841; to Texas, 1882. Wrote *The Two Heroines, or The Valley Farm; Poem, Aradates;* etc.

McCalla, Wm. Latta, clergyman, controversalist; b. Ky., 1788; d. La., 1859. Wrote *Sermons and Essays; The Doc-*

torate of Divinity; Adventures in Texas, Chiefly in 1840

McCaleb, Walter F., University of Texas, University of Chicago. Wrote *The Aaron Burr Conspiracy;* Editor *Memoirs of John H. Reagan;* etc.

McClellan, Mrs. Frank Bowdon, formerly of Texas, now of Lincoln, Ala. Poems: *The Tread of Marching Feet,* etc.

McConnell, H. H., Jacksboro, Texas. Wrote *Five Years a Cavalryman,* 1881.

McEachern, R. B., blind poet; b. Ala. Moved to Texas when young; dead. Volume of verse: *Youthful Days and Other Poems.*

McGary, Elizabeth Visere. Author of *An American Girl in Mexico,* 1904.

McGowan, Miss Alice. Stories of the Panhandle country.

McGrady, Thomas, author, lecturer, Newport, Ky.; b. Ky.; to Galveston, Texas, 1887. Author of *Mistakes of Ingersoll; The Two Kingdoms; Beyond the Black Ocean.*

McLane, Hiram. Novel: *Irene Viesca; Capture of the Alamo.*

McLean, J. H., D.D., LL.D., clergyman, educator; b. Miss., 1838. Former President Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas. Author of *Religion in the Public Schools; A Plea for Church Schools; Sermons; Addresses.*

McLeary, J. H. Author of *History of Green's Brigade,* 1898.

McNealus, Mrs. Virginia Quitman Goff. Author of *Women of Song and Story; Jefferson Davis and the Old South; On the Yaller Leaf; Below the Salt.*

McPherson, Mrs. Lydia Starr Hunter, b. Ohio, 1827. to Texas, 1877; d. 1903. Author of *Reullura,* a volume of poems. Newspaper work. Short stories.

Merrill, Theodore C., M.D., poet; b. Mass., 1877. To Texas, 1900. Address, *Colorado, Texas.* Writes poems and short stories.

Mezes, Sidney Edward, Ph.D., President University of

Texas; b. Cal., 1863. Author of *Ethics, Descriptive and Explanatory; The Conception of God; Addresses; Papers.*

Miller, Gustavus Hindman, b. Texas, 1857. Author of *Lucy Dalton; Is Marriage a Failure? What's In a Dream?*

Miner, Mrs. Isadore, Dallas, Texas. Books for Children: *In Every Land; Cats and Dogs; All Sorts for Children.*

Mitchell, Miss Jennie, Franklin, Texas. Stories.

Mohll, Mrs. Aurelia Hadley, author; b. Miss., 1833. To Houston, Texas, 1840; d. 1897. Staff of *Houston Post.* Newspaper correspondent. Member Texas Womens' Press Association. Poem: *An Army with Green Banners; An Afternoon Nap; Soup, Salad, and Civilization.*

Monson, A. C., Austin, Texas. Journalist, poet.

Montgomery, Whitney. See text.

Moore, Miss Roberta Alice, Weatherford, Texas. Poet: *Dreams and Fancies,* a volume of poems, 1910.

Murphy, Edgar Gardner, clergyman, educator, author; b. Ark., 1869. To Texas, 1890. Secretary National Child Labor Committee. Wrote *Words for the Church,* 1896; *The Present South,* 1904; *The Basis of Ascendency,* 1909.

Murphy, Rev. John Albert, b. N. C. In Texas, 1884. Author of *Cosmostoria; The First Fallen Soldier of* 1861; *Louisa, or Our Silver Wedding.*

Nelson, Harve Preston. See text.

Nona, Prof. Francis. Author of *The Fall of the Alamo,* a drama of four acts, 1879.

Odom, Mrs. Mary Hunt McCaleb ("L'Eclair"), Fort Worth, Texas; b. Ky. To Texas, 1873. Author of *Fugitive Pieces; Hood's Last Charge and Other Poems.* Poems: *L'Eclair,* 1870.

O. Henry. See Porter, Sydney.

Oldham, Henry. Author of *The Man from Texas.*

Olmstead, Henry. Author of *A Yankee in Texas.*

Orgain, Mrs. Kate Alma, Temple, Texas. Author of *Southern Authors in Poetry and Prose,* 1907; d. Temple, Texas, 1913.

Ousley, Clarence. See text.

Painter, Awana H. K., San Antonio, Texas. Poems: *The Blue and the Grey; Death of Rienzi.*

"Palin, G. Herb." See text.

Palm, Swante, Ph.D., Austin, Texas. Swedish Consul, 1866; b. Sweden, 1815. Translations from Swedish poetry: *The Viking; The Wild Man of the Woods.*

Porter, Sydney ("O. Henry"). See text.

Patterson, Mrs. Martilla D. Poetry.

Pattullo, George. See text.

Peacock, Thos. Brower, Kaufman County, Texas. Later, in Kansas. Two volumes of poems.

Penn, Major W. E. Author of *Dynamite, or the Evils of the Social Dance,* 1884; *Harvest Bells,* 1890.

Pennybacker, Mrs. Anna J., Hardwicke, Austin, Texas; b. Va., 1861. Member of State Federation of Women's Clubs. Author of *A New History of Texas for Schools.*

Penuel, Mrs. Laura Grace, Hearne, Texas. Teacher, poet; b. S. C. Poems.

Pickett, L. I. Author of *A Shot at the Foe; Leaves from the Tree of Life; The Sabbath Day.*

Pierce, Rev. Henry Niles, b. R. I., 1820. In Texas; d. 1899. Author of *The Agnostic, and Other Poems; Addresses; Sermons.*

Pilgrim, Thomas ("Arthur Morecum"). Author of *Live Boys, Charley and Nosho in Texas,* 1879; *Live Boys in the Black Hills,* 1880.

Pinckney, Miss Susanne. Story: *Douglas, Tender and True.*

Piner, Howell Lake. See text.

Polley, J. B. In Confederate service under Hood. Author of *A Soldier's Letters to Charming Nellie,* 1906; *Hood's Texas Brigade,* 1908.

Pope, John Hunter, M.D., b. Ga., 1845. To Marshall, Texas. Wrote *History of the Epidemic of Yellow Fever; Reports; Monographs on Medical Topics.*

Post, C. C. Wrote *Ten Years a Cowboy,* 1895.

Potter, Mrs. Mary Eugenia Guillot, b. 1864. Edited *Dixieland.* Poems.

Potter, Capt. Reuben M., b. N. J., 1802. Velasco, Texas. Wrote *Hymn of the Alamo; The Old Texian Hunter.*

Powell, Ernest. See text.

Prelate, Mrs. Reba Gregory, teacher. San Antonio. Stories of *Life in Texas and Mexico.*

Purdy, Mrs. Amelia V. McCarty, b. Penn. 1845. Galveston, 1857; d. 1881. Contributor to *Galveston News, Houston Telegraph, Sunny South,* etc. Poems.

Putnam, Frank, journalist. With *Houston Chronicle.* Author of *Living in the World, and Other Poems.* Articles on industrial subjects.

Raines, C. W., lawyer, editor; b. Ga., 1839. To Texas, 1853; d. Austin, 1906. Acting State Librarian, 1891-5. *Bibliography of Texas,* 1895, etc.

Rankin, Rev. George D., Dallas, Texas. Editor *Christian Advocate.*

Rankin, Melinda. Texas in 1850; *Twenty Years Among the Mexicans.*

Ray, Mrs. Julia C. Letters and accounts of early life in Texas, 1830.

Read, Opie, novelist. *In the Alamo,* 1900, etc.

Reagan, John Heninger. See text.

Reid, Capt. Mayne. Wrote *Wanita, the Beauty of the Hills, a Legend of Texas; The Death Shot,* 1874; *The Lone Ranch, a Tale of the Staked Plain.*

Reid, Sam Chester, lawyer, journalist; b. N. Y., 1818. Texas Ranger. Newspaper correspondent. Wrote *Scouting Expeditions of McCullough's Texas Rangers,* 1847; *Battle of Chikamauga.*

Rhodes, Edward Abisette, soldier, poet; b. Galveston, 1841. Killed at Gettysburg, 1863. Writer of prose and poetry.

Rhodes, Robert H., b. Galveston, 1845; d. 1874. Poems.

Rhodes, Wm. Henry, lawyer, litterateur; b. N. C., 1822. To Galveston, 1844; d. Cal., 1875. Sketch: *The Deserted*

School House. Play: *Theodosia; The Indian Gallows and Other Poems,* 1846; *Caxton's Book,* etc.

Richardson, John Manly, educator, poet; b. S. C., 1831. To Texas, 1876; d. Daingerfield, Texas, 1898. Works: *The Prayer of Mary Queen of Scots; Dies Irae* (translation); Military works; fugitive poems.

Roberts, Mrs. J. C., writer.

Roberts, Oran Milo, b. S. C., 1815. To Texas, 1839. Governor, Chief Justice, Faculty of University of Texas. Wrote *The Political, Legislative and Judicial History of Texas,* 1898.

Robinson, Miss Jane Boyd, writer.

Robinson, Miss Willie Blanche ("Persia"), b. Kansas, 1857. Dallas, Texas, 1873. *Texas to Jefferson Davis, and Other Poems.*

Robinson, Mrs. F. H., Waco, Texas. Society reporter of the *Waco Times-Herald.*

Rose, Victor M., author, lawyer, editor; b. Victoria, Texas. Admitted to the bar, 1870. Wrote *Ross' Brigade,* 1881; *The Texas Vendetta; Demara, The Comanche Queen,* poem, 1882; *Life and Services of Ben McCullough,* 1888.

Rosser, John E., Dallas; b. Ga., 1881. To Texas, 1907. Short stories, verse, humor, special articles.

Rowe, Horace, poet and critic; b. Texas, 1852; d. 1884. Poems: *The Years of Youth,* 1873; *The Wind,* 1879. *Critiques.*

Rusk, Thos. J., b. S. C. 1803. To Nacogdoches 1835. U. S. Senator, 1846. State papers.

Sanford, W. L., Sherman, Texas. Verse, addresses.

Sappington, Joe, Belton, Texas. Short story writer.

Saunders, Mrs. Mary Ingle, b. England, 1836. To San Antonio, 1852. Contributor to *San Antonio Express.* Poems: *San Jacinto Day; Texas; The Dying Soldier;* etc.

Scott, Laurence W., Sulphur Springs, Texas. Wrote: *A Handbook of Christian Evidence,* 1880; *The Devil, His Origin and Overthrow; The Paradox and Other Poems,* 1893.

Sealsfield, Charles ("Charles Postel"). Wrote *The Cabin Book, or National Characteristics,* 1844.

Sevier, Mrs. Clara Driscoll, author; b. Texas. Now of New York. Worte *LaGloria,* 1905; *Mexicana,* 1906; *In the Shadows of the Alamo,* 1906.

Shepard, Seth, jurist, educator; b. Washington County Texas, 1847. Wrote *The Siege and Fall of the Alamo,* 1898 *Address Before the San Marcos Chautauqua,* 1889.

Sheppard, Morris. See text.

Shindler, Mrs. Mary Dana, b. S. C., 1810. In Nacogdoches after Civil War; d. 1893. Poems: *The Southern Harp,* etc. *A Southerner Among the Spirits,* 1876; *The Deserted Farm; Southern Sketches.*

Shortridge, Mrs. Belle Hunt. See Text.

Shurter, Edwin Dubose. Faculty of University of Texas. Author of *Masterpieces of Modern Oratory; The Science and Art of Debate,* 1907; *The Oratory of the South,* 1908

Simcox, Gisborne G., Austin 1850. Poems: *The Lone Star of Texas; Resurgum,* 1850.

Simpson, Friench. See text.

Sinks, Mrs. Julia Lee, Hillside Ranch, Giddings, Texas; b. Ohio. To Texas, 1840. *Stories of the Revolutionary War; The Lost Opportunity; The Waif Reuben; Dreams Fulfilled.*

Sjolander John P. See text.

Sladen, Mrs. Ellen Maury, San Antonio. **Stories in** *Youth's Companion* and *Cosmopolitan.*

Smith, Ashbel, M.D., diplomat; b. Conn., 1805. **To** Texas while Republic; d. Harris County, 1886. Rendered service to Texas in England and France. Secretary of State under President Jones. Wrote medical papers; *An Account of the Geography of Texas,* 1851; *The Permanent Identity of the Human Race,* 1860.

Smoots, Mrs. Mary Winn ("Aunt Lucindy"), Dallas Humorous contributions to periodicals.

Spencer, Miss Mollie, poet; b Mo. **To** Sherman, 1889; d. 1909.

Spragins, Mrs. Anna Word, teacher, poet; b. Ala. To Texas, 1859. Wrote *Shiloh; Farewell to Texas.*

Steger, Harry Peyton, Bonham, Texas; d. New York, 1913. Stories, reviews, etc.

Sterrett, Wm., Austin, Texas. Formerly "State Press" of *Dallas News.*

Steuart, Mrs. Ella. See Sydnor.

Stevens, Walter B., b. Conn. 1848. Now resides in St. Louis. Wrote *Through Texas; The Ozark Uplift; The Forest City.*

Stinson, James B., M.D., b. Ala., 1838. Surgeon in Confederate Army. To Texas, 1866. Resides in Sherman. Poems, songs, stories of the war.

Stone, Cornelia Branch, b. Nacogdoches, Texas, 1840. President U. D. Confederacy. *Addresses; Catechism for Children of Confederacy.*

Stuart, Hamilton. Dallas. Deceased. Formerly "State Press" of *Dallas News.*

Sutton, William Seneca. Faculty of University of Texas. Textbooks on Education; Contributions to periodicals; addresses.

Sweet, Alexander Edwin, journalist; b. Canada, 1841. Wrote *Three Dozen Good Stories from Texas Siftings,* 1887; *On a Mexican Mustang through Texas,* 1888.

Swisher, Mrs. Belle French. See text.

Sydnor, Mrs. Seabrook W., Houston, Texas (formerly Mrs. Ella Hutchings Steuart). Work: *Gems from a Texas Quarry.*

Taylor, Thomas U., C.E., M.C.E., Faculty of University of Texas; b. Texas, 1858. Author of *Industrial Education in the South; City Water Supply,* 1895; *County Roads; Railway Earthwork.*

Taylor, Mrs. Bride Neill, Austin, Texas. President of Women's Press Association. Contributor to magazines and newspapers. Wrote *Woman Writers of Texas,* 1893; *When Hester Came,* 1893; *On Account of Emmanuel,* 1895.

Terrell, Judge Alexander Watkins, statesman; b. Va..

1827. To Texas, Austin, 1852. Member of State Senate. Author of various laws. President State Historical Society. Wrote State papers; addresses.

Terrell, Kate Scurry, author; b. Texas.

Thrall, Rev. Homer S., San Antonio; b. Texas. Wrote *Methodism in Texas; History of Texas.*

Tilford, Tilden, b. Texas. Author of *Butternut Jones, a Story of Cowboy Life,* 1903.

Townes, John Charles, educator, lawyer; b. Ala., 1852. Judge 23d District of Texas, 1882. LL.D. Baylor University. Dean of Law Department, University of Texas, 1900. Author of *Texas Pleading and Practice; Elementary Law.*

Tracy, Merle Elliott. Author of *The Rising of the Lone Star.*

Trammel, Wm. Dugas, b. Ga., 1850; d. Texas, 1884. Novel, *Cia Ira,* 1874.

Trezevant, Mrs. J. T. (née Eva Whitthorne), b. Ark., 1866. Later to Texas. Author of *In Maiden Meditation,* 1893; *The Reflections of a Lonely Man,* 1895.

Turner, Thomas Sloss, Hillsboro, Texas; b. Ky., 1860. To Texas, 1877. Poems, 1883; *A Dream of Bachelors,* 1886; *Heart Melodies,* 1895.

Turrentin, Mrs. Mary E., Arrington; b. Ark. 1834. Later to Texas. Poems: *To a Mocking Bird; Short Stories and Sketches.*

Tuttle, R. M., poet; b. Texas. *Tuttle's Poems,* 1905.

Townsend, Mrs. Mary Ashley ("Xariffa"), b. N. Y., 1836; d. Galveston, 1901. Poems: *A Woman's Wish; The Bather and the Wind,* etc. Other works: *The Brother Clerks,* 1859; *The Captain's Story,* etc.

Van DeMark, Harry. See text.

Velasquez, Mme. Loretta Janita, b. Havana, Cuba, 1842. Girlhood days in Texas. Served in Confederate army in male attire under the name of Harry T. Buford. Wrote *The Woman in Battle,* 1876.

Vincent, Louella Styles, critic, writer of plays and critiques.

Waggener, Francis Leslie, educator; b. Ky., 1841. To Texas, 1883; d. Austin, 1896. A.B., Harvard, 1860. LL.D. Georgetown College, Ky. Faculty of University of Texas. Wrote *The English Sentence;* Educational articles, etc.

Ward, Lester M., Secretary of Young Men's Christian Association, Sherman, Texas; b. Mich., 1879. To Texas, 1908. Writes verse under nom de plume Retsel Draw. See poem: *Lines on the Capitol.*

Weaver, Judge W. T. G. See text.

Webb, Guilford Polly ("Peter Hamilton"), Sherman, Texas; b. Collin Co., Texas, 1861. Judge Grayson County, 1896. Novel: *Toots. Jesus on Trial.* Poems.

Webber, Charles Wilkins, explorer, author; b. Ky., 1819. To Texas, 1838; d. Nicaragua, 1856. Texas Ranger. Author of *Old Hicks; The Texan Virago,* 1852; *Adventures with the Texas Rifle Rangers,* 1853.

Welborn, Drummond, b. Texas. *An American Epic and Other Poems.*

West, Mrs. Florence Duval, b. Fla., 1840. Later to Austin, Texas; d. 1881. Author of *The Land of the Lotus Eaters; The Marble Lily and Other Poems.*

Weston, A. H., Colorado, Texas. Poems.

Whitten, Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Hotchkiss; b. near Austin, 1842. *The Old Home and Other Poems. Texas Garlands,* 1886.

Williams, Harry Hampton, Dallas, Texas; b. Cass County, Texas, 1875. Elected "Poet Lariat" of *The Oklahoma* Press Association, 1911. Came back to Texas, 1912. Writer of humorous verse.

Winkler, Mrs. A. V. Followed Hood's brigade four years, living in camp, gaining an inside view of the war; d. El Paso, 1910. Author of *The Confederate Capitol; Hood's Texas Brigade;* etc.

Winkler, E. W., Austin, Texas. Archivist, writer, editor, state librarian of Texas.

Wooten, Dudley. *A Comprehensive History of Texas,* 1898, etc.

Wynne, Wm. Amos, b. Texas, 1877. Essays. Volume of verse, 1899.

Yeary, Mamie, McGregor, Texas. Author of *Reminiscences of the Boys in Gray.*

Yoakum, Henderson, lawyer, historian; b. Tenn., 1810. To Texas, 1845; d. Houston, 1856. Wrote *History of Texas,* two volumes, 1858.

Yopp, William Isaac, Dallas, Texas; b. Tenn., 1855. To Texas, 1893. Author of *Yopp's Cipher Code,* now in its sixth edition. Author of a novel: *A Dual Rôle.*

Young, Mrs. Fannie Spear, Longview, Texas; b. Miss., 1844. To Texas, 1859. Poems. Contributions to religious press.

Young, Hugh Hampton, M.D., b. San Antonio. Present address, Baltimore, Md. Papers to American and foreign journals.

Young, Mrs. Maud J. Fuller. See text.

Young, Stark. See text.

Miscellaneous: *Relacion of Cabeza de Vaca,* published in Spanish at Zamora, 1542; *L'Heroine du Texas,* 1819. First Texas novel. Scene laid at Camp Asylum on Trinity River.

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